THE

Fool of Quality;

OR, THE

HISTORY

OF

HENRY Earl of MORELAND.

BY MR. BROOKE.

IN FIVE VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

A NEW EDITION,

CORRECTED AND IMPROVED.

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M.DCC.LXXVII.

TO THE

RIGHT RESPECTABLE

My ancient and well-beloved PATRON,

THE

PUBLIC.

"WHY don't you dedicate to Mr Pratt?"

Becaufe, Sir, I would rather let forth my own talents than the virtues and proofs of the beft man upon earth. I love to fay things that no one elfe ever thought of, extraordinary, quite out of the common way. I fcorn to echo the voice of every fellow that goes the road. Whether the veffel of the commonwealth fhall fink or fwim, what is it to me? I am but a paffenger.

"But, then, there is a manner in doing things, you know."

No, Sir, it is no buſineſs of mine. Mr Pitt is the patron of my patron; let my patron then dedicate to him, and welcome, dedicate ſtatues, temples, monuments as laſting as the benefits conferred: it is nothing to me, neither will I ſay a ſyllable more about the matter.

May it pleaſe your Reſpectableneſs,

Though the Dedication is the ſhorteſt part of a Book, and held by all readers to be the moſt and moſt contemptible; yet the writer and his patron, the Dedicator and the Dedicatee, have a different way of thinking; the latter, on account of the incenſe that it breathes, and the former, on account of the profit that it brings, look upon it as the moſt important part of the performance.

Alas!

Alas! how little consideration is left, for the race of writers, among the race of readers, especially on this chapter of Dedications.

Your Respectableness, perhaps, hath not duly perpended the travail, the toil, the marvellous drudgery, the muck that Dedicators are obliged to pass through, and the fences of truth over which they must break, in order to cull, select, and fulminate an offering fit to lay upon the altar of adulation.

Through what a world of weeds do they range to gather their little nose-gays; from what a profusion of offences do they extract their perfumes; and how many nights do they watch, to concentre and realize a single mouthful of moonshine for the gratification of their patrons.

The trades also incumbent upon them, are manifold, such as of puffing, praising, and flattering;

of embroidering, shaping, and shaving; and of trying, trimming, and tayloring, in order to smooth and garnish the man "whom it delighteth them to honour," and so furnish him with a full suit of praises.

But your Respectable Ears, I humbly hope, would not with me to be at all this trouble; for indeed trouble is a thing that I do not affect. There is also a kind of delicacy requisite in tickling the ribs of vanity I am, at best, but a downright fort of a fellow; and should I awkwardly presume to dash your merits full into the chops of your modesty, I might deserve but ill at the hands of your Respectableness.

My grandmother, peace be with her! I remember one thing among the many good advices which she gave; and I forgot. "Never disgrace yourself," quoth she, "in order to do honour to any one breathing." Think not, therefore, my most respectable

ſpectable patron, that I will either debaſe myſelf by cajoling you to your face, or do violence to truth, by any kind of panegyric, when your back ſhall be turned.

That I have received many favours from your Greatneſs, and have a competent ſenſe of gratitude for the ſame, is moſt certain. It is alſo true, that all my ſtudies and labours have been applied for your ſervice, and that I wiſhed no other death than that of laying down my life for your ſake. Yet, with all my love for your perſon, and care for yours for your proſperity, I cannot find about me the ſmalleſt feeling of veneration for your virtues.

You have, however, the ſatisfaction to be quite eaſy upon this ſcore, and no way to be mortified at any ſentiments to your diſadvantage. Your fund of good humour on ſuch occaſions is inexhauſtible; and you have often joined with me in repeating

ving and ridiculing your own vices and follies, which at all times you take more pleasure to rally, than, I apprehend, you will at any time take pains to amend.

I remember, that, in my youth, I was a great builder of castles, and, having your interest always at heart and seldom out of my head, I employed my time in forming a thousand romantic and airy schemes for your advantage.

I once proposed to build your happiness on religion, on Christian piety, and a deep sense of duty; but having in vain sought a foundation whereon I might lay the first stone, the superstructure vanished like the clouds of last September.

I then attempted to plan the establishment of your liberty and renown, upon the ancient and approved principles of the SPARTAN POVERTY. As this had been barely a hea-

heathen virtue; as it had raiſed and ſupported that great and glorious people through many ſucceeding centuries, in an uninterrupted enjoyment of freedom, power, and proſperity; and as nothing appeared to be wanting to the accompliſhment of this ſcheme, ſave a few ſimple articles, ſuch as moderation, content, ſelf-denial, and ſo forth, I made no doubt of your embracing the terms with joy.

On paying my firſt viſit, your Reſpectableneſs was juſt come from a corporation-auction, where I was told you had ſet your own MOTHER up to ſale; but your Dignity was ſo drunk at the coſt of the bidders, that I choſe to defer matters to a more ſober opportunity.

On my next addreſs, I underſtood that the equipage of your Reſpectableneſs was in waiting; for it is not with you now as in the days of Queen Beſs. You were haſtening to

ſee

fee the Italian puppet-fhew. As I advanced to pay my refpects, I was dazzled by the ornaments with which you had glorified your perfon, all the product of foreign looms, and of foreign labours; your linen of the Netherlands, your point of Spain, your ruffles of Dresden, with a full fuit in the cut of France, and trimmed like that of the three brothers in a Tale of a Tub. In fhort, you were fo fatisfied, fo wrapt, fo full of your finery, you could then attend to nothing, fave the contemplation of your fair felf.

I had ftill patience. I watched mine. I attended you here on a Sunday evening, when I thought you at leifure from the fervour of your devotions. But how was I ftruck of a heap, when your footman informed me, that fome noblemen and ladies of the moft fafhionable diftinction, had engaged you for the afternoon, at the GAMING-TABLE!

Soo

Soon after, I was apprifed, that, what with ſpending your time and money, in running to raree-ſhows; in playing four corners and a fool; in drinking, dreſſing, drabbing; and in gormandizing and gambling; the finances of your Reſpectableneſs were conſiderably ſunk. It alſo came to my ear, that you were hugely fond of COCK-MATCHES, tho' you kept them as far as poſſible from your own dunghill; that it was your cuſtom to bet on one ſide, and then to bet on t'other ſide, and to loſe your money on all ſides; and that by theſe and the former means your Reſpectableneſs was dipt ſo up to the ears in debt, it was thought your yearly income would, in time, barely anſwer the intereſt of what you owed.

It was now confidently affirmed, may it pleaſe your Reſpectableneſs, that you yourſelf were apprehenſive of being reduced to ſudden indigence; and I eagerly ſeized this occaſion

caſion of waiting upon you, in or-
der, as I truſted, to reconcile you t
your fate, and poſſibly, to deligh
you with the proſpect of your ap
proaching poverty. For I ſighe
when I reflected on your intemp
rate and unbounded thirſt afte
riches, that death to national n
ture, which had proved the morta
poiſon of Greece and Rome, and o
all the people who taſted it, from
the beginning of the world to thi
preſent good day.

Being ſhewn to your apartmen
I perceived your Greatneſs ſeate
in a moody kind of attitude. Bu
having formerly had the honour o
being known to you, I took a chai
without ceremony; and chattin
with you a while about the we
ther, the news of the day, and ſuch
like ponderous matters, as ſage m
niſters and ſage politicians are wo
to do, I began to introduce and op
the buſineſs.

Pra

Pray, Mifter, faid your Dignity, (fomewhat fhort) have you any particular bufinefs with me at this time? I am come, may it pleafe you, faid I, to propofe a fpeedy and effectual method for the fupply of all your wants. At thefe agreeable tidings, all the ears your Refpectableneſs had, were pricked up and opened to audience——Go on, my good friend, diſpatch, in Heaven's name.

May it pleafe you, added I, it was the cuſtom of all the ſeers and ſages of ancient days, to introduce truth and wiſdom under the covering of fable; and this covering was as a nut-ſhell; if your teeth were able to crack it, you had the kernel for your pains. Permit me then, at leaſt to imitate their manner; for, tho' the matter ſhould happen to drop by the way, the firſt traveller who takes it up may be bettered thereby.

Once upon a time, for ſo ſays my

ſtory, a houſeholder, with his fa-
mily, was caſt on a certain iſland,
where, through a proceſs of years
they propagated till they became a
little nation. The ſoil was exceed-
ing fertile, but there was neither
river nor ſpring in all the land. Na-
ture, however, had provided for the
defect, by a kind of fruit that per-
fectly allayed the thirſt; it was bet-
ter to the taſte, but left an agree-
able flavour in the mouth, and gave
health, ſpirits, and vigour to the
whole conſtitution; and it was call-
ed by a name which, in our lan-
guage, ſignifies, as nearly as I can
render it, THE FRUIT OF ABSTINENCE.

There were alſo other fruits, of a
ſpecies wholly the reverſe of the
former; for the flavour of theſe was
extremely delicious; but then they
inflamed the thirſt, enervated the
frame, and were called by a name
that ſignified the FRUIT OF INDUL-
GENCE.

As almoſt all people made this latter fruit a part of their daily food; the national thirſt, in time, became ſo great, that the liturgy of their church was altogether compoſed of prayers for rain. O Jupiter, ſome water, a little water, dear Miſter Jupiter, water, water, water, we pray for nothing but water! ſink us, plunge us, drown us, overwhelm us with water!

On the decline of every ſun, ſeveral families ſpread out the fleeces of their flocks, as alſo their ſheets and blankets, for the receiving and attaining of the nightly dew. Others furniſhed themſelves with ſmall alembics for diſtilling the urine of their houſehold. Some took a twelvemonth's voyage to bring back as much liquid as they might ſubſiſt on for a few weeks; and the geniuſes of the nation employed themſelves in various projects, ſuch as the chemical extraction of moiſture from biſcuit and old fiddles;

as alſo the hanging nets of a pecu-
liar texture on poles of due eleva-
tion, for catching the clouds.

Your Reſpectableneſs has my tale
—Can make nothing of it, ſay you
—Suppoſe the thirſt of this people
an emblem of their avarice, and
wealth to be repreſented by wate
in the fable.—

In ſhort, may it pleaſe your Dig-
nity, I have brought you (here it is
a refinement on the inſtitutions
the great Lycurgus. Could I, lik
the legiſlator of Lacedemon, preva
upon you barely to abridge you
deſires, you would find yourſe
wholly a ſtranger to want. You
would thereby acquire the wealt
of greatneſs, goodneſs, glorioufneſ
that peace, that ſolidity of ſubli
nary enjoyment, which can only be
found in a voluntary POVERTY.

Scarce had I pronounced the laſt
fatal word, when your Reſpectable-
neſs

neſs ſtarted up in a paſſion. You aſked me if I had not ſeen the levee of duns at your gate, and the catch-poles that lurked for you at every corner. You conſigned me with a very good will to the devil; and deſired, that the next time I preſumed to turn ſtate-quack, I ſhould not preſcribe drink to a drowning man.

As I retired under the greateſt dejection of ſpirits,—Ho! you cried, honeſt friend? Mr, what do they call you? come back! You, who ſcatter your money as faſt as your words; as profuſe of your purſe as you are of your opinions; you who always run a mile before your rents, and live upon the harveſt of the next year's ſickle; are you not alſo a poor devil, one of the Diogenical gentlemen, as very an emperor of the Tub as myſelf?

Preach up poverty, with a pox! firſt get wherewithal to pay your

ſic, be getting a power of money; and, take my word, you will never be worth a groat.

Indeed, could I have prevailed upon your Reſpectableneſs to be contented with poverty, I was in hopes you would have enriched your monitor for his pains; but, in truth, I'm a very ſad at this buſineſs of getting money either for you or myſelf; and as for the keeping it when I have got it, I have long ſince given up all thoughts of the matter. I will, however, do my beſt to add to the glories, to the virtues, as I may ſay, of your Reſpectableneſs, in a manner more acceptable than my preſent plan has proved.

I am your Dignity's moſt devoted, and with you a mighty good evening.

HAVING hereafter configned my ſtate ſcheme to Bakers and barbers, and to all the vileſt applications of waſte paper, I ſat down to ſtudy

ſtudy and provide a remedy for th
feverish kind of conſumption, u
der which your Reſpectableneſs a
parently laboured during our la
confabulation.

I was ſenſible at the ſame ti
that your diſtemper was comm
to many other countries, and that
was no where held to be dangerou
foraſmuch as it only conſiſted
two articles, the Senſuality of
Body, and the Corruption of
Mind.

I alſo knew, that, in former ag
a great number of publics had be
affected with the very malady th
now poſſeſſes your Reſpectablene
and yet had lived merrily under
to their dying day.

I wiſhed, however, to keep th
day at ſome diſtance from yo
Greatneſs; and, with long and i
tenſe labour, and at the coſt of ma
ny a candle during my nightly l
cubr

labrations, I compounded a medicine of approved and infallible efficacy, conſiſting, for the ounce, of a quantum ſufficit of the TEMPERANCE and PATRIOTISM of the primitive Romans.

I knew that the ſame would follow, ſhould it prove upon you as unpalatable as it would be to the profligate, were that your temperament. For it is the misfortune peculiar to thoſe who live but by love, by vice, ambition, pride, and ſuch paſſions, that they touch the draughts of a wholeſome, and are ſo enamoured of their diſtemper, they would rather ſee the devil than Dr Apollo-ſtand at the door.

I, again, had the honour of being appointed to an audience. I called up and exhauſted all the powers of oratory on that capital occaſion. I [illegible] to your Reſpectable[illegible]ers, that the whole weight and e[illegible]levation

levation of the Roman ſtate, reſt
ſimply on the two pillars of TEMP
RANCE and PATRIOTISM, on whic
it roſe, increaſed, and ſtood ſup
ported thro' many ages; till, thos
pillars being gradually ſapped, the
mighty fracture with its ſaid foun
dation, decayed, grew ruinous, an
fell confounded together. That tem
perance is neceſſary to the ſtrengt
of a man, as patriotiſm is neceſſar
to the ſtrength of a people? Tha
each Roman, thus nerved and pow
erful apart, was yet ſtrengthened
a hundred thouſand fold, by an in
viſible chord, which run from m
to man, and united all as one in t
LOVE OF COUNTRY. And that hen
ſprung the Hydeon of their abun
dant inſpiration to toil, indu
frugality, valour, conqueſt, and gl
ry. They were ſwallowed, like
many drops, in this ocean of pat
otiſm; they were loſt to every ca
and ſenſation of SELF; and were
only found, where they labour
fough

fought, bled, or expired for their COUNTRY!

While, warmed and somewhat raised by the elevation of my subject, I thus reasoned on National Power, on Human excellence, on Virtue, on Temperance, on Patriotism, and Glory; I shall never forget the kind concern which your Reverences expressed for me, in those evident marks and compassion of your countenance, as for a person whose fit you feared was approaching.

Being both of us more composed, your Greatness was pleased to demand, whether this Romance was the effect of my own invention; or, if I had lately been drinking the well, where truth was formerly drowned, for ancient Rations of some speculating philosopher? Where, you cried, in the name of wonder, have you been able to gather together such an old fashioned bundlement of scientific

entific balderdash? You shall bring me to the practice, exactly at the period that the hogs shall be brought to feed along with the herrings, at the time of the appearance of the comet with the three tails, or in the week of the four Fridays, long looked for by Astrologians. Here I exclaimed your Respectable-nels, who waits? All you, my Printers, Editors, and other porters attend at the gate of the publick: should this fellow come any more with these his preachments of poverty, and poverty, and patriotism, and stuff, I command ye to shut the doors directly in his face.

May it pleafe your Respectable-nels! I am but a very little man, and of a very lowly temper; and yet I could not but be piqued at the severity of this treatment. I was a rodden-worm, and turned upon your Greatnels with a resentment that, possibly, did not become me.

May your Dignity, I replied, continue to be bleſſed with writers duly levelled to the taſte of the reader; with the politics of court-liveries, the poetry of laureats, the divinity of a H—y; with bawdry from the Fleet, with fragments from the kennel of Grubſtreet, with ſtamped Biography, with W—— upon Grace, with Treatiſes on ——, and epiſcopal Eſſays on Spirit!

I truſt that my patron, in recompence for a long life ſpent in his ſervice, will pardon me the dropping of one obſervation.——Nay, don't look diſguſted,—it is no matter of great offence, it is nothing more than this: that the note of your Reſpectableneſs hath ever been ready handſe for the leading of a fool, and a Poet ſhall accordingly attend you on my next viſit.

PREFACE.

I HATE Prefaces. I never read them, and why fhould I write them? They ſtand like rales about a park; I always overleap them, if I am told there is any thing within worth ſeeing. But, what can I do? I am likely to lead a fine life with this perſon[illegible] when people begin to quarrel with me upon reading the firſt word, of the firſt page of my work.

... his friend, and that friend ... other of all me, and here is another, who is mighty curious to know why I entitle my hero the Poor Gentleman.

Pray, was it not more decent to impute folly to one man, than to mankind, if I found myſelf under the neceſſity of doing the one or the other?

' Perhaps I call him a Fool, in complaisance to a world that will, certainly, honour him with the fame title, when they find his wisdom of a size not suited to their own—" Why, pray what is wisdom?"—Tell me, first, what is folly. I will, then, tell you what is wisdom: if I find any smattering of it in your definition.

' " I wonder, was there ever an age of wisdom, or a land of wisdom?"—Look about you: the world will answer for itself. Do not every age and nation grow wiser and wiser? And have not all fathers, from the flood downward, been accounted no better than fools, by their posterity?—I wish I had not been born for some centuries to come. What a prodigy of wisdom should I then be, in comparison of what I am, at this day!

" Indeed, I should be glad to be wise, if " thought I could get any thing by it."—Right: that is all the use that the world makes of it: it is the very end, purpose, goal, and bufiness of all the wisdom upon earth—if a man be length enough of sense to outreach all about him, by a yard and a half, he is, by a yard and a half, wiser than all his neighbours.

" But

"But, was not Solomon then a fool to ne-
"glect riches, which he might have had with
"a wish; and to ask for wisdom, whose only
"use is the obtaining of riches? Was not this
"willing to travel a roundabout road, when
"a quarter of an hour would have carried
"him, by a short cut, to the end of his jour-
"ney?"—I fancy, my dear friend, it would be
a great matter of additional burden to take
the folly of Solomon upon your own shoulders.

For, if his wife he had taken the riches, how
should he keep them, while any neighbouring
power was wifer than himself?

Paris was not five years younger than Solo-
mon, when he, alfo, might have chofen either
riches or wifdom; and yet preferred a pretty
wench to the one and to the other. I am not
fo young as Paris, by five times five years, and
would therefore prefer the one or the other
to the wench. "You then allow that Paris
"was a blockhead in the prefent cafe;"—
Sir, I allow any man to be fo, in every cafe,
where he happens to differ in opinion from
myfelf.—"Why pray, fage Sir, have you got
"all the wifdom of the world to yourfelf, or

" what quantity thereof, think you, may there
" be upon earth?"—Leſs, by five ſcruples, than
any man in judiciary robes and a full bottom'd
wig, conceives to have fallen to his own ſhare.
—" But folly you take to be multiplied and
" various:"—Of two ſorts, quoth my brain-
author, that which belongs to the writer, and
that which belongs to the reader of theſe
works.

" Sir, this is wild diſcourſe, and very wide
" from the purpoſe. Let me tell you, the world
" was never ſo wiſe as now. It is filled with
" men of deep erudition and ſcience."—Grant
my notion, but are they a jot the wiſer for
all their knowledge?

" At the rate that you talk, in the times of
" ancient ignorance, there might have been
" a competent modicum of wiſe folk in the
" world."—Poſſible.—" And by the ſame rule,
" in theſe our enlightened days of connoiſſeur-
" ſhip and erudition, nearly all our brains will
" turn out fools:"—More than probable.—
" Theſe are riddles"—that might be ſolved.—
" Explain them, I beſeech you."—Not at preſent.

tent. I will tell you a ſtory, and pray liſten. It is worth the hearing.

Fifty and five pilgrims met, one evening, at a great inn, that led to more roads than there are points in the compaſs. They ſupped merrily together in a large hall, and found upon enquiry, that they were all bound to the Caſtle of Final Repoſe, appointed for the reception of the lords of reaſon. When the cloth was removed, Gratiana, ſaith the pilgrim who had entered, I rejoice to be joined by ſo noble a company, on theſe my honourable travels; and I am ſtill better pleaſed to have it in my power to conduct every man of ye, the neareſt and ſureſt way to your journey's end. Here, gentlemen, here is my map of infallible directions; the moſt accurate extract that ever was taken, of all enquiries, obſervations, and informations for the purpoſe. Pardon me, brother, ſaid the Pilgrim who ſat next, your map muſt be erroneous by, at leaſt, five degrees, by five, and I ſay, by ſeven, as I hope to get to my journey's end. Look here at my map, and believe your own eyes. I'll be damned, cried a third pilgrim, peering over the maps of his neighbours, and taking out his own.

" what quantity thereof, think you, may there " be upon earth?"—Leſs, by five ſcruples, than any man in judiciary robes and a full bottom'd wig, conceives to have fallen to his own ſhare. —" But folly you take to be multiplied and " various:"—Of two ſorts, quoth an eminent author, that which belongs to the writer, and that which belongs to the reader of theſe works.

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Fifty and five pilgrims met, one evening, at great inn, that led to more roads than there re points in the compaſs. They ſupped merily together in a large hall; and found, upon nquiry, that they were all bound to the Caſtle f final Repoſe, appointed for the reception f the ſons of ſcience. When the cloth was emoved, Gentlemen, quoth the pilgrim who irſt entered, I rejoice to be joined by ſo much good company, on theſe my honourable travels; and I am ſtill better pleaſed to have it in my power to conduct every man of ye, the horteſt and ſureſt way to your journey's end. Here, gentlemen, here is my map of infallible directions; the moſt accurate extract that ever was taken, of all enquiries, obſervations, and informations for the purpoſe. Pardon me, brother, ſaid the Pilgrim who ſat next, your map muſt be erroneous by, at leaſt, five degrees; by five, did I ſay? by ſeven, as I hope to get to my journey's end. Look here at my map, and believe your own eyes. I'll be damned, cried a third pilgrim, (peering over the maps of his neighbours, and taking out his

own

own parchment) I'll be damned if the geographers, who deſigned the one or the other, were any better than adventurers; they never reached the place of deſtination, I'll be ſworn. Gentlemen, ſaid a fourth, with wonderful good temper, I do not ſwear; but I have, critically, remarked all the charts produced. There's a blind beggar, in our town, who is led by his dog, and if he does not arrive at the place we are bound to, with better ſpeed, and greater certainty, than any of you three; I give myſelf, do ye ſee, and all my goods, to the devil, ſave a ſmall perpetuity, in remainder, to my ſon. That may be, exclaimed a fifth; but, look ye here, my friends, here are the quotations, here are the authorities. Authorities! quoth a ſixth, a fiddleſtick for a hobby! are they unqueſtionable, unaſſailable, like theſe in my hand? Thus, every man's chart, throughout the fifty and five, was, like the hand of the ſon of Hagar, againſt the chart of every other man. Each inſiſted on being accompanied, in his own way, as a matter of mere charity to all the reſt. They ſet out, the next morning, on as many different roads as there were perſons at table; and yet no one of them ever arrived at the place propoſed, if any

dependence may be had on thoſe cuſtomary oſts, whom the world, from age to age, has aid for intelligence.

"I do not clearly apprehend the application "of your ſtory,"—If that is not your fault, it muſt be my own. It is at leaſt a dozen of the twelve labours, to beat any thing into the head of ſome people.—I will give you the chance of another tale.

A certain prince ſent an invitation to two diſtant perſonages, to come to his court. He, further, ſent ſuch directions as could not be miſtaken by any one living, who was willing to find the way. And he, laſtly, ſent a written promiſe, ſigned, and ſealed by the ſeal royal, of the moſt happy accommodations upon their arrival.

The one of the parties invited was a purblind man, who barely ſaw ſufficient to diſcern his road. He, accordingly, was fearful of error. He cautiouſly held on his way; and thereby reached his journey's end, the place of happy deſtination to which he was appointed.

The

The other was a man who had all his eyes about him; but he was a genius, had vaſt invention, and thought it a diſparagement to tread in any path that had been beaten by others. He was for contriving ſhort cuts, and opening new diſcoveries. He made excurſions on all hands. He grew impatient of the accommodations, appointed and reſerved for him, at the court of the prince. He expected them on his journey, and ſought for them at every turn. He found them not. He therefore travelled and ſtrayed this way, and that way, in ſearch of them. This led him ſtill further and further from his road. Till, maimed by accident, and ſtiff with age, he grew, equally, aſhamed and unable to return.

—"As plain as my noſe,"—You can the readier follow.—But talk to me no more about the world and its wiſdom. I deteſt wiſdom. I avoid it, I would not be bit by it. It is the Tarantula, that ſpins a web whereby innocence is entangled. It is a politician, who opens a gulph for the ſwallowing up of the people. It is a lawyer, who digs a grave for the burial of equity. It is the ſcience of Hocus Pocus, that bids happineſs come and paſs, by the virtue

cups and balls. It is a ſyllabub of faſting-ittle for the fattening of the Virtuoſi. It is robe with a pompous train. A wig ſpread the rump. A beard lengthened to the girdle. It is a ditch of puddle, with a hoary mantle, that will not be moved to merriment by any wind that blows. It is an aſs in a ſumpter-cloth. An owl, ſolemnly perched, amidſt ſolemn ruins, on a ſolemn night.

Deſcend to me, ſweet Folly! if thou haſt not, as I ſuſpect, been my conſtant companion. Be thou, my ſiſter, my playfellow, thou kitten of the ſolemn cats of ſtate and learning. But, no. Thou never wert the offspring of ſuch ſtupid progenitors. Thou art ever joyous, ever young, although coeval in paradiſe with our firſt parents, ere they wiſhed for the know-ledge of good and evil. Pride pretends to ſpurn thee; ſcience affects to look down upon thee; but they ſigh for thee when no one ſees: they have frowned thee away, and when they ſeek they ſhall not find thee. Come, Folly! for even thy petulance and little wickedneſſes be-come delightful, when thou inciteſt the yean-ing kids and cooing turtles to combat. Thou art not captious, thou art not teſty; they laugh at thee, and thou laugheſt with them for com-pany.

pany. The hours dance before thee, the graces ſmile in thy train. Thou art a companion for conquerors, a playfellow for crowned heads. But alas! thou art not reſpected as heretofore —when the monarch of all Aſia ſent his ambaſſadors to wait upon thee, they came, with a mighty train, even from Perſepolis unto Laconia, to ſee thee riding upon ſwitches, with Ageſilaus and his little ſon.

"Indeed, my pleaſant friend, thou almoſt "perſuadeſt me to be a fool, during the re- "mainder of my pilgrimage through the wiſ- "dom of this world. But is there no ſuch "thing as true wiſdom in nature?"—Sir, I have written a whole chapter upon the ſubject, but it lies a great way on, toward the end of my book; and you have much folly to wade through, before you come at it.—"Give me a "peep, I beſeech you."—No Sir, you ſhall not anticipate. Do you want to be in port, without making any voyage?—"If I muſt win my "way to wiſdom, inch by inch, let me ſet out "directly."—Here then, begin. And pray, let me have your remarks, unpremeditated, as you proceed. I will anſwer you, as whim or judgment ſhall happen to dictate.

THE

THE

FOOL of QUALITY;

OR, THE

HISTORY

OF

HENRY Earl of MORELAND.

CHAP. I.

RICHARD, the grandfather of our hero, was ennobled by James the Firſt. He married a lovely girl of the ancient family of the Goodalls in the county of Surry, and, at ſeven years diſtance, had two ſons, Richard and Henry; but dying early in the reign of Charles the Firſt, he bequeathed 2000 *l.* to his youngeſt, and near 20000 *l.* annual income to his eldeſt ſon; not in any perſonal preference to his brother, but as one who was to ſupport the name and honours of the family. He appointed his brother-in-law

executor and guardian, who, educating the children agreeable to their different fortunes and profpects in life, in about feven years after the death of their father, fent Richard with a tutor to take the tour of Europe, and bound Henry apprentice to a confiderable London merchant.

During the travels of the one and the apprenticefhip of the other, the troubles happened; and Cromwell affumed the regency, before the fortune of the Morelands could be forfeited or endangered, by fiding with the crown or the commonwealth.

Richard returned to England a fhort time before the Reftoration; and being too gay and too diffolute for the plodding and hypocrify of Cromwell and his fanaticks, he withdrew to the manfion-houfe of his forefathers.

On his landing, he had enquired for his brother Henry; but hearing that he was lately married, and wholly abforbed in matters of merchandife, as he had the utmoft contempt for all cits and traders, he took no further notice of him.

In the country, he amufed himfelf with his bottle, hounds, hawks, race-horfes, &c. and in debauching the perfons of the neighbouring wenches, and corrupting the morals of the neighbouring fquires. But, on the Reftoration of his Majefty, of pleafurable memory, he haftened to court, where he rolled away and fhone

one as in his native ſphere. He was always f the party of the king, Rocheſter, &c. where irtue was laughed out of countenance, and here all manner of diſſoluteneſs became amiole and recommendable by the burſts of merment and zeſt of wit. But toward the latter nd of this droll reign, earl Richard, being adanced in age, and being ſtill older in conſtiution than years, began to think of providing n heir to his eſtate; and, as he had taken vaſt ains to impair it, he married a citizen's daughr who wanted a title, and with her got a porion of one hundred thouſand pounds, which as equally wanting on his part.

With his lady he, again, retreated to the ountry; where in leſs than a year, ſhe made im the exulting father of a fine boy, whom e called Richard.

Richard, ſpeedily, became the ſole centre f all his mother's ſolicitudes and affections. nd though, within the ſpace of the two ſucceeding years, ſhe was delivered of a ſecond oy, yet, as his infant aſpect was leſs promiſing nd more uninformed than his brother's, ſhe ent him forth to be nurſed by the robuſt wife f a neighbouring farmer, where, for the ſpace f upwards of four years, he was honoured ith no token from father or mother, ſave ome caſual meſſages, to know from time to ime if the child was in health.

This boy was called Henry, after his uncle

by the father's ſide. The earl had lately ſent to London, to make enquiry after his brother, but could learn no manner of tidings concerning him.

Meanwhile, the education of the two children was extremely contraſted. Richard, who was already entitled my little lord, was not permitted to breathe the rudeneſs of the wind. On his lighteſt indiſpoſition, the whole houſe was in alarms; his paſſions had full ſcope in all their infant irregularities; his genius was put into a hot bed, by the warmth of applauſes given to every ſlight of his opening fancy; and the whole family conſpired, from the higheſt to the loweſt, to the ruin of promiſing talents, and a benevolent heart.

Young Harry, on the other hand, had every member as well as feature expoſed to all weathers; would run about, mother-naked, for near an hour, in a froſty morning; was neither phyſicked into delicacy, nor flattered into pride; ſcarce felt the convenience, and much leſs underſtood the vanity of clothing; and was daily occupied, in playing and wreſtling with the pigs and two mongrel ſpaniels on the dunghill; or in kiſſing, ſcratching, or boxing with the children of the village.

When Harry had paſſed his fifth year, his father, on a feſtival day, humbly propoſed to ſend for him to his nurſe's, in order to obſerve how the boy might turn out; and my lady, in a fit of

of good humour, aſſented. Nurſe, accordingly, decked him out in his holiday petticoats, and walked with our hero to the great houſe, as they called it.

A brilliant concourſe of the neighbouring gentry were met in a vaſt parlour, that appeared to be executed after the model of Weſtminſter-Hall.

There was Sir Chriſtopher Cloudy, who knew much but ſaid nothing; with his very converſable lady, who ſcarce knew by halves, but ſpoke by wholeſale. In the ſame range was Sir Standiſh Stately, who in all companies held the firſt place, in his own eſteem. Next to him ſat lady Childiſh; it was at leaſt thirty years ſince theſe follies might have become her, which appeared ſo very ridiculous at the age of fifty-five. By her ſide were the two Stiltons; a blind man would ſwear that the one was a clown, and the other a gentleman, by the tones of their voices. Next to theſe were two pair of very ill-mated turtles; Mr Gentle, who ſacrificed his fine ſenſe and affluent fortune to the vanity and bad temper of a ſilly and turbulent wife; and Squire Sulky, a brutal fool, who tyrannized over the moſt ſenſible and moſt amiable of her ſex.

On the oppoſite ſide was lord Prim, who evidently laboured hard to be eaſy in converſation; and next to him was lord Flippant, who ſpoke nonſenſe with great facility. By his

ſide ſat the fair but dejected Miſs Willow; ſhe had lately diſcovered what a misfortune it was to be born to wit, beauty, and affluence, the three capital qualifications that lead the ſex to calamity. Next to her was colonel Jolly, with a heart ever tuned to merriment and lungs to laughter; had he known how to time his fits, the laugh might have grown catching. Below him was ſeated Mrs Mirror, a widow lady, induſtriouſly accompliſhed in the faults of people of faſhion. And below her ſat the beloved and reſpected Mr Meekly, who always ſought to hide behind the merits of the company. Next to him was Major Settle; no one ſpoke with more importance on things of no ſignification. And beſide him ſat Miſs Lovely, who looked ſentiment, and, while ſhe was ſilent, inſpired others with ſenſe and virtue.

Theſe were the principal characters. The reſt could not be ſaid to be of any character at all. The cloth had been lately removed, and a hoſt of glaſſes and decanters glowed on the table, when in comes young Harry, eſcorted by his nurſe.

All the eyes of the company were, inſtantly, drawn upon him; but he advanced, with a vacant and unobſerving phyſiognomy, and thought no higher of the aſſembly than as of ſo many peaſants at a country-wake.

Dicky, my dear, ſays my lady, go and welcome your brother; whereat Dick went up, took

ok Harry by the hand, and kiſſed him with uch affection. Harry thereupon having ved his brother, I don't know you, ſaid he untly, but at the ſame time held up his little outh to kiſs him again.

Dick, ſays my lady, put your laced hat upon arry, that we may ſee how it becomes him, hich he immediately did; but Harry, feeling n unuſual incumbrance on his head, took off he hat, and having for ſome time looked con-mptuouſly at it, he caſt it from him with a dden and agile jerk, as he uſed to caſt flat ones, to make ducks and drakes in the mill-ond. The hat took the glaſſes and decanters full career: ſmaſh go the glaſſes, abroad ours the wine on circling laces, Dreſden prons, ſilvered ſilks, and rich brocades; fe-ale ſcreams fill the parlour; the rout is equal o the uproar; and it was long ere moſt of hem could be compoſed to their places.

In the meanwhile, Harry took no kind of nterest in their outcries or diſtreſſes: but ſpy-ng a large Spaniſh pointer, that juſt then came rom under the table, he ſprung at him like ightning, ſeized him by the collar, and vaulted n his back with inconceivable agility. The og, wholly diſconcerted by ſo unaccuſtom-d a burden, capered and plunged about in a violent manner; but Harry was a better horſe-man than to be ſo eaſily diſmounted: whereon he dog grew outrageous, and ruſhing into a

group

group of little miſſes and maſters, the children of the viſitants, he overthrew them like nine-pins; thence proceeding, with equal rapidity, between the legs of Mrs Dowdy, a very fat and elderly lady, ſhe inſtantly fell backward with a violent ſhriek, and, in her fall, unfortunately overthrew Frank the foxhunter, who overthrew Andrew the angler, who overthrew Bob the beau, who cloſed the cataſtrophe.

Our hero, meantime, was happily diſmounted by the intercepting petticoats, and fairly laid, without damage, in the fallen lady's lap. From thence he aroſe at his leiſure, and ſtrolled about the room, with as unconcerned an aſpect as if nothing had happened amiſs, and as though he had neither art nor part in this frightful diſcomfiture.

When matters were once more, in ſome meaſure, ſet to rights, My heavens! exclaimed my lady, I ſhall faint, the boy is poſitively an ideot; he has no apprehenſion or conception of perſons or things. Come hither, ſirrah, ſhe cried with an angry tone; but, inſtead of complying, Harry caſt on her a look of reſentment, and ſidled over toward his nurſe. Dicky, my dear, ſaid my lady, go and pretend to beat his foſter-mother, that we may try if the child has any kind of ideas. Here her ladyſhip, by ill fortune, was as much unadviſed as her favourite was unhappy in the execution of her orders; for while Dick ſtruck at the nurſe with a counterfeited

a counterfeited paſſion, Harry, inſtantly, reddened, and gave his brother ſuch a ſudden puſh in the face, that his noſe and mouth guſhed out with blood. Dick ſet up the roar; my lady ſcreamed out, and riſing and running at Harry with all imaginable fury, ſhe caught him up as a falcon would truſs a robin, turned over his petticoats, and chaſtiſed him with all the violence of which her delicacy was capable. Our hero, however, neither uttered cry nor dropt a tear; but being ſet down, he turned round on the company an eye of indignation, then cried, Come away, mammy, and iſſued from the aſſembly.

Harry had ſcarce made his exit when his mother exclaimed after him, Ay, ay, take him away, nurſe, take him away, the little devil, and never let me ſee his face more.

I ſhall not detain my reader with a tedious detail of the many and differing opinions that the remaining company expreſſed with regard to our hero; let it ſuffice to obſerve, that they generally agreed that, though the boy did not appear to be endowed by nature with a ſingle faculty of the *Animal rationale*, he might nevertheleſs be rendered capable, in time, of many places of very honourable and lucrative employment.

Mr Meekly alone, though ſo gentle and complying at other times, now preſumed to diſſent from the ſenſe of the company. I rather

ther hold, ſaid he, that this infant is the promiſe of the greateſt philoſopher and hero that our age is likely to produce. By refuſing his reſpect to thoſe ſuperficial diſtinctions, which faſhion has inadequately ſubſtituted as expreſſions of human greatneſs, he approves himſelf the philoſopher; and by the quickneſs of his feelings for injured innocence, and his boldneſs in defending thoſe to whom his heart is attached, he approves himſelf at once the hero and the man.

Harry had now remained ſix months more with his nurſe, engaged in his cuſtomary exerciſes and occupations. He was already, by his courage, his ſtrength, and action, become tremendous to all the little boys of the village; they had all things to fear from his ſudden reſentment, but nothing from his memory or recollection of a wrong; and this alſo was imputed to his native ſtupidity. The two mongrel dogs were his inſeparable playfellows, they were all tied together in the ſtricteſt bonds of friendſhip, and careſſed each other with the moſt warm and unfeigned affection.

On a ſummer's day as he ſtrolled forth with theſe his faithful attendants, and rambled into a park whoſe gate he ſaw open, he perceived, in a little copſe that bordered on a fiſh-pond, a ſtranger ſeated on a bench of turf. Harry drew near with his uſual intrepidity, till he obſerved that the man had a reverend beard that

ſpread

ſpread over his breaſt, that he held ſomething in his hand on which he gazed with a fixed attention, and that the tears rolled down his cheeks, without ceaſing, and in ſilence, except the half-ſuppreſſed ſobs that often broke from his boſom. Harry ſtood, a while, immoveable, his little heart was affected, he approached the old man with a gentle reverence, and looking up in his face, and ſeating himſelf by his ſide, the muſcles of his infant-aſpect began to relax, and he wept and ſobbed as faſt as his companion.

FRIEND.—Pray, who is this ancient ſtranger? I have a great curioſity to know. Is he neceſſary to your ſtory? Is he to have any future connection with the child? how came he by the long beard? beards were not the faſhion in thoſe days. There muſt be ſome extraordinary reaſon for it, if there is any reaſon at all. Is his ſtory long? do you begin upon it directly? it is a great fault in authors, to hold their readers in ſuſpenſe; our curioſity grows languid; twenty to one it is vaniſhed, before you begin to give it any kind of ſatisfaction. Who in the world is he? what buſineſs has he here?

AUTHOR.—Sir, you ſee he is a ſtranger; I have mentioned him as ſuch. If he chuſes to continue ſo, for ſome time longer, I know of no right that I have to diſcover him. Perhaps I am the only perſon breathing, whom he has entruſted

entruſted with the ſecret of his affairs; I am upon honour not to betray him; you muſt pardon me—pray proceed.

CHAP. II.

THE old gentleman turned and gazed at the child, as on ſome ſudden apparition. His tears ſtopped. He returned the picture, which he held, into his boſom. And lifting up his eyes. Great Power, he cried, is this the one, of all the world, who has any feelings for me? Is it this babe, this ſuckling, whom thou haſt ſent to be a partaker in my griefs, and the ſharer of my afflictions? Welcome, then, my little friend, ſaid he, tenderly turning and careſſing the child; I will live the longer for thy ſake, and endeavour to repay the tears thou haſt ſhed in my behalf.

The language of true love is underſtood by all creatures, and was that of which Harry had, almoſt, the only perception. He returned his friend's careſſes with unaffected ardour, and no two could be more highly gratified in the endearments of each other.

What is your name, my dear? ſaid the old gentleman.

gentleman. Harry Clinton, Sir. Harry Clinton! repeated the old man, and ſtarted. And pray who is your father? The child then looking tenderly at him, replied, I'll have you for a father, if you pleaſe, Sir. The ſtranger then caught him up in his arms, and paſſionately exclaimed, You ſhall, you ſhall, my darling, for the tendereſt of fathers, never to be torn aſunder, till death ſhall part us.

Then aſking him where he lived, and Harry pointing to the town before them, they both got up and went towards it. Our hero was now again all glee, all action; he ſprung from and to his friend, and played and gamboled about him, like a young ſpaniel in a morning, juſt looſed from his chain, and admitted to accompany his maſter to the field. As his two dogs friſked about him, he would now mount upon one, then bound upon t'other, and each pranced and paraded under him as delighted with the burden. The old gentleman beheld all with a pleaſure that had long been a ſtranger to his breaſt, and ſhared in the joys of his young aſſociate.

Being arrived near the farm-houſe, nurſe, who ſtood at the door, ſaw them approaching, and cried out, Gaffer, Gaffer, here comes our Harry with the dumb gentleman. When they were come up, Good people, ſays the ſtranger, is this your child? No, no, Sir, anſwered the nurſe, we are but his foſterers.

And pray, who is his father? He is ſecond ſon, Sir, to the earl of Moreland. The earl of Moreland! you amaze me greatly; is this all the notice and care they take of ſuch a treaſure? Sir, replied the nurſe, they never ſent for him but once; they don't mind him, they take him for a fool. For a fool! cried he, and ſhook his head in token of diſſent; I am ſure he has the wiſeſt of all human hearts. I wiſh it may be ſo, Sir, ſaid the nurſe, but he behaved very ſadly, ſome time ago, at the great houſe. She then made a recital of all our young hero's adventures in the manſion-parlour; whereat the old gentleman inwardly chuckled, and for the firſt time, of ſome years, permitted his features to relax into a ſmile of cheerfulneſs.

Nurſe, ſaid he, every thing that I hear and ſee of this child ſerves the more to endear and bind me to him. Pray, be ſo good as to accompany us to my houſe, we will try to equip him better both as to perſon and underſtanding.

As this ſtranger's ſeat made part of the village, they were ſoon there. He firſt whiſpered his old domeſtic, who then looked upon the child with ſurpriſe and pleaſure. The footman was next ſent to bring the taylor, and ſome light ſtuffs from the town ſhop. Matters being thus diſpatched, with reſpect to our hero's firſt coat and breeches, nurſe was kept to dinner;

ner; and after this gentleman had entertained his young gueſt with a variety of little tricks, childiſh plays, and other fooleries, toward evening he diſmiſſed him and his nurſe, with a requeſt that ſhe would ſend him every day, and a promiſe that he ſhould be returned every night if ſhe deſired it.

Harry being thus furniſhed with the external tokens of a man-child having been born into the world, became an inſeparable friend and play-fellow to his patron. At times of relaxation, the old gentleman, with the moſt winning and inſinuating addreſs, endeavoured to open his mind and cultivate his morals, by a thouſand little fables, ſuch as of bold ſparrows, and naughty kids, that were carried away by the hawk, or devoured by the wolf; and of good robins, and innocent lambs, that the very hawks and wolves themſelves were fond of: for he never propoſed any encouragement or reward to the heart of our hero, ſave that of the love and approbation of others. At the times of ſuch inſtruction, Harry, who knew no other dependence, and beheld his patron as his father and as his God, would hang upon his knee, look up to his face delighted, and greedily imbibe the ſweetneſs of thoſe leſſons whoſe impreſſions neither age, nor any occurrence, could ever after eraze; ſo prevalent are the dictates of lips that are beloved!

At other times, the ſtranger would enter with our hero into all his little frolics and childiſh vagaries, would run and wreſtle with him, ride the rods, roll down the ſlope, and never felt ſuch ſweet ſenſations and inward delight, as when he was engaged in ſuch recreations.

There was a cock at Harry's nurſe's, the lord of the dunghill, between whom and our hero a very particular intimacy and friendſhip had been contracted. Harry's hand was his daily caterer; and Dick, for the cock was ſo called, would hop into the child's lap and pick his clothes, and rub his feathers againſt him, and court Harry to tickle and ſtroak and play with him.

Upon Shrove-Tueſday, while Harry was on his road from his patron's, intending a ſhort viſit to his nurſe and foſter-father, a lad came to the door and offered Gaffer a double price for Dick; the bargain was quickly made, the lad bore off his prize in triumph, and Gaffer withdrew to the manuring of a back-field. Juſt at that criſis Harry came up, and enquired of the maid for his daddy and mammy, but was anſwered that neither of them was within. He then aſked after his favourite cock, but was told that his daddy had, that minute, ſold him to yonder man, who was almoſt out of ſight.

Away ſprung our hero like an arrow from a bow, and held the man in view till he ſaw him

him enter a great crowd, at the upper end of the ſtreet. Up he comes, at laſt, quite out of breath; and making way through the aſſembly, perceived his cock, at ſome diſtance, tied to a ſhort ſtake, and a lad preparing to throw at him with a ſtick. Forward he ruſhed again, and ſtopped reſolutely before his bird, to ward the blow with his own perſon, at the inſtant that the ſtick had taken its flight, and that all the people cried out, Hold! hold! One end of the ſtick took Harry on the left ſhoulder, and bruiſed him ſorely; but not regarding that, he inſtantly ſtooped, delivered his captive favourite, whipt him under his arm, caught up the ſtick, flouriſhed it as in defiance of all opponents, made homeward through the crowd, and was followed by the acclamations of the whole aſſembly.

The old gentleman was ſtanding before his court door when his favourite arrived all in a ſweat: What's the matter, my dear, ſays he, what made you put yourſelf into ſuch a heat? what cock is that you have under your arm? In anſwer to theſe ſeveral queſtions, Harry ingenuouſly confeſſed the whole affair; and when his patron with ſome warmth cried, Why, my love, did you venture your life for a filly cock? Why did I, repeated the child, why Sir, becauſe he loved me. The ſtranger then ſtepping back and gazing upon him with eyes of tender admiration; May heaven for

ever bleſs thee, my little angel, he exclaimed, and continue to utter from thy lips the ſentiments that it inſpires! Then, catching him up in his arms, he bathed him with his tears, and almoſt ſtifled him with his careſſes.

In a few days our hero was again reſtored by frequent fomentations to the uſe of his arm; and his dada, as he called him, and he returned to their old recreations.

As Harry's ideas began to open and expand, he grew ambitious of greater power and knowledge. He wiſhed for the ſtrength of that bull, and for the ſwiftneſs of yonder horſe; and on the cloſe of a ſolemn and ſerene ſummer's evening, while he and his patron walked in the garden, he wiſhed for wings, that he might fly up and ſee what the ſky, and the ſtars, and the riſing moon were made of.

In order to reform this inordinancy of his deſires, his patron addreſſed him in the following manner.

I will tell you a ſtory, my Harry. On the other ſide of yonder hill there runs a mighty clear river; and in that river, on a time, there lived three ſilver trouts, the prettieſt little fiſhes that any one ever ſaw. Now God took a great liking and love to theſe pretty ſilver trouts, and he let them want for nothing that ſuch little fiſhes could have occaſion for. But two of them grew ſad and diſcontented; and the one wiſhed for this thing, and the other wiſhed for

that

that thing, and neither of them could take pleaſure in any thing that they had, becauſe they were always longing for ſomething that they had not.

Now Harry, you muſt know that all this was very naughty in thoſe two little trouts; for God had been exceedingly kind to them; he had given them every thing that was fitteſt for them; and he never grudged them any thing that was for their good: but inſtead of thanking him for all his care and his kindneſs, they blamed him in their own minds for refuſing them any thing that their ſilly fancies were ſet upon. In ſhort, there was no end of their wiſhing, and longing, and quarrelling in their hearts, for this thing and t'other.

At laſt God was ſo provoked, that he reſolved to puniſh their naughtineſs by granting their deſires, and to make the folly of thoſe two little ſtubborn trouts an example to all the fooliſh fiſh in the whole world.

For this purpoſe, he called out to the three little ſilver trouts, and told them they ſhould have whatever they wiſhed for.

Now the eldeſt of theſe trouts was a very proud little fiſh, and wanted, forſooth, to be ſet up above all other little fiſhes. May it pleaſe your Greatneſs, ſays he, I muſt be free to tell you that I do not, at all, like the way in which you have placed me. Here you have put me into a poor, narrow, and troubleſome river, where

where I am ſtraitened on the right ſide, and ſtraitened on the left ſide, and can neither get down into the ground, nor up into the air, nor go where, nor do any one thing I have a mind to. I am not ſo blind, for all, but that I can ſee well enough, how mighty kind and bountiful you can be to others. There are your favourite little birds, who fly this way and that way, and mount up to the very heavens, and do whatever they pleaſe, and have every thing at command, becauſe you have given them wings. Give me ſuch wings alſo as you have given to them, and then I ſhall have ſomething for which I ought to thank you.

No ſooner aſk than have. He felt the wings he wiſhed for growing from either ſide, and, in a minute, he ſpread them abroad, and roſe out of the water. At firſt he felt a wonderful pleaſure in finding himſelf able to fly. He mounted high into the air, above the very clouds, and he looked down with ſcorn on all the fiſhes in the world.

He now reſolved to travail, and to take his diverſion far and wide. He flew over rivers and meadows, and woods and mountains; till, growing faint with hunger and thirſt, his wings began to fail him, and he thought it beſt to come down to get ſome refreſhment.

The little fool did not conſider that he was now in a ſtrange country, and many a mile from the ſweet river where he was born and bred,

tired, and had received all his nouriſhment. So, when he came down, he happened to alight among dry ſands and rocks, where there was not a bit to eat, nor a drop of water to drink; and ſo there he lay faint and tired, and unable to riſe, gaſping and fluttering, and beating himſelf againſt the ſtones, till at length he died in great pain and miſery.

Now the ſecond ſilver trout, though he was not ſo high-minded as the firſt little proud trout, yet he did not want for conceit enough; and he was moreover a narrow-hearted and very ſelfiſh little trout, and provided he himſelf was ſnug and ſafe, he did not care what became of all the fiſhes in the world. So he ſays to God:

May it pleaſe your Honour. I don't wiſh, not I, for wings to fly out of the water, and to ramble into ſtrange places, where I dont know what may become of me. I lived contented and happy enough till the other day, when as I got under a cool bank from the heat of the ſun, I ſaw a great rope coming down into the water, and it faſtened itſelf, I don't know how, about the gills of a little fiſh that was baſking beſide me, and he was lifted out of the water, ſtruggling and working in great pain, till he was carried, I know not where, quite out of my ſight: ſo I thought in my own mind, that this evil ſome time or other, may happen to myſelf, and my heart trembled within me, and I have

have been very ſad and diſcontented ever ſince. Now, all I deſire of you is, that you would tell me the meaning of this, and of all the other dangers to which you have ſubjected us poor little mortal fiſhes; for then I ſhall have ſenſe enough to take care of my own ſafety, and I am very well able to provide for my own living, I warrant you.

No ſooner ſaid than done. God immediately opened his underſtanding; and he knew the nature and meaning of ſnares, nets, hooks, and lines, and of all the dangers to which ſuch little trouts could be liable.

At firſt he greatly rejoiced in this his knowledge; and he ſaid to himſelf, now ſurely I ſhall be the happieſt of all fiſhes; for as I underſtand and am forewarned of every miſchief that can come near me, I'm ſure I love myſelf too well not to keep out of harm's way.

From this time forward he took care not to go into any deep holes, for fear that a pike or ſome other huge fiſh, might be there, who would make nothing of ſwallowing him up at one gulph. He alſo kept away from the ſhallow places, eſpecially in hot weather, leſt the ſun ſhould dry them up, and not leave him water enough to ſwim in. When he ſaw the ſhadow of a cloud coming and moving upon the river, Aha! ſaid he to himſelf, here are the fiſhermen with their nets; and immediately he got on one ſide and ſkulked under the banks, where

he

he kept trembling in his ſkin till the cloud was paſt. Again, when he ſaw a fly ſkimming on the water, or a worm coming down the ſtream, he did not dare to bite, however hungry he might be: No, no, ſaid he to them, my honeſt friends, I am not ſuch a fool as that comes to neither; go your ways and tempt thoſe who know no better, who are not aware that you may ſerve as baits to ſome treacherous hook, that lies hid for the deſtruction of thoſe ignorant and ſilly trouts that are not on their guard.

Thus this overcareful trout kept himſelf in continual frights and alarms, and could neither eat, nor drink, nor ſleep in peace, leſt ſome miſchief ſhould be at hand, or that he might be taken napping. He daily grew poorer and poorer, and ſadder and ſadder, for he pined away with hunger, and ſighed himſelf to ſkin and bone; till, waſted almoſt to nothing with care and melancholy, he at laſt died, for fear of dying, the moſt miſerable of all deaths.

Now when God came to the youngeſt ſilver trout, and aſked him what he wiſhed for; Alas! ſaid this darling little trout, you know, may it pleaſe your worſhip, that I am but a very fooliſh and good for nothing little fiſh; and I don't know, not I, what is good for me, or what is bad for me; and I wonder how I came to be worth bringing into the world, or what you could ſee in me to take any thought about me.

But,

But, if I muſt wiſh for ſomething, it is that you would do with me whatſoever you think beſt; and that I ſhould be pleaſed to live or die, even juſt as you would have me.

Now, as ſoon as this precious trout made this prayer in his good and humble little heart, God took ſuch a liking and a love to him, as the like was never known. And God found it in his own heart, that he could not but take great care of this ſweet little trout, who had truſted himſelf ſo wholly to his love and good pleaſure: and God went whereſoever he went, and was always with him, and about him, and was to him as a father and friend and companion: and he put contentment into his mind, and joy into his heart: and ſo this little trout ſlept always in peace, and wakened in gladneſs; and whether he was full or hungry, whatever happened to him, he was ſtill pleaſed and thankful; and he was the happieſt of all fiſhes that ever ſwam in any water.

Harry, at the cloſe of this fable, looked down and grew thoughtful, and his patron left him to himſelf to ruminate on what he had heard. Now Harry had often heard talk of God, and had ſome general though confuſed notions of his power.

The next day he requeſted his patron to repeat the ſtory of the three little ſilver trouts. When he had ended, Dada, ſays Harry, I believe I begin to gueſs a little at what you mean.

You

You would not have me wiſh for any thing, but leave every thing to God; and if I thought that God loved me, half as well as you love me, I would leave every thing to himſelf, like the good little trout. He does, my Harry, he loves you a thouſand times better than I love you, nay a thouſand times better than you love yourſelf. God is all love; it is he who made every thing, and he loves every thing that he has made. Ay, but Dada, I can't, for the heart of me, help pitying the two poor little naughty trouts. If God loves every thing, why did he make any thing to die? You begin to think too deeply, Harry; we will ſpeak more of theſe matters another time. For the preſent, let it ſuffice to know, that, as he can kill, he can alſo make alive again, at his own pleaſure.

Harry had now remained about twelve months with his patron, when it was intimated to the earl and his lady, that the dumb man had taken a fancy to their child, and that he was almoſt conſtantly reſident at his houſe. Alarmed at this news, and apprehending that this man might be ſome impoſtor or kidnapper, they once more ſent orders to the nurſe to bring the boy home.

Nurſe ran in a hurry to the ſtranger's, and having informed him of the neceſſity ſhe was under to take away the child, many mutual tears were ſhed at parting; but Harry was the

ſooner pacified when nurſe told him that it was but for a ſhort viſit, as before.

When they came to the caſtle, there was no company in the parlour, but the earl and his lady, with Lord Richard and ſome other maſters of quality, about his age and ſize. Harry, however, looked about with a brow of diſguſt; and when my lady deſired him to come and kiſs her, May be you'll whip me, he anſwered ſuddenly. No, ſhe replied, if you don't ſtrike your brother Dicky any more. I wont beat him, ſays Harry, if he wont beat mammy. Come then and kiſs me, my dear, ſaid my lady; whereon Harry advanced with a ſlow caution, and held up his little mouth to receive her ſalute. He was then kiſſed by his father, his brother, and the little maſters, and all things promiſed future reconcilement and amity.

A number of glittering toys were then preſented to Harry on all ſides; he received them, indeed, in good part, but laid them all aſide again, as things of whoſe uſe he yet was not wiſe enough to be apprehenſive.

FRIEND. Is it not too early for your hero to ſhew a contempt of toys?

AUTHOR. My lady, as you will ſee, imputed it to his folly, not to his philoſophy.

FR. But children have a natural fondneſs for fine things.

AUT.

AUT. How ſo? is there a natural value in them?

FR. No. But——

AUT. Education, indeed, has made the fondneſs next to natural: the coral and bells teach infants on the breaſts to be delighted with ſound and glitter. Has the child of an inhabitant of Monomotapa a natural fondneſs for garbage?

FR. I think not.

AUT. But when he is inſtructed to prize them, and ſees it to be the faſhion to be adorned with ſuch things, he prefers them to the gliſter of gold and pearl. Tell me, was it the folly, or philoſophy, of the cock in the fable, that ſpurned the diamond and wiſhed for the barley-corn?

FR. The moral ſays it was his folly, that did not know how to make a right eſtimate of things.

AUT. A wiſer moral would ſay it was his philoſophy, that did know how to make a right eſtimate of things; for of what uſe could the diamond be to the cock? In the age of acorns, antecedent to Ceres and the royal ploughman Triptolemus, a ſingle barley-corn had been of more value to mankind, than all the diamonds that glowed in the mines of India.

FR. You ſee, however, that age, reflection, and philoſophy, can hardly wean people from their early fondneſs for ſhow.

AUT. I ſee, on the contrary, that the older they grow, and the wiſer they think themſelves, the more they become attached to trifles. What would you think of a ſage miniſter of ſtate, who ſhould make it the utmoſt height of his wiſhes and ambition to be mounted on a hobby horſe?

FR. You can't be ſerious for the ſoul of you.

AUT. It has been ſeriouſly, and truly, and literally the fact: for Haman being aſked by the greateſt monarch upon earth, what ſhould be done moſt deſirable for the man whom the king delighted to honour? he anſwered, (in the perſuaſion that he himſelf was the perſon) "Let the royal apparel be brought, and let "him be arrayed therewith, and let him be "put upon the horſe that the king uſeth to "ride, and let him be brought through the "ſtreet, and have it proclaimed before him, "thus ſhall it be done to the man whom the "king delighteth to honour." What ſhall we ſay here? could the ſage and ambitious Haman think of nothing better than what would have ſuited the requeſt of a child of five years old? Or was it that the emperor of Aſia, or this world itſelf, had nothing more valuable to beſtow, than a fine coat and a hobby-horſe?

FR. How many volumes do you expect this work will contain?

AUT. Sir, a book may be compared to the life

life of your neighbour. If it be good, it cannot laſt too long; if bad, you cannot get rid of it too early.

FR. But, how long, I ſay, do you propoſe to make your ſtory?

AUT. My good friend, the reader may make it as ſhort as he pleaſes.

CHAP. III.

MY lady piqued thereat, told the earl that ſhe reſolved once more to prove the wits of the youngſter in breeches; and whiſpering to Dicky, he immediately went out and took with him his companions. Soon after, Dick returns without his ſhoes, and with a pitiful face, cries, Brother Harry, I want a pair of ſhoes ſadly, will you give me yours? Yes, I will, ſaid Harry, and inſtantly ſtrips and preſents them to him. Then entered another boy and demanded his ſtockings in the like petitioning manner; another begged his hat, another his coat, another his waiſtcoat, all of which he beſtowed without heſitation; but, when the laſt boy came in and petitioned for his ſhirt, No, I wont, ſaid Harry, a little moody, I want

a ſhirt myſelf. My lady then exclaimed, Upon my conſcience, there is but the thickneſs of a bit of linen between this child and a downright fool. But my lord roſe up, took Harry in his arms, and having tenderly embraced him, God bleſs thee, my boy, he cried, and make thee an honour to Old England!

Dinner, ſoon after, was ordered up, and Harry permitted his nurſe to retire peaceably to the kitchen during the interval, as he and all the maſters were then on terms of amity.

My lady placed Harry next herſelf at table, but no peer ever paid ſuch a price at Pontac's, as our diſtreſſed hero did that day for his ordinary: for he muſt ſit up juſt ſo, and hold his knife and fork juſt ſo, and cut his meat, and open his mouth, and ſwallow his victuals, juſt ſo and ſo and ſo. And then, between every two words, there was to be ſo many my lords and my ladies, and I thank you Sir, and I thank you madam, and maſter this, and maſter that, that poor Harry, no longer able to contain himſelf, cried, I wiſh I was with my mammy in the kitchen.

After dinner the children were ſet to queſtions and commands; but here our hero was beaten hollow, as he was afterward at draw-glove and ſhuffle the ſlipper. They next came to hot-cockles, and Harry, being firſt down, had his left hand well warmed for near a quarter of an hour, till, more by good luck than any good

good policy, he fixed upon a delicate little gentleman, the ſon and heir of lord and lady Toilet, who lay down accordingly; when Harry, endeavouring to ſum all the favours he had received in one payment, gave maſter ſuch a whirrick, that his cries inſtantly ſounded the *ne plus ultra* to ſuch kind of diverſions. But Harry being chidden for his rudeneſs, and obliged to aſk pardon, all was ſoon whole again.

Now, throughout theſe ſeveral amuſements, though this group of little quality behaved themſelves with great good manners towards our hero, yet, as my lady's judgment of his intellects became current through the country, and that all took him to be little removed from a natural; theſe ſmall gentry alſo held him in the loweſt contempt, and gave themſelves ſecret credit for the decency of their conduct in his behalf.

Two or three of them, however, having maliciouſly contrived to ſet him in a ridiculous light, prevailed upon his brother to join in the plot. They accordingly propoſed a play, wherein Harry was enjoined to ſtand in the centre for ſo many minutes, without motion or reſentment, let his companions do what they would about him.

Our hero, conſequently, fixed himſelf to a poſture and countenance altogether determined, when the attack inſtantly began; ſome grinned

grinned, ſome pointed, ſome jeered and flouted at him, ſome twitched him by the hair, ſome pinched him by the breech, one tweaked him by the noſe, and another ſpirted water full in his face; but Harry bore all with the firmneſs and reſignation of a ſtoic philoſopher; till my lady, quite impatient, cried out, Did you ever ſee the like? ſuch a ſtock of a child, ſuch a ſtatue! why, he has no kind of feeling either of body or mind.

While ſhe was pronouncing theſe words, young Skinker, eldeſt ſon to a wealthy 'ſquire, a chubbed unlucky boy about the age of lord Richard, put one hand within the other, and deſired Harry to ſtrike thereon, which he did accordingly; but feeling unuſual ſmart, and fired at the treachery that he, juſtly, conceived was in the caſe, Harry gave him ſuch a ſudden fiſt in the temple as drove him ſtaggering backward ſeveral ſteps. Skinker, wholly enraged, and conſcious of ſuperior ſtrength, immediately returned, and with all his might gave Harry a ſtroke on the head, which compliment he returned by a punch in the eye as rapid as lightning. All the boys ſtood aloof and amazed at the combat. My lady vehemently cried out to part them; but my lord roſe, and peremptorily commanded fair play. Meanwhile, young Skinker, wholly deſperate to be foiled by one ſo much his inferior in ſtrength and underſtanding, flew on Harry like a fury, and faſtened

faſtened the nails of both his hands in his face, from which gripe our hero as quickly diſengaged himſelf by darting his head into the noſe and mouth of his adverſary, who was inſtantly covered with blood, though his paſſion would not permit him to attend to the pain; for, exerting his laſt effort, he cloſed in on our little champion, and determined, at once, to finiſh the combat, by lifting and daſhing him againſt the ground; but Harry, finding himſelf going, nimbly put one foot behind, and hit Skinker in the ham, and at the ſame time puſhing forward with all his force, prone fell the unfortunate Skinker, precipitated by the double weight of himſelf and his antagoniſt, and his head rebounded againſt the floor, while up ſprung Harry, and with a punch in the ſtomach of Skinker, put a period to the fray.

All diſmayed, and wholly diſcomforted, Skinker ſlowly aroſe, and began to cry moſt piteouſly. His companions then gathered about him, and compaſſionating his plight, turned an eye of indignation upon the victor; all promiſcuouſly exclaimed, O fie, maſter Harry, I am quite aſhamed, maſter Harry, you gave the firſt blow; it was you that gave the firſt blow, maſter Harry; to all which reproaches, Harry ſurlily replied, If I gave firſt blow he gave firſt hurt.

Come, come, ſaid my Lord, there muſt be ſomething more in this affair than we are yet ac-

accquainted with. Come hither maſter Skinker, tell me the truth, my dear; what was it you did to Harry that provoked him to ſtrike you? Indeed, Sir, ſaid Skinker, I did not intend to hurt him ſo much. When I gave him one hand to ſtrike, I held a pin within ſide in the other, but the pin run up farther than I thought for. Go, go, ſaid my lord, you deſerve what you have got. You are an ill-hearted boy, and ſhall not come here to play any more.

My lady then called Harry, deſired to look at his hand, and found the palm covered with blood. This ſhe waſhed away, and having found the wound, ſhe put a ſmall bit of black ſticking ſilk to the orifice, and Harry inſtantly held himſelf as ſound a man as ever.

It was then, that inſtead of exulting or crowing over his adverſary, he began to relax into melancholy and dejection, and ſideling over toward Skinker, and looking wiſtfully in his face, If, ſaid Harry, with a trembling lip, if you will kiſs and be friends with me, I'll never beat you any more. To this overture Skinker was, with a ſullen reluctance, perſuaded by his companions; and from that moment, the victor began to gain ground in the heart and good graces both of father and mother.

Night now approached, the candles were lighted up, and the children took a ſhort and ſlight repaſt. Maſter Dicky then privately whiſpering to his mamma, deſired her not to be

frighted

ſrighted at what ſhe might ſee, and immediately withdrew. In a ſhort time he returned, and gathering all his little companions into a group in the centre of the parlour, held them a while in chat; when, O tremendous! a back door flew open, and in glided a moſt terrifying and horrible apparition; the body and limbs from the neck downwards were all wrapt in a winding ſheet; and the head, tho' fear could not attend to its form, appeared wholly illuminated with flames, that glared through the eyes, mouth, and noſtrils.

At ſight hereof, maſter Dicky, appearing the firſt to be frighted, ſcreamed out, and ran behind his mamma's chair, as it were for protection: the panic grew inſtantly contagious, and all this hoſt of little gentry, who were, thereafter, to form our ſenates, and to lead our armies, ran, ſhrieking and ſhivering, to hide themſelves in holes and to tremble in corners.

Our hero, alone, ſtood undaunted, tho' concerned; and like an aſtronomer who, with equal dread and attention, contemplates ſome ſudden phenomenon in the heavens, which he apprehends to be ſent as an enſign or forerunner to the fall of mighty ſtates, or diſpeopling of nations, ſo Harry, with bent and apprehenſive brows, beheld and conſidered the approaching ſpectre.

He had never heard nor formed any idea of ghoſts or hobgoblins, he therefore ſtood to deliberate

liberate what he had to fear from it. It ſtill advanced upon him, nor had he yet budged; when his brother cried out, from behind my lady's chair, Beat it, Harry, beat it. On the inſtant, Harry flew back to the corner next the hall, and catching up his ſtaff, the trophy of Shrove-Tueſday, he returned upon the ſpectre, and aiming a noble blow at the illuminated ſconce, he, at once, ſmaſhed the outward lanthron; drove the candle, flame and all, into the mouth of him who held it; and opened his upper lip from the noſe to the teeth. Out ſpouted the blood as from a ſpiggot. The ghoſt clapped all the hands that he had to his mouth, and ſlunk away to ſhew to his friends in the kitchen, how he had been baffled and mauled by an infant of ſeven ſummers.

Heaven preſerve us, cried my lady! we ſhall have nothing but broils and bloodſhed in the houſe while this child is among us. Indeed, my dear, replied the earl, if there was any thing more than mere accident in this buſineſs, it was the fault of your favourite Dicky, who deſired the boy to ſtrike.

By this time, the little gentry came, all from their lurking-holes, though yet pale and unaſſured; and whatever contempt they might have for the intellects of Harry, they had now a very ſincere veneration for his proweſs.

Bed-time now approaching, and all being again ſettled, Harry, ſays my lord, you have been

a very

a very good boy to day, and have joined with your companions in all their little plays: now, if you have any plays to ſhew them, I am ſure they will have the good manners to do as you deſire. What ſay you, Harry? have you any play to ſhew them? Yes, Sir, ſaid Harry, I have a many of them; there's firſt, leap frog, and thruſh a thruſh. To it, then, Harry, ſays my lord; and pray, all you little gentlemen, do you obſerve his directions.

No ſooner ſaid than done. Harry took his companions one by one, and cauſing them to ſtoop, with their heads toward the ground in a long line, and at certain diſtances each before the other, he returned to the tail, and taking the advantage of a ſhort run to quicken his motion, he laid his hands on the rump of the hindmoſt, and vaulting lightly over him, he, with amazing rapidity, flew along the whole line, clearing a man at every motion, till he alighted before the foremoſt, and down he popt in the poſture of thoſe behind.

My lady, in utter aſtoniſhment, lifting up her hands and eyes, exclaimed, O the fine creature, O the graceful creature! if there was but a mind to match that body, there would not be ſuch another boy in the univerſe.

Lord Richard, being now hindmoſt, was the next who adventured, and, with action enough, cleared his two firſt men; but then having loſt the advantage of his run, and his

foreman being of more than ordinary ſize, he firſt ſtuck upon his rump, and pitching thence, broke his forehead againſt the floor. He got up however with a pleaſant countenance, and running along ſide the line, ſet himſelf in his former poſture before his brother. The hindmoſt then, and then the next, and the next, and ſo onward, took their turns, in ſucceſſion, without any better ſucceſs. The one bruiſed his ſhoulder, another ſprained his finger, another bumpt his head, another broke his noſe, &c. &c. So that, in leſs than five minutes, my lady had got an hoſpital of her own, though not altogether conſiſting of incurables.

Now, ſpirits and vinegar, brown paper, black plaiſter, &c. were called for in a hurry; and the ſeveral ſtupes and dreſſings being ſkilfully applied, the children were ordered to their reſpective beds; and nurſe was prevailed upon to continue with Harry, till he ſhould be reconciled to his new friends and aſſociates.

Harry was now become a favourite, eſpecially among the ſervants, who, in a manner, adored him, ſince the adventure of the box and the hobgoblin.

FRIEND. Hobgoblin: in good time.—Nothing amazes me ſo much as the terrifying apprehenſions that the world, from the beginning, has univerſally entertained of ghoſts and ſpectres.

AUTHOR.

AUTHOR. Do you fear them?

FR. No—I can't ſay—not much——ſomething of this formerly. I ſhould not like, even now, to lie alone, in a remote chamber of a ruinous caſtle ſaid to be haunted, and have my curtains, at midnight opened ſuddenly upon me by a death's head and bloody bones. All nonſenſe I know it; the early prejudices of a daſtardly fancy—I fear, while I am convinced there is nothing to be feared.—Do you think there is any ſuch thing in nature as a ſpirit?

AUT. I know not that there is any ſuch thing in nature as matter.

FR. Not know there is any ſuch thing as matter?—You love to puzzle—to throw lets into the road of common ſenſe.—What elſe do you know? From what elſe can you form any kind of idea?

AUT. The room is warm enough, more heat is needleſs.—I know that thoughts and conceptions are raiſed in my mind; but, how they are raiſed, or that they are adequate images of things ſuppoſed to be repreſented, I know not. What if this ſomething, or this nothing, called matter, ſhould be a ſhadow, a vacuum, in reſpect of ſpirit, wholly reſiſtleſs to it and pervadeable by it? Or what if it be no other than a various manifeſtation of the ſeveral good and evil qualities of ſpirit? If one infinite ſpirit, as is ſaid, fills the univerſe, all other exiſtence muſt be but as the ſpace wherein he eſſentially

abides and exists; indeed, they could not be produced, or continued for a moment, but by his existing omnipotently, indivisibly, entirely, in and throughout every part.

Fr. This is new, very new—but I will not batter my brains against your castle—According to your thesis, when a man is apprehensive of a spirit or spectre, it is not of shadow but of substance that he is afraid.

Aut. Certainly; his principal apprehension arises from his believing it more sufficient, more powerful, and more formidable, than himself.

Fr. Excuse me, there are more tremendous reasons. On the supposition of an engagement, those sort of invisible gentry have many advantages over us. They give a man no manner of fair play. They have you here, and have you there, and your best watch and ward is no better than fencing against an invisible flail.—But, seriously, do you think we have any innate feats of these matters?

Aut. All our fears arise from the sense of our own weakness, and of the power and inclination that others may have to hurt us.

Fr. If our horror of apparitions is not innate, how comes it to pass, that soldiers, that general officers, who dare all other danger; that heroes, who, like Brutus, have given death to themselves, or who have been led to execution without a changing cheek; have yet dreaded to lie alone, or to be left in the dark!

Aut.

AUT. We all ſee that a ſpirit has vaſt power. Nothing elſe in truth can have any power at all. We perceive, by ourſelves and others, with what eaſe it can act upon what we call matter; how it moves, how it lifts it. Perhaps, were our ſpirits detached from this diſtempered priſon, to which the degeneracy of our fallen nature has confined them, they might more eaſily whirl a mountain thro' the atmoſphere, than they can now caſt a pebble into the air. The conſideration of this power, when joined to malevolence, as is generally the caſe, becomes very tremendous. The ſtories told by nurſes and goſſips about a winter's fire, when the young auditors crouch cloſer and cloſer together, and dare not look about for fear of what may be behind them, leave impreſſions that no ſubſequent reaſon or religion can efface. The ideas of an apparition, on theſe occaſions, are connected with all the horror, of which infant imaginations can be ſuſceptible; fangs, horns, a threatening mien, ſaucer eyes, a flaming breath, and a deadly aſpect. When children are told of fairies, who carry off people to dwell with them under ground; and of evil ſpirits, who ſnatch away ſoul and body together, to be their aſſociates in regions of darkneſs and woe; the fear of ſuch evils greatly ſurpaſſes thoſe of death, as it weds miſery to exiſtence beyond the grave.—On the contrary ſide, had ſpirits been originally repreſented to infants, as beings of

an amiable appearance, and as guardians benevolent and beneficent to man; had they further deigned to visit us under such representations, and, had we experienced the advantage of their instructions and good offices, we should have met them with transport, and have parted with regret.

Fr. I observe that, as our female antiquarians drop off, our faith in spectres perceptibly decays. We have not the fiftieth story either propagated or believed, that was credited as gospel when I was a boy. What think you; is it for, or against religion, that such fables should get footing among mankind?

Aut. I never could think it for the interest of religion, that the providence of God should be elbowed, as it were, quite out of the world by a system of dæmonism. On the other hand, I take the Devil to be a personage of much more prudence, than to frighten his favourites from him, by assuming such horrid and disgustful appearances. He rather chuses, to lurk behind temptation, in the allurement of beauty, the deceitfulness of smiles, the glozing of compliments, in revel and banquetting, in titles and honours, in the glitter of ornament, and in the pomp of state. When God sends his spirits on messages to man, there is a meaning of importance in the errand. Such was that of his angel to Manoah, for the delivery of a people; and to Zacharias and the blessed virgin, for the redemption

redemption of human kind. But, when the devil is ſaid to ſend his emiſſaries throughout the earth, on what errands does this arch politician employ them? Even ſuch as could ſuit no other than a dunce or a driveller. I never yet heard of one of theſe miſſions that could be conſtrued to any intention of cunning or common ſenſe. I therefore hold the legends of his ghoſtly viſitation to be altogether apocryphal.

Fr. Every man of common ſenſe muſt be of the ſame opinion. And yet, have you known any perſon wholly free from ſuch prejudices, who made no diſtinction, on this fantaſtical article, between darkneſs and mid-day, between a lonely charnel-houſe and a full aſſembly!

Aug. I have; but they were men of exceeding ſtrong nerves; as alſo of exceeding clear or exceeding callous conſciences, which, coming from oppoſite points, equally met for the ſame purpoſe on this occaſion.

Two travellers, the one a man of piety, the other a profligate, met at a country-inn juſt as night came upon them. It was Halontide-Eve, the ſeaſon, in thoſe days, wherein the devils were ſaid to keep high carnival, and when all the inhabitants of the viſionary regions were ſuppoſed to revel and range throughout the earth at pleaſure.

For want of better company our travellers made up an acquaintance, and further cement-

ed

ed it by a jugg of good liquor. The night was dark. The girls of the houſe had new waſhed their ſmocks, to be hung to the fire, and turned by the ghoſtly reſemblances of their ſweethearts; and the converſation, in the kitchen, ran on many an authentic narrative of ſpectres, and, particularly, on the man in gibbets who hung by the road, and who was reported, between twelve and one at midnight, to deſcend from the gallows, and take juſt three turns about the old barn.

Do you believe any of this droll ſtuff, ſaid the profligate? I know not what to think, anſwered his pious companion; I find all the world in the ſame ſtory, and yet, as the ſaying is, I never ſaw any thing more frightful than myſelf. As for my ſhare, ſaid the profligate, I think I ſhould not fear the great devil himſelf, and indeed I ſhould be glad to have a little chat with the old gentleman. Stout as you are, rejoined his companion, I will lay you a bet of five crowns that you dare not warm a porringer of broth, and go, and offer it without there, to the man in gibbets. I will depend on your honour for performance of articles. 'Tis done, cried the other. The betts were produced, and reſpectively depoſited in the hands of my landlady.

Our pious traveller, who now began to be alarmed for his wager, ſtole ſlily out, while his companion was buſied in heating the broth. He

He made up to the place where the deceaſed malefactor was taking the freſh air. The gallows was low, and, by the advantage of a bank behind and his own agility, he leaped up, and faſtening his arms about the ſhoulders of the corpſe, ſo that they both appeared but as one body.

He had juſt fixed himſelf to his mind, when up comes his companion with the porringer and a ſtool. He directly mounted the ſtool, and reaching up a ſpoonful of broth to the mouth of the dead, with a firm and bold voice he cried, Sup man! why don't you ſup?

Scarce had theſe words been uttered, when, fearful to hear! with a tone deep as hell and diſmal as the grave, the man in gibbets replied ——It i—is too ho—t. And damn you, why don't you blow it then? rejoined the other.

Fr. My nerves will not admit of this for fact. The tale indeed is good, though ſuch an inſtance of intrepidity in any mortal may be diſputable. But, ſhall we never return to our ſtory again?

Aur. It matters not how far we travel from it, ſince the magic of a wiſh can bring us back in a twinkling.

CHAP.

CHAP. IV.

RUFFLED linen, laced hat, ſilk ſtockings, &c. had now been ordered for Harry, with a new ſuit of clothes, trimmed like thoſe of your beau-inſects, vulgarly called butterflies. They were tried on, in the preſence of his parents, and highly approved by all, except Harry himſelf, who ſeemed by his fidgetings, to be ſomewhat diſguſted at this new kind of incumbrance. Harry, ſays my lord, puts me in mind of the ſon of Jeſſe in the armour of Saul, he has not yet proved them. Well Harry, how do you like yourſelf? I don't know, not I, ſays Harry. But, papa, can you tell me what theſe things are for? In truth, Harry, you poſe me. Wont people love me better, Sir? Not a whit indeed, Harry, replied my lord. Lord help that little fool's head of thine, interpoſed my lady! if people wont love thee, they'll reſpect thee the more. Fool's head! repeated my lord, upon my ſoul, the child has more ſenſe than half our nobility.

Harry had been now near a month with his parents, and as his nurſe had not yet parted, he was tolerably amenable to quality government. However, he pined in the abſence of his

his dada, as he called him, and daily importuned my lord and lady to be permitted to go and ſee him: for, as Harry's heart told him that his bearded dada loved him better than all the world, ſo Harry loved him better than three worlds; for he was ever deſirous of going three times as far, in affection and good offices, as any one went for him.

At length he obtained conſent, and was conducted, by his nurſe, in all his finery, on a viſit to his dear dada.

Their meeting was accompanied by tears of joy on both ſides; when the old gentleman, ſtruck with concern at the garb in which he ſaw his darling, cried out, And who, my dear, put this fool's coat upon my child? Fool's coat, Sir, ſays Harry! Yes, my love, it is worſe than all that; they were very naughty doctors who have endeavoured to poiſon my boy. There is not a bit of all this lace and ruffling, that is not full of rank poiſons. I will tell you a ſtory, my Harry.

There was once upon a time, a very good and a very clever boy called Hercules. As he grew up, beſides his prayers and his book, he was taught to run, and leap; to ride, wreſtle, and cudgel; and though he was able to beat all the boys in the pariſh, he never uſed to hurt or quarrel with any of them. He did not matter cold, nor hunger, nor what he eat, nor what he drank; nor how, nor where he lay;

and

and he went always dreſſed in the ſkin of a wild beaſt, that could bear all winds and weathers, and that he could put on or off at pleaſure; for he knew that his dreſs was no part of himſelf, and could neither add to him nor take away any thing from him.

When this brave boy came to man's eſtate, he went about the world, doing good in all places; helping the weak, and feeding the hungry, and clothing the naked, and comforting thoſe that cried, and beating all thoſe that did hurt or wrong to others; and all good people loved him with their whole heart, and all naughty people feared him terribly.

But, O ſad and diſmal! a lady, whom he had ſaved from great hurt and ſhame, made him a preſent of a new coat, which was called a ſhirt in thoſe days, as they wore it next the ſkin. And now, my Harry, take notice. The lady had covered his coat, all over, with laces, and with rufflings, and with beads of glaſs, and ſuch other fooleries; ſo that poor Hercules looked juſt as fine as you do now. And he turned him to this ſide, and he turned him to that ſide, and he began to think more and better of himſelf, becauſe he had got this fool's coat upon him. And the poiſon of it entered into his body and into his mind, and brought weakneſs and diſtempers upon the one and the other. And he grew ſo fond of it, that he could not bear to have it put off: for he thought

that,

that, to part with it, would be to part with his flesh from his bones. Neither would he venture out in the rain, any more; nor box nor wrestle with any body, for fear of spoiling his fine coat. So that in time he lost the love and the praises of every body; and all people scorned him, and pointed at him for a fool and a coxcomb, as he went by.

For some time after the old gentleman had finished his story, the child continued to gaze up at him, with fixed eyes and open mouth, as fearful of losing any syllable that he might utter; till, recollecting himself, he cried out, O, this is a very sad case, indeed; I wish my coat was burnt, so I do; but don't fear for me, dada. Why, how then Harry? replied his patron. Why, I may find a trick for all this, dada; I warrant you never see me in this ugly coat again.

After this and some other instructions and mutual endearments, nurse pressed to be gone; and these two fond friends were compelled to sunder, with a promise, on Harry's part, of a speedy return.

For some time after his arrival at the mansion-house, Harry appeared thoughtful, and greatly dejected, which they ascribed to his parting with his old friend; but Harry had schemes in his head that they were little able to fathom or guess at. Having peeped about for some time, he found a knife in a window,

which he inſtantly ſeized upon, and then ſtole up, with all poſſible privacy, to his apartment.

There he ſtript himſelf in a hurry, and falling as quickly to work, began to cut and rip and rend away the lacings of his ſuit without ſparing cloth or ſeam. While he was thus in the heat and very middle of his buſineſs, he heard himſelf repeatedly called on the ſtairs, and hurrying on his clothes to obey the ſummons, he ran down to the parlour, with half the trimmings hanging in fritters and tattars about him.

The droll and very extraordinary figure that he cut, ſtruck all the company into utter amazement. Having gazed on him, for ſome time, in a kind of ſilent ſtupor, Why Harry, cries my lady, what's all this for? Who abuſed you, my child, who put you in this pickle? Come hither and tell me, who ſpoiled your clothes? I did, madam. You did, ſirrah, cried my lady, giving him a ſhake, and how dare you ſpoil them? Why, becauſe they wanted to ſpoil me, ſaid Harry. And who told you they would ſpoil you, ſirrah? I wont tell, ſaid Harry. I'll lay a wager, cried my lady, it was that old rogue with the beard; but I'll have him whipt for a fool and a knave out of the pariſh. Pray, my dear, be patient a little, ſaid his lordſhip. Come here, Harry, and tell me the truth, ſtoutly, and no harm ſhall happen to you or your dada with the beard. Come, ſpeak,

ſpeak, what fault did he find with your clothes? Why, Sir, he ſaid, as how they would poiſon me. Poiſon you, my dear; pray how was that? Why, Sir, he told me as how there was a little maſter called Hercules, and as how he was a mighty good boy, and was cold and hungry, and almoſt naked, and did not matter, ſo as he could do good to every body; and as how every body loved him with all their heart. And then, he told me, as how he got a mighty fine coat, and looked here and looked there, and minded nothing but his coat; and as how his coat poiſoned him, and would not let him do any more good; and as how all the boys then hated him, and [illegible] upon him, Sir—and as how—I be-lieve, that's all, Sir.—

Here my lord and lady took ſuch a chink of laughing, that it was ſome time before they could recover; while Harry looked abaſhed and diſconcerted. But my lord, recollecting himſelf, took the child on his knee, and warmly preſſing him to his boſom, I muſt tell you, my Harry, ſaid he, as how you are a mighty good boy, and as how your dada with a beard is a mighty good dada, and has told you all that is right and true; and that I will go myſelf, one of theſe days, and thank him in perſon. Thank you, Sir, ſays Harry.

Well, Harry, ſaid my lord, I promiſe that no one ſhall poiſon you any more, with my conſent. Whereupon another new ſuit was im-

mediately appointed, of a kind that ſhould fear no weather, nor, in caſe of dirt or damage, draw upon Harry the reſentment or admonitions of his mamma.

Juſt as dinner was ſerved up, Mr Meekly entered and took his ſeat. He came in order to conciliate a late difference between the earl and Sir Standiſh Stately; and in this he found no manner of difficulty, as my lord was, by nature, of a kindly diſpoſition, and required no more than a firſt advance to be reconciled to any man.

During the entertainment, Harry kept his eyes fixed on Mr Meekly; and as ſoon as the cloth was off, he roſe, went over to him, looked fondly in his face, and took hold of his hand with the familiarity of an old acquaintance.

Mr Meekly, ſaid my lord, my ſon Harry pays you a very particular and very deſerved compliment; he puts me in mind of that ſort of inſtinct, by which a ſtrange dog is always ſure to diſcover, and to apply to the moſt benevolent perſon at table. Indeed, my lord, ſaid Mr Meekly, (careſſing the child) I know not, whether by inſtinct, or by what other name to call my own feelings; but certain it is that, the firſt moment I ſaw him in his little peaſant petticoats, I found my heart ſtrongly affected toward him.

In a ſhort time my lady retired, with the children,

children, and left the earl and Mr Meekly over a temperate bottle. Mr Meekly, said my lord, (taking him cordially by the hand) I rejoice at the advantage of our late acquaintance, or rather I repine that it was not earlier. I am greatly interested, Sir, in asking you a few questions, if I thought I might do it without offence. Are you any way straitened in your circumstances? —No, my lord.—But would you not wish them more affluent, would you not wish, that your power of doing good were more extensive, more answerable to the benevolence of your own inclinations?—I cannot say that I would, my lord. I have upwards of seven hundred a-year clear income; and that is considerably more than I have occasion to expend.—It would be indelicate, replied the earl, very indelicate to own, that I am sorry for your prosperity; and yet I find that I should have been happy in your distress, in the power it would have given me to serve, to oblige you. I want a friend, I want just such a friend as Mr Meekly; and I know of no price at which I would not gladly purchase him.—My lord, I am yours, freely affectionately yours, without fee or condition. Sir, rejoined my lord, as I find that I cannot make out a title to your particular attachment, I am content to be taken into the general circle of your benevolence.

The world, Mr Meekly, think me the happiest of men; blessed in my family, in my

friends; with health, honours, affluence; with the power of gratifying every wiſh that human fancy can form! but alas! my ſenſations are very far from affirming their judgment of theſe matters; and I will deſerve your advice, your conſolation if you can afford it, by unboſoming myſelf to you without reſerve.

When I reflect on my paſt life, I look on many parts of it with repentance, and on the whole with regret. Not that I wiſh the return of pleaſures, that I now deſpiſe, or of years ſpent in a manner that virtue and common ſenſe muſt equally diſapprove; but I am arrived at my evening of life, like a ſportſman, who, having been in purſuit of game all the day, returns homeward, ſorrowful, fatigued, and diſappointed. With every advantage that could gratify either my vanity or my appetites, I cannot affirm that I ever taſted of true enjoyment; and I now well perceive, that I was kept from being miſerable, merely by amuſement and diſſipation.

As I had the misfortune to be born to a title and a vaſt eſtate, all people reſpected, in me, the poſſeſſion of thoſe objects which they themſelves were in purſuit of. I was conſequently beſet with ſycophants and deceivers of all ſorts, and thereby trained, from my infancy, to unavoidable prejudices, errors, and falſe eſtimates of every thing. I was not naturally ill-diſpoſed, but I was perpetually ſeduced from all my better tendencies.

Both

Both my parents died, before I arrived at thoſe years wherein our laws allow of any title to diſcretion. I had but one brother. O that dear brother, how many ſighs he has coſt me! I was older than him by about ſeven years; and this diſparity of our age, together with the elevating notion of my birthright, gave me the authoritative airs of a father, without a father's tenderneſs towards him. This mutually prevented that cordiality, that ſympathy, as I may ſay, by which brothers ſhould be cemented during their minority. And when our guardian, as I then judged, had ſo far betrayed his truſt, as to bind my brother apprentice to a trader, and thereby to deprive him of all title to gentility, I looked upon him as a branch cut off from the family-tree; and as my thoughts about him were accompanied by coldneſs or diſguſt, I forbore to make any enquiry concerning him.

I am apt to think, however, that he was not equally unnatural on his part; but hearing of the diſſolute life I led on my return from travel, he might juſtly deem me unworthy of his acquaintance or notice.

During the time of my intimacy with his late majeſty, and the miniſters of his pleaſures and policy, a ſervant brought me word, that a gentleman, attended by a number of the principal citizens, waited for me in my antichamber; whereupon

whereupon I gave orders for their immediate introduction.

On their entrance, I was awfully ſtruck with the preſence of their principal, with the elegance of his figure, the nobleneſs of his aſpect, and the eaſe of his addreſs; and I felt myſelf drawn to him by a ſudden kind of inſtinctive attachment.

My lord, ſays he, we come to wait upon you in the name of the very reſpectable body of the citizens of London: ſome infringements have been lately made on their city-charter, and their firſt application is to your lordſhip, as they wiſh, above all others, to be obliged to you for their redreſs.

They have been very diſcreet, ſaid I, in their choice of an advocate. Their demands muſt be exorbitant, if they fail of ſucceſs while you are their ſolicitor.

This paper, proceeded he, contains a clear detail of their rights and the encroachments that have been made thereon. They are ſenſible of your lordſhip's intereſt with his majeſty and the miniſtry, and they humbly petition for your favour and happy influence in their behalf.

Without papers, I replied, or any inducement ſave that of your own requeſt, let me but know what I am to do, and I ſhall think myſelf truly honoured and obliged by your commands.

My lord, he rejoined, I do not wiſh to betray you into any miſtaken or unmerited complaiſance. I am but a trader, a citizen of the lower order.

I now felt myſelf bluſh with ſhame and diſappointment; I reſented my being deceived by the dignity of his appearance; and I was more particularly piqued by the ſarcaſtical kind of ſmile with which he cloſed his declaration. All confuſed, I looked down, and pretended to caſt my eyes over the paper, in order to gain time for recollection. Having, at intervals, muttered a few words, ſuch as charters, grants, privileges, immunities, and ſo forth, I am not, ſaid I, an enemy to the lower ranks of men; poor people muſt live, and their ſervice, as well as ſubordination, is neceſſary to ſociety; but I confeſs I was always fond of thoſe ſumptuary laws, that confined the degrees of men to their reſpective departments, and prevented mechanics from confounding themſelves with gentlemen.

My lord, ſays he, with the moſt eaſy and provoking unconcern, when you ſhall be pleaſed to look down from the ſuperiority of your ſtation, and to conſider things and perſons according to their merits, you will not deſpiſe ſome, merely for being of uſe to others. The wealth, proſperity, and importance of all this world, are founded and erected on three living pillars, the TILLER of the ground, the MANUFACTURER,

FACTURER, and the MERCHANT. Of theſe, the tiller is ſuppoſed to be the leaſt reſpectable, as he requires the leaſt of genius, invention, or addreſs; and yet the plowman Triptolemus was worſhipped as a god; and the plowman Cincinnatus is ſtill held in as high eſteem as any peer of any realm, ſave that of Great Britain.

I have known, ſaid I, a mob of ſuch gods and dictators ſomewhat dangerous at times. I muſt be free to tell you, miſter, that matters are much changed ſince princeſſes kept ſheep, and the ſons of kings were cow-herds.

The ranks and orders of men are now appointed and known, and one department muſt not preſume to break in upon another. My baker, barber, brewer, butcher, hatter, hoſier, and taylor, are, unqueſtionably, of uſe, though I have not the honour of being acquainted with one of them; and, hitherto, I have deemed it ſufficient to ſend my ſervants to entertain and pay them their bills, without admitting them to a tete a tete, as at preſent.

He now rejoined, with a little warmth. My lord, we pardon your indelicacy, in conſideration of your error. The venerable body, now preſent, might be admitted to a tete a tete with the firſt eſtate of this kingdom, without any condeſcenſion on the part of majeſty. And would you allow yourſelf to be duly informed, I ſhould ſoon make you ſenſible that we have actually

actually done you the honour which we intended by this visit.

Permit me to repeat, that the wealth, prosperity, and importance of every thing upon earth arises from the TILLER, the MANUFACTURER, and the MERCHANT; and that, as nothing is truly estimable, save in proportion to its utility, these are, consequently, very far from being contemptible characters. The tiller supplies the manufacturer, the manufacturer supplies the merchant, and the merchant supplies the world with all its wealth. It is thus that industry is promoted, arts invented and improved, commerce extended, superfluities mutually vended, wants mutually supplied; that each man becomes a useful member of society; that societies become further of advantage to each other; and that states are enabled to pay and dignify their upper servants with titles, rich revenues, principalities and crowns.

The merchant, above all, is extensive, considerable, and respectable, by his occupation. It is he who furnishes every comfort, convenience, and elegance of life; who carries off every redundance, who fills up every want; who ties country to country, and clime to clime, and brings the remotest regions to neighbourhood and converse; who makes man to be literally the lord of the creation, and gives him an interest in whatever is done upon earth;

who

who furniſhes to each the product of all lands, and the labours of all nations; and thus knits into one family, and weaves into one web, the affinity and brotherhood of all mankind.

I have no quarrel, I cried, to the high and mighty my lords the merchants, if each could be humbly content with the profits of his profeſſion, without forming themſelves into companies, excluſive of their brethren, our itinerant merchants and pedlars. I confeſs myſelf an enemy to the monopolies of your chartered companies and city-corporations; and I can perceive no evil conſequence to the public or the ſtate, if all ſuch aſſociations were this inſtant diſſolved.

Permit me, he mildly replied, once for all, to ſet your lordſhip right in this matter. I am ſenſible that the gentlemen of large landed properties are apt to look upon themſelves as the pillars of the ſtate, and to conſider their intereſts and the intereſts of the nation, as very little beholden to or dependent on trade; tho' the fact is, that thoſe very gentlemen would loſe nine parts in ten of their yearly returns, and the nation nine tenths of her yearly revenues, if induſtry and the arts, (promoted as I ſaid by commerce) did not raiſe the products of lands to tenfold their natural value. The manufacturer, on the other hand, depends on the landed intereſt for nothing ſave the materials of his craft; and the merchant is wholly inde-

independent of all lands, or rather he is the general patron thereof. I muſt further obſerve to your lordſhip, that this beneficent profeſſion is by no means confined to individuals as you would have it. Large ſocieties of men, nay mighty nations, may and have been merchants. When ſocieties incorporate for ſuch a worthy purpoſe, they are formed as a fœtus within the womb of the mother, a conſtitution within the general ſtate or conſtitution; their particular laws and regulations ought, always, to be conformable to thoſe of the national ſyſtem; and in that caſe, ſuch corporations greatly conduce to the peace and good order of cities and large towns, and to the general power and proſperity of the nation.

A nation that is a merchant has no need of an extent of lands, as it can derive to itſelf ſubſiſtence from all parts of the globe. Tyre was ſituated in a ſmall iſland on the coaſt of Phœnicia, and yet that ſingle city contained the moſt flouriſhing, opulent, and powerful nation in the univerſe; a nation that long withſtood the united forces of the three firſt monarchies, brought againſt her by Nebuchadnezzar and Alexander the Great. The Seven United Provinces do not contain land ſufficient for the ſubſiſtence of one third of their inhabitants; but they are a nation of merchants; the world furniſhes them with an abundance of all good things; by commerce, they have arrived at

empire; they have aſſumed to themſelves the principality of the ocean; and by being lords of the ocean, are in a meaſure become the proprietors of all lands.

Should England ever open her eyes to her own intereſt, ſhe will follow the ſame proſperous and ennobling profeſſion; ſhe will conform to the conſequences of her ſituation. She will ſee that, without a naval pre-eminence, ſhe cannot be ſafe; and that, without trade, her naval power cannot be ſupported. Her glory will alſo flow from this ſource of her intereſts, and a ſail-yard will become the higheſt ſceptre of her dignity. She will then find that a ſingle triumph of her flag will be more available for her proſperity, than the conqueſt of the four continents; that her pre-eminence by ſea will carry and diffuſe her influence over all lands; and that univerſal influence is univerſal dominion.

Avarice, my lord, may pile; robbery may plunder; new mines may be opened; hidden treaſures may be diſcovered; gamblers may win caſh; conquerors may win kingdoms; but all ſuch means of acquiring riches are tranſient and determinable: while induſtry and commerce are the natural, the living, the never-failing fountain, from whence the wealth of this world can alone be taught to flow.

And can you, cried I, have the effrontery to inſinuate a preference of yourſelf, and your fellow

fellow cits, to our British nobles and princes, who derive their powers and dignities from the stedfast extent of their landed possessions? Was it by barter and bargain that our Edwards and Henrys atchieved their conquests on the continent? or was it by pedlars and mechanics, think you, that the fields of Cressi, of Poictiers, and Agincourt, are rendered immortal? Go, I continued, seek elsewhere for redress of your insignificant grievances; we give little to sturdy beggars, but nothing to saucy rivals.

Wholly kindled by this invective, he cast on me a fierce and menacing regard; and with a severe accent, and a side glance that shot fire, When courtiers (says he) acquire common sense, and lords shall have learned to behave themselves like gentlemen, I may do such a one the honour to acknowledge him for a brother.

Your brother! exclaimed Mr Meekly, your brother, my lord!——Yes, Mr Meekly, my brother; my amiable, my very amiable and honourable brother, indeed. But turning contemptuously from me, he instantly departed with his attending citizens.

I ought to have followed, I ought to have slayed him. I should have fallen upon his neck: with my tears and caresses I should have wrung a pardon from him, and not have suffered him to leave me till by my submissions I had obtained full forgiveness. This, indeed, was my first emotion; but the recollection of my long and

unnatural neglect, my utter diſregard of his perſon and concerns, now aggravated by my late inſults, perſuaded me that a reconciliation on his part was impoſſible.

I remained diſconcerted, and greatly diſturbed. I felt with what pride and tranſport I ſhould now have acknowledged, have courted, have claſped this brother to my boſom; but my fancy repreſented him as ice in my arms, as ſhrinking and turning from me with diſguſt and diſdain. At times, I formed a hundred ſchemes toward recovering his affections; but again, rejecting theſe as ineffectual, I endeavoured to conſole myſelf for his loſs, by conſidering his late demeanour as exceeding faulty, and expreſſive of a diſpoſition inſufferably proud and overbearing. My heart, indeed, acknowledged how very lovely he was in his perſon; but the ſuperiority of his talents, and the refinement of his manners, gave him a diſtinction that was not altogether ſo grateful.

All day I kept my apartment, in diſpleaſure at my brother, myſelf, and the world. The next morning I was informed, that the moment he left me, he went to the miniſter, who engaged, at his inſtance, to have every grievance that he complained of redreſſed to its extent: that the miniſter had afterwards introduced him to his majeſty in full levee, that the king held him in long and familiar converſation, and that all the

court

court was profuſe of their admiration and praiſes of Mr Clinton.

This alſo was freſh matter of triumph to him, and mortification to me. It was now evident, that my brother's application to me was intended, merely to do me peculiar honour; and in return, ſaid I to myſelf, I have endeavoured to cover him with confuſion and diſgrace. Yet, when I underſtood that he had diſdained to mention me as his brother, or of his blood, I, alſo ſcorned to derive luſtre from any claim of affinity with him; and I further felt that I could not forgive him the reproaches which he conſtrained me to give myſelf in his behalf.

From that time I took great pains to diſſipate or ſuppreſs thoſe uneaſy ſenſations which the remembrance of him gave me. But after I had married and retired from the glare and buſtle of the world; and more particularly on the birth of my firſt child, when my heart had entered into a new ſphere of domeſtic feelings, this dear brother returned with double weight upon my mind. Yet his idea was no longer accompanied by envy or reſentment, but by an affectionate and ſweet, though paining remorſe.

I wrote him a letter full of penitential ſubmiſſions, and of tender and atoning prayers for pardon and reconcilement. But, alas, my meſſenger returned with tidings, that ſome years paſt he had withdrawn from trade, had retired to France or Holland, had dropt all correſpon-

dence, and that no one in England knew whether he was dead or alive.

Ah, my brother, my dear brother! (I would often repeat to myſelf) has any reverſe of fortune happened to you, my brother? ſome domeſtic calamity, ſome heavy diſtreſs, perhaps! and no brother at hand to conſole or ſhare your afflictions. Return to me, divide my heart, divide my fortune with me and mine! Alas, wretch that I am, you know not that you have a brother, one deſerving of that name. You know not that this boſom of flint is now humanized, and melted down in the fervour of affection toward you. You hate me, you deſpiſe me, my amiable brother! How, now ſhall I make you ſenſible that my heart is full of your image, of eſteem, of tendereſt love for my lovely Harry Clinton!

I again ſent other meſſengers in ſearch of intelligence, and procured letters to the bankers and merchants of principal note abroad; but all my ſolicitudes and enquiries were equally fruitleſs.

The grief that this occaſioned firſt taught me to reflect, and caſt a ſhade over the luſtre of every object about me. The world no more appeared as that world, which, formerly, had held out happineſs to either hand. I no longer beheld it thro' the perſpectives of curioſity or youthful deſire; I had worn out all its gaieties; I had exhauſted all its delights; for me it had

nothing

nothing more to promiſe, or beſtow; and yet I ſaw no better proſpect, no other reſource.

Should I turn to religion, a little obſervation taught me, that the devotees themſelves were warm in purſuit of objects of which I was tired; that they were ſtill ſubject to the paſſions and deſires of the world; and were no way to be diſtinguiſhed from other men, ſave by an unſociable reſerve, or gloomy caſt of countenance.

May I venture to confeſs to you, Mr Meekly, that, at times of my deſpondence, I dared to call the juſtice and wiſdom of Omnipotence into queſtion. Take this world, (ſaid I to myſelf) conſider it as it ſeems to ſtand, independent of any other, and no one living can aſſign a ſingle end or purpoſe for which it could be made. Men are even as their fellow inſects; they riſe to life, exert their lineaments, and flutter abroad during the ſummer of their little ſeaſon; then droop, die away, and are ſucceeded and ſucceeded in an inſignificant rotation. Even the firmeſt human eſtabliſhments, the beſt laboured ſyſtems of policy, can ſcarce boaſt a nobler fate or a longer duration: the mighteſt ſtates and nations periſh like individuals; in one leaf we read their hiſtory, we admire their atchievements, we are intereſted in their ſucceſſes, but, proceed to the next, and no more than a name is left: the Nineveh's and Babylons of Aſia are fallen, the Sparta and Athens of Greece are no more; and

the

the monuments that promiſed to endure to eternity, are eraſed like the mount of ſand, which yeſterday the children caſt up on the ſhore.

When I behold this ſtupendous expanſe, ſo ſumptuouſly furniſhed with a profuſion of planets and luminaries, revolving in appointed courſes, and diverſifying the ſeaſons; I ſee a work that is altogether worthy of a God. Again, when I deſcend to earth, and look abroad upon the infinite productions of nature, upon proviſions ſo amply anſwering to the wants of every living being, and on objects and organs ſo finely fitted to each other, I trace a complicated maze of wiſdom, bounty, and benevolence. But when I ſee all theſe beauties and benefits counteracted by ſome adverſe and deſtructive principle; when the heavens gather their clouds and roll their thunders above, and the earth begins to quake and open beneath us; when the air, that ſeemed ſo late to be the breath and balm of life, grows pregnant with a variety of peſts, plagues and poiſons; when life itſelf is found to be no other than the ſtore-houſe or habitation of death, and that all vegetable and animal ſyſtems include, within their frame, the principles of inevitable diſtemper and diſſolution: when, additional to all theſe natural miſchiefs, I conſider the extent and empire of moral evil upon earth; when I behold the wretched periſhable ſhort-lived animal, called man, for the value of ſome matter of property

property as tranſient as himſelf, induſtrious and ſtudious of the deſtruction of his ſpecies; when, not content with the evils that nature has entailed upon him, man exerts all his talents for multiplying and ſpeeding the means of perdition to man; when I ſee half the world employed in puſhing the other half from the verge of exiſtence, and then dropping after in an endleſs ſucceſſion of malevolence and miſery; I cannot poſſibly reconcile ſuch contraſts and contradictions to the agency, or even permiſſion, of the one over-ruling principal of goodneſs called GOD.

Could not Omniſcience foreſee ſuch conſequences at creation? Unqueſtionably, ſaid Mr Meekly.

Might he not have ordered matters ſo, as to have prevented the poſſibility of any degree of natural or moral evil in his univerſe?—I think he might, my lord.——Why did he not then prevent them? to what end could he permit ſuch multiplied malevolence and miſery among his creatures?—For ends, certainly, my lord, infinitely worthy both of his wiſdom and his goodneſs.—I am deſirous it ſhould be ſo; but cannot conceive, cannot reach the way or means of compaſſing ſuch an intention.

Can you not ſuppoſe, ſaid Mr Meekly, that evil may be admitted for accompliſhing the greater and more abundant good? May not partial and temporary malevolence and miſery be

be finally productive of univerſal, durable, and unchangeable beatitude? May not the univerſe, even now, be in the pangs of travail, of labour for ſuch a birth, ſuch a bleſſed conſummation?

It were, rejoined the earl, as our Shakeſpear ſays, it were indeed a conſummation devoutly to be wiſhed! But might not Omnipotence have brought about a conſummation equally good, without any intervention of preceding evil? —Had that been poſſible, my lord, it would unqueſtionably have been effected. But if certain relations ariſe between God and his creatures, and between man and man, which could not ariſe ſave on the previous ſuppoſition of evil, without which, indeed, neither the attributes of God himſelf, nor the inſufficiency, dependence, or obligation of the creature could have been duly diſcoverable throughout eternity; then temporary evil becomes indiſpenſibly neceſſary to the conſequence and conſummation of the greateſt good.

Your notion, exclaimed the earl, is great, amazing, truly glorious; and every way worthy of a God who, in ſuch a caſe, would be infinitely worthy of all worſhip! Is this the reaſon, Mr Meekly, that what we all ſo earneſtly ſeek for, is no where to be found; that no portion or taſte of happineſs is to be had upon earth?

I do not ſay ſo, my lord; I think that a man, even

even on earth, may be occaſionally, nay durably, and exceedingly happy.

What, happy? durably, exceedingly happy, repeated the earl. I was told that the experience of ages, that philoſophy and even divinity had agreed with Solomon in this, that all upon earth was vanity and vexation of ſpirit. If any may enjoy happineſs on this ſide of the great conſummation that you ſpeak of I am perſuaded, Mr Meekly, that you yourſelf are the man. Your lips, indeed, ſay nothing of the matter; but neither your eyes, nor your aſpect can reſtrain the expreſſion of ſome extraordinary peace that abides within. O, ſay then, my dear, my eſtimable friend, whence, how, by what means, may a man arrive at happineſs? —By getting out of himſelf, my lord.

Out of himſelf, Mr Meekly? you aſtoniſh me greatly. A contradiction in terms, unnatural, impoſſible!—God, himſelf, my lord, cannot make a man happy in any other way, either here or hereafter.

It is, ſaid the earl, an eſtabliſhed maxim among all thinking men, whether divines or philoſophers, that SELF-LOVE is the motive to all human actions. Virtue forbid, exclaimed Mr Meekly. All actions are juſtly held good or evil, baſe or honourable, deteſtable or amiable, merely according to their motives: but if the motive is the ſame to all, there is an end, at once, to the poſſibility of virtue; the cruel and

and the kind, the faithful and the perfidious, the proſtitute and the patriot, are confounded together.

Do not all men, returned the earl, act agreeable to their own propenſities and inclinations? do they not act ſo or ſo, merely becauſe it pleaſes them ſo to act? and is not this pleaſure the ſame motive in all?—by no means, my lord, it never was nor can be the motive in any. We muſt go a queſtion deeper, to diſcover the ſecret principle or ſpring of action. One man is pleaſed to do good, another is pleaſed to do evil; now whence is it that each is pleaſed with purpoſes in their nature ſo oppoſite and irreconcileable? Becauſe, my lord, the propenſities or motives to action, in each, are as oppoſite and irreconcileable as the actions themſelves: the one is prompted, and therefore pleaſed with his purpoſe of doing evil to others, through ſome baſe proſpect of intereſt redounding to himſelf; the other is prompted and ſpurred, and therefore pleaſed with his purpoſe of endangering his perſon, or ſuffering in his fortune, through the benevolent proſpect of the good that ſhall thereby redound to others.

Pleaſure is, itſelf, an effect, and cannot be the cauſe, or principle, or motive to any thing; it is an agreeable ſenſation that ariſes, in any animal, on its meeting or contemplating an object that is ſuited to its nature. As far as the

nature

nature of such an animal is evil, evil objects can alone effect it with pleasure; as far as the nature of such an animal is good, the objects must be good whereby its pleasures are excited.

When Damon was sentenced, by Dionysius of Syracuse, to die on such a day; he prayed permission, in the interim, to retire to his own country, to set the affairs of his disconsolate family in order. This the tyrant intended most peremptorily to refuse, by granting it, as he conceived, on the impossible condition of his procuring some one to remain as hostage for his return, under equal forfeiture of life. Pythias heard the condition, and did not wait for an application on the part of Damon; he instantly offered himself to durance in the place of his friend, and Damon was accordingly set at liberty.

The king and all his courtiers were astonished at this action, as they could not account for it on any allowed principles. Self-interest, in their judgment, was the sole mover of human affairs; and they looked on virtue, friendship, benevolence, love of country, and the like, as terms invented by the wise to impose upon the weak. They, therefore, imputed this act of Pythias to the extravagance of his folly; to the defect of head, merely, and no way to any virtue or good quality of heart.

When the day of the destined execution drew near, the tyrant had the curiosity to visit

Pythias in his dungeon. Having reproached him for the romantic ſtupidity of his conduct, and rallied him, ſome time, on his madneſs in preſuming that Damon, by his return, would prove as great a fool as himſelf; My lord, ſaid Pythias, with a firm voice and noble aſpect, I would it were poſſible that I might ſuffer a thouſand deaths, rather than my friend ſhould fail in any article of his honour. He cannot fail therein, my lord. I am as confident of his virtue, as I am of my own exiſtence. But, I pray, I beſeech the gods, to preſerve the life and integrity of my Damon together. Oppoſe him, ye winds! prevent the eagerneſs and impatience of his honourable endeavours! and ſuffer him not to arrive till, by my death, I have redeemed a life, a thouſand times of more conſequence, more eſtimation, than my own, more eſtimable to his lovely wife, to his precious little innocents, to his friends, to his country! O, leave me not to die the worſt of deaths in my Damon!

Dionyſius was confounded and awed by the dignity of theſe ſentiments, and by the manner (ſtill more ſentimental) in which they were uttered; he felt his heart ſtruck by a ſlight ſenſe of invading truth, but it ſerved rather to perplex than to undeceive him. He heſitated, he would have ſpoken, but he looked down, and retired in ſilence.

The fatal day arrived. Pythias was brought forth,

forth, and walked, amidſt the guard, with a ſerious but ſatisfied air, to the place of execution.

Dionyſius was already there. He was exalted on a moving throne that was drawn by ſix white horſes, and ſat penſive and attentive to the demeanor of the priſoner.

Pythias came. He vaulted lightly on the ſcaffold; and beholding for ſome time the apparatus of his death, he turned with a pleaſed countenance and addreſſed the aſſembly.

My prayers, are heard, he cried, the gods are propitious! You know, my friends, that the winds have been contrary till yeſterday; Damon could not come, he could not conquer impoſſibilities: he will be here to-morrow, and the blood which is ſhed to-day ſhall have ranſomed the life of my friend. O, could I eraſe from your boſoms every doubt, every mean ſuſpicion of the honour of the man for whom I am about to ſuffer; I ſhould go to my death even as I would to my bridal! Be it ſufficient, in the mean time, that my friend will be found noble, that his truth is unimpeachable, that he will ſpeedily approve it, that he is now on his way, hurrying on, accuſing himſelf, the adverſe elements, and the gods. But I haſte to prevent his ſpeed; executioner! to your office.

As he pronounced the laſt words, a buzz began to ariſe among the remoteſt of the people. A diſtant voice was heard. The croud caught

the words; and, Stop, ſtop the execution! was repeated by the whole aſſembly.

A man came at full ſpeed. The throng gave way to his approach. He was mounted on a ſteed of foam. In an inſtant he was off his horſe on the ſcaffold, and held Pythias ſtraitly embraced.

You are ſafe, he cried, you are ſafe, my friend, my beloved; the gods be praiſed, you are ſafe! I now have nothing but death to ſuffer! and I am delivered from the anguiſh of thoſe reproaches which I gave myſelf, for having endangered a life ſo much dearer than my own.

Pale, cold, and half ſpeechleſs in the arms of his Damon, Pythias replied, in broken accents, —Fatal haſte!—cruel impatience!—what envious powers have wrought impoſſibilities in your favour?—But I will not be wholly diſappointed—ſince I cannot die to ſave, I will not ſurvive you!

Dionyſius heard, beheld, and conſidered all with aſtoniſhment. His heart was touched; his eyes were opened; and he could no longer refuſe his aſſent to truths ſo inconteſtibly approved by their facts.

He deſcended from his throne. He aſcended the ſcaffold. Live, live, ye incomparable pair! he exclaimed. Ye have borne unqueſtionable teſtimony to the exiſtence of virtue, and that virtue equally evinces the certainty of the exiſtence

iſtence of a God to reward it. Live happy, live renowned! and, O, form me by your precepts, as ye have invited me by your example, to be worthy of the participation of ſo ſacred a friendſhip!

You bring your arguments quite home, Mr Meekly, ſaid the earl; the underſtanding cannot reject what the heart ſo ſenſibly feels. My ſoul deeply acknowledges the exiſtence of virtue, with its eſſential and inherent difference from vice; and this difference I acknowledge, muſt as neceſſarily be founded in the difference of the principles from whence they proceed: but what thoſe principles are I know not; and I am equally a ſtranger to what you intend by a man's getting out of himſelf in order to happineſs. What am I to underſtand by the term SELF, Mr Meekly?

Every particle of matter, my lord, has a SELF, or diſtinct identity, inaſmuch as it cannot be any other particle of matter. Now, while it continues in this its ſtate of SELFISHNESS or abſolute diſtinction, it is utterly uſeleſs and inſignificant, and is to the univerſe as though it were not. It has however a principle of attraction (analogous or anſwerable to deſire in the mind) whereby it endeavours to derive to itſelf the powers and advantages of all other portions of matter. But when the divine intelligence hath harmonized certain quantities of ſuch diſtinct particles into certain

animal or vegetable ſyſtems, this principle of attraction in each is overcome, for each becomes attracted and drawn as it were from SELF; each yields up its powers to the benefit of the whole; and then, and then only, becomes capable and productive of ſhape, colouring, beauty, flowers, fragrance and fruits.

Be pleaſed now to obſerve, my lord, that this operation in matter is no other than a manifeſtation of the like proceſs in mind: and that no ſoul was ever capable of any degree of virtue or happineſs ſave ſo far as it is drawn away in its affections from SELF; ſave ſo far as it is engaged in wiſhing, contriving, endeavouring, promoting, and rejoicing in the welfare and happineſs of others.

It is, therefore, that the kingdom of heaven is moſt aptly, and moſt beautifully, compared to a tree bearing fruit and diffuſing odours, whoſe root is the principle of infinite benevolence, and whoſe branches are the bleſſed members, receiving conſummate beatitude from the act of communication.

I think, indeed, ſaid the earl, that I can form ſome ſort of a notion of ſuch a ſociety in heaven. But it would poſe you, Mr Meekly, to exemplify your poſition from any body of men that ever were upon earth.

Pray pardon me, my lord; the ſtates of Sparta and Rome derived their luſtre and power, their whole pre-eminence and praiſe, from

from this principle of communication, which, in them, was called love of country. But this beautifying principle was ſtill more eminently inſtanced in the ſociety of the church of Jeruſalem, who had all things in common; who imparted their poſſeſſions to all men, as every man had need; and thence did eat their common bread with gladneſs and ſingleneſs of heart, praiſing God, and having favour with all people.

You ſay, my lord, that you can form a notion of ſome ſuch excellence in heaven; but I can form no notion of any excellence more admirable, in heaven itſelf, than when a man, in his preſent ſtate of frail and depraved nature, overbears his perſonal fears of pain and mortality, and yields up his body to aſſured perdition, for public good, or for the ſake of thoſe whom it delighteth him to preſerve.

I ſhall paſs over the inſtances of the Roman Regulus and the Decii, as alſo that of Leonidas and his three hundred Spartans, who devoted their lives for the liberties of Greece: was that candidate leſs a hero, who, being rejected from being one of theſe ſelf-devoted, exclaimed, The gods be praiſed that there are three hundred in Sparta, better men than myſelf! But I come nearer our own times and our own nation, to exemplify this diſregard of SELF, the vital ſource and principle of every virtue, in mechanics or craftſmen in the city of Calais.

Edward

Edward the Third, after the battle of Creſſy, laid ſiege to Calais. He had fortified his camp in ſo impregnable a manner, that all the efforts of France proved ineffectual to raiſe the ſiege, or throw ſuccours into the city. The citizens, however, under the conduct of Count Vienne their gallant governor, made an admirable defence. Day after day the Engliſh effected many a breach, which they repeatedly expected to ſtorm by morning; but, when morning appeared, they wondered to behold new ramparts raiſed, nightly erected, out of the ruins which the day had made.

France had now put the ſickle into her ſecond harveſt, ſince Edward with his victorious army ſat down before the town. The eyes of all Europe were intent on the iſſue. The Engliſh made their approaches and attacks without remiſſion; but the citizens were as obſtinate in repelling all their efforts.

At length famine did more for Edward than arms. After the citizens had devoured the lean carcaſſes of their ſtarved cattle, they tore up old foundations and rubbiſh in ſearch of vermin. They fed on boiled leather, and the weeds of exhauſted gardens; and a morſel of damaged corn was accounted matter of luxury.

In this extremity they reſolved to attempt the enemy's camp. They boldly ſallied forth; the Engliſh joined battle; and after a long and

deſperate

deſperate engagement, count Vienne was taken priſoner; and the citizens who ſurvived the ſlaughter retired within their gates.

On the captivity of the governor, the command devolved upon Euſtace St Pierre, the mayor of the town, a man of mean birth but of exalted virtue.

Euſtace now found himſelf under the neceſſity of capitulating, and offered to deliver, to Edward, the city, with all the poſſeſſions and wealth of the inhabitants, provided he permitted them to depart with life and liberty.

As Edward had long ſince expected to aſcend the throne of France, he was exaſperated, to the laſt degree, againſt theſe people, whoſe ſole valour had defeated his warmeſt hopes; he therefore determined to take an exemplary revenge, though he wiſhed to avoid the imputation of cruelty. He anſwered, by Sir Walter Mauny, that they all deſerved capital puniſhment, as obſtinate traitors to him, their true and natural ſovereign: that, however, in his wonted clemency, he conſented to pardon the bulk of the plebeians, provided they would deliver up to him ſix of their principal citizens, with halters about their necks, as victims of due atonement for that ſpirit of rebellion with which they had inflamed the vulgar herd.

All the remains of this deſolate city were convened in the great ſquare, and, like men arraigned

arraigned at a tribunal from whence there was no appeal, expected with beating hearts the ſentence of the conqueror.

When Sir Walter had declared his meſſage, conſternation and pale diſmay was impreſſed on every face. Each looked upon death as his own inevitable lot; for, how ſhould they deſire to be ſaved at the price propoſed? whom had they to deliver, ſave parents, brothers, kindred, or valiant neighbours who had ſo often expoſed their lives in their defence? To a long and dead ſilence, deep ſighs and groans ſucceeded; till Euſtace St Pierre, getting up to a little eminence, thus addreſſed the aſſembly:

"My friends, we are brought to great "ſtraits this day. We muſt either ſubmit to "the terms of our cruel and enſnaring con- "queror; or yield up our tender infants, our "wives, and chaſte daughters, to the bloody "and brutal luſts of the violating ſoldiery.

"We well know what the tyrant intends, "by his ſpecious offers of mercy. It will not "ſatiate his vengeance to make us merely mi- "ſerable, he would alſo make us criminal, he "would make us contemptible; he will grant "us life on no condition, ſave that of our be- "ing unworthy of it.

"Look about you, my friends, and fix "your eyes on the perſons, whom you wiſh to "deliver up as the victims of your own ſafe- "ty.

"ty. Which of theſe would ye appoint to the "rack, the ax, or the halter? Is there any "here who has not watched for you, who has "not fought for you, who has not bled for "you? who, through the length of this inve-"terate ſiege, has not ſuffered fatigues and "miſeries, a thouſand times worſe than death, "that you and yours might ſurvive to days of "peace and proſperity? Is it your preſervers, "then, whom you would deſtine to deſtruc-"tion? you will not, you cannot do it. Juſtice, "honour, humanity, make ſuch a treaſon im-"poſſible.

"Where then is our reſource? Is there any "expedient left whereby we may avoid guilt "and infamy on the one hand, or the deſolation "and horrors of a ſacked city on the other? "There is, my friends, there is one expedient "left; a gracious, an excellent, a God-like "expedient! Is there any here to whom vir-"tue is dearer than life? let him offer himſelf "an oblation for the ſafety of his people! he "ſhall not fail of a bleſſed approbation from "that Power, who offered up his only Son for "the ſalvation of mankind."

He ſpoke—but an univerſal ſilence enſued. Each man looked around for the example of that virtue and magnanimity in others, which all wiſhed to approve in themſelves, though they wanted the reſolution.

At length St Pierre reſumed—"It had been "baſe

"baſe in me, my fellow citizens, to propoſe any "matter of damage to others, which I myſelf "had not been willing to undergo in my own "perſon. But I held it ungenerous to deprive "any man of that preference and eſtimation, "which might attend a firſt offer on ſo ſignal "an occaſion. For I doubt not but there are "many here as ready, nay more zealous of "this martyrdom than I can be, however mo-"deſty and the fear of imputed oſtentation "may withhold them from being foremoſt in "exhibiting their merits.

"Indeed, the ſtation to which the captivity "of lord Vienne has unhappily raiſed me, im-"parts a right to be the firſt in giving my life "for your ſakes. I give it freely, I give it "cheerfully—who comes next?"

Your ſon! exclaimed a youth, not yet come to maturity.——"Ah, my child! cried St "Pierre, I am, then, twice ſacrificed.—But, "no—I have rather begotten thee a ſecond "time.—Thy years are few but full, my ſon; "the victim of virtue has reached the utmoſt "purpoſe and goal of mortality. Who next, "my friends?—This is the hour of heroes!" —Your kinſman, cried John de Aire! your kinſman, cried James Wiſſant! Your kinſman, cried Peter Wiſſant!——Ah, exclaimed Sir Walter Mauny, burſting into tears, why was not I a citizen of Calais?

The ſixth victim was ſtill wanting, but was quickly

quickly ſupplied, by lot, from numbers who were now emulous of ſo ennobling an example.

The keys of the city were then delivered to Sir Walter. He took the ſix priſoners into his cuſtody. He ordered the gates to be opened, and gave charge to his attendants to conduct the remaining citizens, with their families, through the camp of the Engliſh.

Before they departed, however, they deſired permiſſion to take their laſt adieu of their deliverers.—What a parting, what a ſcene! They crowded with their wives and children about St Pierre and his fellow-priſoners; they embraced, they clung around, they fell proſtrate before them; they groaned, they wept aloud; and the joint clamour of their mourning paſſed the gates of the city, and was heard throughout the camp.

The Engliſh, by this time, were apprized of what paſſed within Calais. They heard the voice of lamentation, and their ſouls were touched with compaſſion: each of the ſoldiers prepared a portion of his own victuals to welcome and entertain the half famiſhed inhabitants; and they loaded them with as much as their preſent weakneſs was able to bear, in order to ſupply them with ſuſtenance by the way.

At length St Pierre and his fellow victims appeared under the conduct of Sir Walter and a guard. All the tents of the Engliſh

were inſtantly emptied. The ſoldiers poured from all parts and arranged themſelves on each ſide, to behold, to contemplate, to admire this little band of patriots, as they paſſed. They bowed down to them on all ſides; they murmured their applauſe of that virtue which they could not but revere, even in enemies; and they regarded thoſe ropes which they had voluntarily aſſumed about their necks, as enſigns of greater dignity than that of the Britiſh garter.

As ſoon as they had reached the preſence, Mauny! ſays the monarch, are theſe the principal inhabitants of Calais? They are, ſays Mauny: they are not only the principal men of Calais, they are the principal men of France, my lord, if virtue has any ſhare in the act of ennobling. Were they delivered peaceably? ſays Edward: was there no reſiſtance, no commotion among the people? Not in the leaſt, my lord; the people would all have periſhed, rather than have delivered the leaſt of theſe to your majeſty. They are ſelf-delivered, ſelf-devoted, and come to offer up their ineſtimable heads as an ample equivalent for the ranſom of thouſands.

Edward was ſecretly piqued at this reply of Sir Walter; but he knew the privilege of a Britiſh ſubject, and ſuppreſſed his reſentment. Experience, ſays he, hath ever ſhewn, that lenity only ſerves to invite people to new crimes.

Severity,

Severity, at times, is indiſpenſibly neceſſary, to deter ſubjects into ſubmiſſion by puniſhment and example. Go, he cried to an officer, lead theſe men to execution! Your rebellion, continued he, addreſſing himſelf to St Pierre, your rebellion againſt me, the natural heir of the crown, is highly aggravated by your preſent preſumption and affront of my power.—We have nothing to aſk of your majeſty, ſaid Euſtace, ſave what you cannot refuſe us.—What is that?—Your eſteem, my lord, ſaid Euſtace, and went out with his companions.

At this inſtant a ſound of triumph was heard throughout the camp. The queen had juſt arrived, with a powerful reinforcement of thoſe gallant ſoldiers, at the head of whom ſhe had [redacted] and taken the king cap-

Sir Walter Mauny flew to receive her majeſty, and briefly informed her of the particulars reſpecting the ſix victims.

As ſoon as ſhe had been welcomed by Edward and his court, ſhe deſired a private audience. My lord, ſaid ſhe, the queſtion I am to enter upon, is not touching the lives of a few mechanics: it reſpects a matter, more eſtimable than the lives of all the natives of France; it reſpects the honour of the Engliſh nation, it reſpects the glory of my Edward, my huſband, my king.

You think you have ſentenced ſix of your

enemies to death. No, my lord, they have ſentenced themſelves; and their execution would be the execution of their own orders, not the orders of Edward.

They have behaved themſelves worthily, they have behaved themſelves greatly; I cannot but reſpect, while I envy, while I hate them, for leaving us no ſhare in the honour of this action, ſave that of granting a poor, an indiſpenſible pardon.

I admit they have deſerved every thing that is evil at your hands. They have proved the moſt inveterate and efficacious of your enemies. They alone have withſtood the rapid courſe of your conqueſts, and have withheld from you the crown to which you were born. Is it therefore that you would rew[illegible] would gratify their deſires, that you would indulge their ambition, and enwreath them with everlaſting glory and applauſe.

But, if ſuch a death would exalt mechanics over the fame of the moſt illuſtrious heroes, how would the name of my Edward, with all his triumphs and honours, be tarniſhed thereby! Would it not be ſaid, that magnanimity and virtue are grown odious in the eyes of the monarch of Britain? and that the objects, whom he deſtines to the puniſhment of felons, are the very men who deſerve the praiſe and eſteem of mankind. The ſtage on which they would ſuffer, would be to them a ſtage of honour;

nour; but a ſtage of ſhame to Edward, a reproach to his conqueſts, a dark and indelible diſgrace to his name!

No, my lord; let us rather diſappoint the ſaucy ambition of theſe burghers, who wiſh to inveſt themſelves with glory at our expence. We cannot, indeed, wholly deprive them of the merit of a ſacrifice ſo nobly intended; but we may cut them ſhort of their deſires: in the place of that death by which their glory would be conſummate, let us bury them under gifts, let us put them to ſhame with praiſes; we ſhall thereby defeat them of that popular opinion, which never fails to attend thoſe who ſuffer in the cauſe of virtue.

I am convinced; you have prevailed; be it ſo, cried Edward——prevent the execution; have them inſtantly before us!

They came; when the queen with an aſpect and accents diffuſing ſweetneſs, thus beſpoke them.

Natives of France, and inhabitants of Calais! ye have put us to vaſt expence of blood and treaſure in the recovery of our juſt and natural inheritance; but you acted up to the beſt of an erroneous judgment; and we admire and honour in you that valour and virtue by which we are ſo long kept out of our rightful poſſeſſions.

You noble burghers, you excellent citizens! though you were tenfold the enemies of our

perſon and our throne, we can feel nothing on our part, ſave reſpect and affection for you. You have been ſufficiently teſted. We looſe your chains, we ſnatch you from the ſcaffold; and we thank you for that leſſon of humiliation which you teach us, when you ſhew us that excellence is not of blood, of title, or ſtation; that virtue gives a dignity ſuperior to that of kings; and that thoſe whom the Almighty informs with ſentiments like yours, are juſtly and eminently raiſed above all human diſtinctions.

You are now free to depart to your kinsfolk, your countrymen, to all thoſe whoſe lives and liberties you have ſo nobly redeemed, provided you refuſe not to carry with you the due tokens of our eſteem.

Yet, we would rather bind you, to ourſelves, by every endearing obligation; and for this purpoſe, we offer to you your choice of the gifts and honours that Edward has to beſtow. Rivals for fame, but always friends to virtue, we wiſh that England were entitled to call you her ſons.

Ah, my country! exclaimed St Pierre, it is now that I tremble for you. Edward could only win your cities, but Philippa conquers hearts.

Brave St Pierre, ſaid the queen, wherefore look ye ſo dejected?—Ah, madam! replied St Pierre, when I meet with ſuch another

ther opportunity of dying, I ſhall not regret that I ſurvived this day.

Here a long pauſe enſued. At length the earl recollected himſelf. Mr Meekly, ſaid he, you have now proved to me your poſition more effectually, more convincingly, than all the powers of ratiocination could poſſibly do. While you related the ſtory of theſe divine citizens, I was imperceptibly ſtolen away, and won entirely from ſelf. I entered into all their intereſts, their paſſions, and affections; and was wrapt, as it were, into a new world of delightful ſenſibilities. Is this what you call virtue, what you call happineſs?

A good deal of it, my lord. There are in nature but two kinds of ſelf; in other words, there are but two ſorts of will in the univerſe; the will of infinite wiſdom, of infinite benevolence, going forth in beauty and beatitude on all creatures; and the will of the creature, deſiring, attracting, envying, converting, and rending all things from all, to its own intereſt and advantage. In the firſt will ſubſiſts all poſſible good; from the ſecond ariſes all poſſible evil: and did not the firſt will, in ſome meaſure, inform and meliorate the ſecond, the will of every creature would be an Iſhmael, his hand would be againſt every one, and every one's hand againſt him; and there would be nothing but ſtrife

and

and diſtraction, hatred, horror, and miſery, throughout the creation.

Hence it follows, that, as there is but one will from eternity, infinitely wiſe to diſcern what is beſt throughout the univerſe, infinitely good to deſire the accompliſhment of what is beſt, and infinitely powerful to put what is beſt in execution; every will that is not informed by this ONE WILL, muſt of neceſſity act in ignorance, in blindneſs, and error. I will further affirm, that every act of every will, that is not informed by the ONE WILL of GOODNESS, muſt, of equal neceſſity, be the act of malevolence.

I do not ſee the neceſſity of that, replied the earl. I well perceive that God can give to intelligent beings an exiſtence or identity diſtinct from himſelf, for I ſee that he has done it. What ſhould therefore prevent him from giving qualities as diſtinct from himſelf as the eſſence? why might he not impart, to any limited degree, capacity, diſcernment, power, wiſdom and goodneſs? Might not ſuch a being inſtantly perceive, to a vaſt extent, the relations of things, with their ſeveral fitneſſes and diſagreements? would he not conſequently be enamoured of what was right and beautiful? would he not act agreeable to ſuch a juſt approbation? and would not ſuch acts be fitly accounted the acts of virtue?

At this inſtant a meſſenger arrived on the ſpur-

ſpur. He brought word to Mr Meekly, that his friend Mr Huſbands was taken ſuddenly ill, and earneſtly requeſted to ſee him directly; whereupon Mr Meekly, who preferred any matter of charity to all other conſiderations, immediately got up, made a ſilent bow, and vaniſhed.

To return to our hero. As ſoon as he was new-rigged, he preſſed for another viſit to his patron, who received him with accuſtomed tenderneſs, but greatly wondered at his peaſant-dreſs. Nurſe then recited to him the whole adventure of the frittered robings; whereat the old gentleman in a manner devoured him with the eagerneſs of his careſſes.

When Nurſe and Harry were departed, he called to him his old domeſtic. James, ſaid he, with a tear yet ſtanding in his eye, I can no longer live without the company of this dear child; haſten, therefore, the orders I have already given you, and let all things be in readineſs for the firſt opportunity. The domeſtic, who had caught the ſilent habit of his maſter, with a bow, aſſented, and retired.

Autumn was now advanced, and lord Dicky, with his brother, a number of little aſſociates, and an attending footman, got leave to go to the copſe a nutting. As the children were perfectly acquainted with the way, the ſervant deſired to ſtay behind a while, in order

der to provide hooks for pulling down the branches. This was granted, and forth they all iſſued in high chat and ſpirits.

The copſe lay at ſome diſtance, on one ſide of the park behind the manſion-houſe; but when they had nearly approached the place of their deſtination, Harry miſſed a garter, and promiſing ſpeedily to rejoin his companions, went back to ſeek it.

In the meantime his aſſociates, on entering the wood, met with another little poſſe of the village-fry, who were on their return, one of whom carried a bag of nuts that ſeemed bulkier than the bearer. So, gentlemen, ſays lord Dicky, where are you going? Why, home—where ſhould we go? ſays a little boor ſullenly. And pray, what have you been doing, ſays the lord? Gueſs, ſays the boor. Is it nuts that you have got in that bag, demanded the lord? Aſk, to-morrow; anſwered the boor. Sirrah, ſays Dicky, a little provoked, how dare you to come and pull nuts here, without our leave? Why, as for that, Mr Dicky, replied the other, I know you well enough, and I wouldn't aſk you leave, an' you were twenty lords, not I. Sirrah, ſays Dicky, I have a great mind to take your nuts from you, and to give you as good a beating into the bargain, as ever you got in your life. As for that, Mr Dicky, coolly anſwered the villager, you muſt do both or neither. Here I lay

lay down my nuts between us; and now come any two of your water-gruel regiment, one down t'other come on; and if I don't give ye your bellys full, why, then take my nuts and welcome, to make up the want.

This gallant invitation was accepted on the ſpot. Lord Richard choſe his companion in arms, and both appeared quite fluſh and confident of victory: for, though neither of them had been verſed in the gymnaſtic exerciſes, they did not want courage; and they knew that the challenger was their inferior in ſtrength and in years.

But unhappily for theſe two champions of quality, Tommy Truck their adverſary, had, like Harry, been a bruiſer from two years old and upward, and was held in veneration, as their leader and their chief, by many who were his ſuperiors in age and ſtature.

Lord Richard began the aſſault, but was down in a twinkling. To him his friend ſucceeded, but with no better fortune. A ſwing or trip of Tommy's ſent them inſtantly, as Alcides ſent Antæus, to gather ſtrength from their mother earth. And though theſe ſummer heroes, like the young Roman nobility at the battle of Pharſalia, were ſolely intent on defending their pretty faces from annoyance, yet Tommy, at the third turn, had bloodied them both.

Harry, who was now on his return, perceived

ceived the engagement; and running up, and rushing in between the combatants, interposed with a voice of authority, and parted the fray.

Having enquired, and duly informed himself of the merits of the case, he first turned him to Lord Richard, and said, O brother Dicky, brother Dicky, you ought not to hinder poor boys from pulling a few dirty nuts—what signifies 'em? Then, turning to the challenger, his old acquaintance, Tommy, says he, did you know that Dicky was my brother? Yes, says Tommy, rudely; and what though if I did? O, nothing at all, says Harry; but I want to speak with you, Tommy. Whereupon he took the conqueror under the arm, and walked away with him, very lovingly in all appearance, looking about to take care that none of the boys followed him.

Meantime the little gentry threw out their invectives in profusion against our departed hero. I think, says one, that master Harry had as much to blame in Tommy as lord Dicky. Ay, says another, one would think he might as well have taken his brother's part, as that blackguard's. Indeed, it was very naughty of him, says a third. For my part says a fourth, I will never have any thing more to say to him.

While thus they vilified their late friend, he and his fellow champion walked arm in arm, in a sullen and uninterrupted silence, till coming to a small opening, in a secret part of the wood,

wood, Harry quitted his companion, desired him to strip, and instantly cast aside his own hat, coat, and waistcoat. Why should I strip, says Tommy? To box, says Harry. Why should you box with me, Harry? sure I didn't strike you, says Tom. Yes, Sir, replied our hero, you struck me when you struck Dicky, and knew that he was my brother. Nay, Harry, cried Tom, if its fight you are for, I'll give you enough of it, I warrant you.

Tom was about eight months older than Harry, his equal in the practice of arms, and much the stronger. But Harry was full as tall, and his motions, quicker than thought, prevented the ward of the most experienced adversary.

Together they rushed like two little tygers. At once they struck and parried, and watching every opening, they darted their little fists, like engines, at each other. But Tom, marking the quickness, and feeling the smart of Harry's strokes, suddenly leapt within his arms, bore him down to the earth, and triumphantly gave him the first rising blow.

Harry rose, indignant, but warned, by the strength of his adversary, to better caution. He now fought more aloof; and as Tom pressed upon him, he at once guarded, struck, and wheeled, like an experienced cock, without quitting the pit of honour.

Tom finding himself wholly foiled by this

Parthian method of combat, again ruſhed upon his enemy, who was now aware of the ſhock. They cloſed, they grappled, they caught each other by the ſhoulders, joined head to head, and breaſt to breaſt, and ſtood like two pillars, merely ſupported by their bearing againſt one another. Again they ſhifted the left arm, caught each other about the neck, and cuffed and punched at face and ſtomach, without mercy or remiſſion; till Tom, impatient of this length of battle, gave Harry a ſide ſwing, and Harry giving Tom a trip at the ſame time, they fell ſide by ſide together upon the earth.

They roſe and retreated, to draw breath, as by mutual conſent. They glared on one another with an eye of vindictive apprehenſion. For neither of them could now boaſt of more optics than Polyphemus; and from their forehead to their ſhoes, they were in one gore of blood.

Again they flew upon each other, again they ſtruck, foined, and defended, and alternately preſſed on and retreated in turns, till Harry, ſpying an opening, darted his fiſt, like a ſhot, into the remaining eye of his enemy. Tom, finding himſelf in utter darkneſs, inſtantly ſprung upon his foe, and endeavoured to grapple; but Harry, with equal agility, avoided the ſhock, and traverſing here and there, beat his adverſary at pleaſure; till Tom cried out,

I yield;

I yield, I yield, Harry, for I can't ſee to fight any more.

Then Harry took Tom by the hand and led him to his clothes, and having aſſiſted him to dreſs, he next did the ſame friendly office to himſelf. Then arm in arm, they returned much more loving, in reality, than they ſet out, having been beaten into a true reſpect and affection for each other.

Some time before this, the footman had joined his young lord, with the ſeveral implements requiſite for nutting. They had already pulled down great quantities; the young quality had ſtuffed their pockets; and the little plebeians who had aſſiſted were now permitted to be buſy in gathering up the refuſe. When all turning at the cry of There is Harry, there is Tom, they perceived our two champions advancing leiſurely, but hand in hand, as friends and brothers.

They had left their clothes unbuttoned for the benefit of the cooling air; and as they approached, their companions were frozen into aſtoniſhment, at the ſight of their two friends all covered with crimſon.

They were neither able to advance to meet them, nor to ſpeak when they arrived. Till lord Dicky firſt enquired into this bloody cataſtrophe, and Harry remaining wholly ſilent on the ſubject, blind Tommy cried out, Why, maſter Dicky, the truth is, that Harry beat me,

becauſe I beat you. Then Dicky, feeling a ſudden guſh of gratitude and affection riſing up in his boſom, looked willfully on his brother, and ſaid, with a plaintive voice, O brother Harry, brother Harry, you are ſadly hurt; and turning about, he began to weep moſt bitterly. But Harry ſaid, Pſhaw! brother Dicky, dont cry man, I dont matter it of the head of a braſs pin. Then turning to the footman, with Tom ſtill in his hand, he cried, Here, John, take that bag of nuts and poor blind Tommy to my mammy's, and tell dadda that I deſire him to ſee them both ſafe home.

FRIEND. Sir, your hero is indeed a hero, he muſt be every body's hero.

AUTHOR. Sir, you do me vaſt honour; and I ſhould be proud of your further inſtructions toward his ſupporting the dignity of the character you give him. Pray, what are the ingredient qualities of which a hero is compounded? what idea have you formed of ſuch a perſonage? tell me, I beſeech you, what is a hero, my good friend?

FR. Pſhaw!—what a queſtion?---every fool knows that.---A hero is---as though one ſhould ſay---a man of high atchievement---who performs famous exploits---who does things that are heroical---and in all his actions and demeanour, is a hero indeed.---Why do you laugh?---I will give you the inſtances approved through-

throughout the world; recorded and duly celebrated by poets, painters, ſculptors, ſtatuaries, and hiſtorians.---There was the Aſſyrian Ninus, the Seſoſtris of Egypt, the Cyrus of Perſia, the Alexander of Greece, the Cæſar of Rome, and partly in our own days, there was the Conde of France, the Charles of Sweden, and Perſia's Kouli Kan.——What the plague does the fellow laugh at?

Aut. I am laughing to think what a blockhead Themiſtocles was. Being aſked whom he conſidered as the greateſt of heroes; Not him who conquers but who ſaves, replied Themiſtocles; not the man who ruins but the man who erects; who of a village can make a city, or turn a deſpicable people into a great nation.

Fr. According to your notion of heroiſm, that boor and barbarian, Peter Alexiowitz of Ruſſia, was the greateſt hero that ever lived.

Aut. True, my friend; for, of a numerous people, he diſembruted every one, except himſelf. But then, in all equity, he ought to divide his glory with Kate the waſher-woman, who humanized the man that humanized a nation.

Fr. Whom do you take to have been the greateſt hero of antiquity?

Aut. Lycurgus without compariſon, the greateſt of heroes and the greateſt of legiſlators. In thoſe very early days, the people of Lacedæmon were extremely rude and ignorant;

norant; they acknowledged no laws, ſave the dictates of their own will, or the will of their rulers. Lycurgus might have aſſumed the ſceptre, but his ambition aſpired to a much more elevated and durable dominion, over the ſouls, manners, and conduct of this people and their poſterity. He framed a body of the moſt extraordinary inſtitutions that ever entered into the heart or head of man. Next to thoſe of our Divine Legiſlator, they were intended to form a new creature. He prevailed upon the rich to make an equal diſtribution of their lands with the poor. He prohibited the uſe of all ſuch money as was current among other nations, and thereby prohibited the importation of the means and materials of pomp and luxury. He enjoined them to feed, in common, on ſimple and frugal fare. He forbid all gorgeouſneſs of furniture and apparel. In ſhort, he endeavoured to ſuppreſs every ſenſual and ſelfiſh deſire, by injunctions of daily exerciſe, toil, and hardſhip, a patient endurance of pain, and a noble contempt of death. At length, feigning ſome occaſion of being abroad for a ſeaſon, he exacted an oath from the Lacedæmonians, that they ſhould ſtrictly obſerve his laws, without the ſmalleſt infringement, till his return. Thus, for the love of his country, he went into perpetual baniſhment from it. And he took meaſures at his death, that his body ſhould never be found, leſt it

ſhould

ſhould be carried back to Sparta, and give his countrymen a colour for diſſolving their oath.

Fr. Laying Peter aſide, who think you was the greateſt hero among the moderns?

Aut. To confeſs the truth, among all that I have heard or read of, the hero whom I moſt affect was a madman, and the lawgiver whom I moſt affect was a fool.

Fr. 'Troth, I believe you never would have been the writer you are at this day, if you had not adopted ſomewhat of both the ſaid qualities. But, come, unriddle I beſeech you; where may this favourite hero and legiſlator be found?

Aut. In a fragment of the Spaniſh hiſtory, bequeathed to the world by one Signior Cervantes.

Fr. O!—have you led me to my old acquaintance? pray, has not your Pegaſus ſome ſmatch of the qualities of the famous Roſinante?

Aut. Quite as chaſte, I aſſure you. But I perceive that you think I am drolling; you do not ſuppoſe that you can ever be ſeriouſly of the ſame opinion. Yet, if you demand of your own memory, for what have the great heroes throughout hiſtory been renowned? it muſt anſwer, for miſchief merely, for ſpreading deſolation and calamity among men. How greatly, how glorioufly, how divinely ſuperior was our hero of the Mancha! who went about righting

righting of wrongs, and redreſſing of injuries, lifting up the fallen, and pulling down thoſe whom iniquity had exalted. In this his marvellous undertaking, what buffetings, what bruiſings, what tramplings of ribs, what pounding of packſtaves did his bones not endure? (Mine ached at the recital.) But, toil was his bed of down, and the houſe of pain was, to him, a bower of delight, while he conſidered himſelf as engaged in giving eaſe, advantage, and happineſs to others. If events did not anſwer to the enterprizes of his heart, it is not to be imputed to the man but to his malady; for, had his power and ſucceſs been as extenſive as his benevolence, all things awry, upon earth, would inſtantly have been ſet as ſtraight as a cedar.

But let me turn, with reverence, to kiſs the hem of the robes of the moſt reſpectable of all governors and legiſlators, Sancho Panſa. What judgments! what inſtitutions! how are Minos, and Solon, and the inſpired of the goddeſs Ægeria here eclipſed! Sancho, thou waſt a peaſant, thou waſt illiterate, thou waſt a dunce for a man, but an angel for a governor; inaſmuch as, contrary to the cuſtom of all other governors, thou didſt not deſire any thing, thou didſt not wiſh for any thing, thine eye was not bent to any thing ſave the good of thy people! therefore thou couldſt not ſtray, thou hadſt no other way to travel. Could

Æſop's

Æſop's log have been moved to action upon the ſame principle, the regency of ſtorks had not prevailed among men. How am I provoked, Panſa, when I ſee thee inſulted! How am I grieved, when I find thee depoſed! Saving the realms of a certain majeſty, I ſay, and ſigh to myſelf, O that the whole earth were as thine iſland of Barataria, and thou, Sancho, the legiſlator and the ruler thereof!

Fr. I feel conviction; I confeſs it. But tell me, I pray you, why has the world, through all ages and nations, univerſally aſcribed heroiſm and glory to conqueſt?

Aut. Through the reſpect, as I take it, that they have for power. Man is by nature weak; he is born in and to a ſtate of dependence; he therefore naturally ſeeks and looks about for help; and where he obſerves the greateſt power, it is there that he applies and prays for protection. Now, though this power ſhould be exerted to his damage inſtead of defence, it makes no alteration in his reverence for it; he bows while he trembles, and while he deteſts he worſhips. In the preſent caſe, it is with man, as it is with God; he is not ſo awful and ſtriking, he is not ſo much attended to, in the ſunſhine and gentle dews of his providence and benignity, as in his lightnings and thunders, his clouds and his tempeſts.

Hero, heroes, and ἥρως, in the three languages, ſignify

ſignify a demigod, or one who is ſuperior to mere man. But how can this ſuperiority or diſtinction be ſhewn? The ſerene acts of beneficence, the ſmall and ſtill voice of goodneſs, are neither accompanied by noiſe nor oſtentation. It is uproar and tumult, rather the tumbling of ſacked cities, the ſhrieks of raviſhed matrons, and the groans of dying nations, that fill the trump of fame. Men of power and ambition find diſtinction and glory, very readily, attainable in this way; as it is incomparably more eaſy to deſtroy than to create, to give death than to give life, to pull down than to build up, to bring devaſtation and miſery rather than plenty and peace and proſperity upon earth.

Fr. Were not mankind, in this inſtance, as blind to their own intereſts, as they were iniquitous in giving glory where ſhame alone was due?

Aut. In ſo doing, they proved at once the dupes and victims of their own folly. Praiſe a child for his genius in pranks of miſchief and malevolence, and you quicken him in the direct road to the gallows. It is juſt ſo that this wiſe world has bred up its heroic reprobates, by aſcribing honour and acclamation to deeds that called loudly for infamy and the gibbet; for the world was an aſs from its very commencement, and it will continue a dunderhead to the end.

From the beginning of things (a long time ago)

ago) the joint invention of mankind has diſcovered but two methods of procuring ſuſtenance on earth, the firſt by the labour of their own hands, the ſecond by employing the hands of others.

All therefore are excluded, or at leaſt ought to be excluded from ſuch a world, who refuſe to labour, or, what is ſtill worſe, who diſturb and prevent the labour of others.

Among thoſe who will not labour, we may number all who have the happineſs of being born to no manner of end, ſuch as the Monks of every country, the Derviſes of Perſia, the Bramins of India, the Mandarins of China, and the Gentlemen of theſe free and poliſhed nations.

Theſe have nothing to do but to ſleep it, to wake it; to eat it, to drink it; to dance it, to doze it; to riot it, to roar it; and to rejoice in the happy earneſt which this world has given them of the jollities of the next.

Among thoſe who diſturb the labour of others, I reckon all your raſcally Alexanders and Cæſars, whether ancient or modern, who, in their fits of frenzy and folly, ſcamper about, breaking the lanthorns and beating the watch of this world, to the great amazement of women and terror of little children; and who ſeem to think that Heaven gave noſes and heads, for no end in nature but to be blooded and cracked. In ſhort, I have no patience

patience when I hear talk of theſe fellows. I am not half ſo fretted when I hear my own works read.——Go on, I requeſt you, it may happen to put me in temper.

CHAP. V.

THE young gentlemen were now upon their return; and as they approached the houſe, they crowded about Harry to keep him from being ſeen, till he took an opportunity of ſlipping away and ſtealing up to his chamber. He now grew ſtiff and ſore, and his nurſe, having got an intimation of what had happened, hurried up to him, and wept over him with abundant tears of cordial affection. She ſtrait undreſſed, and put him to bed; and having ordered ſome white-wine whey, of which ſhe made him drink plentifully, ſhe alſo undreſſed, and went to bed to him, and Harry, caſting his little arm about her neck, and putting his head in her boſom, was faſt in a twinkling.

By this time John had returned from the execution of his commiſſion. He had been fully apprized by Tommy, on the road, of all the circumſtances relating to this bloody buſineſs; and going to his lord and lady, he gave

gave them the whole detail, occaſionally dwelling, and expatiating on Harry's courage, his proweſs, his honour, and his generoſity. They could now no longer forbear indulging themſelves with the ſight of a child, in whom they held themſelves honoured, above all titles. They ſtole gently up ſtairs; and having got a peep at Harry, and obſerving that he was faſt aſleep, they ſtole, as ſoftly, back again, each inwardly exulting in their glorious boy.

Our hero was ſcarce recovered from his wounds and bruiſes, when, on a day, he met a little beggar boy at the hall-door, half naked, and whining and ſhivering with cold. His heart was inſtantly touched with wonted compaſſion; and taking him by the hand, What is your name, my poor little boy, ſays Harry? Neddy, Sir, ſays the child. And where's your daddy and mammy? O, Sir, anſwered Ned, I have no daddy nor mammy in the world wide. Don't cry, don't cry, ſays Harry. I have ſeveral daddies and mammies, and I will give you one or two of them. But where did you leave your clothes, Neddy? I have not any, Sir, replied the child in a piteous accent. Well well, it don't matter, Neddy, for I have more clothes, too, ſays Harry. So taking him again by the hand, he led him up to his apartment, without being perceived of any; and helping him to ſtrip, he ran to his cloſet for the ſhirt which he had laſt

laſt thrown off, and put it on the new comer with equal haſte and delight. He next ran for the entire ſuit that his bearded dada had given him, and having helped, and ſhewn him how to put on the breeches, he drew on the ſtockings and ſhoes with his own hands. To theſe ſucceeded the coat and waiſtcoat; and Ned was now full as well rigged as his benefactor.

Never had our hero enjoyed himſelf ſo highly, as while he was thus employed. When he had finiſhed his operations, he chuckled and ſmiled, turned Ned round and round, walked here and there about him, and was as proud of him, as if he had been wholly of his own making.

He now again became thoughtful, forecaſting in his mind the particulars that might further be requiſite for the accommodation of his gueſt; for he was grown too fond of him to think of parting ſuddenly. He then recollected an adjoining lumber-room, and taking Ned with him, they found a little old mattraſs, which, with united ſtrength, they dragged forth, and lodged in a convenient corner of the cloſet. To this they added a pair of old blankets, and Harry having ſpread them for Ned's repoſe, in the beſt manner he was able, aſked his dependent if he was not hungry. Yes very, very hungry, indeed, Sir, cried Ned. No ſooner ſaid, than Harry flew down

to

to the kitchen, and looking about, and ſpying a large porringer of milk and a luncheon of bread, that one of the ſervants had provided for a young favourite of their own, he ſeized upon them like a hawk, and haſtening again to his chamber, delivered them to Neddy, who already had half devoured them with his eyes. Ned inſtantly fell to with the rapture of a cormorant, or any rapture that can be ſuppoſed leſs than that of his friend Harry, who ſtood over him with the feelings of a parent turtle, that feeds his young with the meat derived from his own bowels.

For a few days, Harry kept his dependent ſhut up in his chamber, or cloſet, without the privity of any of the family, except nurſe, to whom he had revealed the affair under the ſeal of the ſtricteſt ſecrecy.

But on a croſs-day, Suſy the houſe-maid, having entered with a new broom into our hero's apartment, perceived, in a corner, the tattered depoſite of Ned's original robings, and lifting them, at a cautious diſtance, with a finger and thumb, ſhe perceived alſo, as many other philoſophers have done, that there is no part of this globe which is not peopled with nations of animals, if man had but attention and optics duly accommodated to the viſion. She dropt the living garment, as though ſhe had taken up a burning horſe-ſhoe; and was inſtantly peopled, by her prolific imagination,

with tribes of the ſame ſpecies from head to foot.

In this fit of diſguſt, Suſy happened, unfortunately, to ſtep into the cloſet, and ſpied Ned in a dark corner, where he had ſquated and drawn himſelf up to the ſize of a hedge-hog.

She immediately flew at him, like one of the Eumenides, and dragged him forth to the light, as Hercules is ſaid to have hauled Cacus from his den. She queſtioned him with a voice of implacable authority, and Ned, with humble and ingenious tears, confeſſed the whole adventure. But Suſy, no way melted, exclaimed, What, ſirrah, have you, and your maſter Harry, a mind to breed an affection in the houſe? I will remit of no ſuch doings, for I have an utter converſion to beggars-brats and vermil. She then commanded him to bundle up his old rags, and driving him down ſtairs before her, ſhe diſmiſſed him from the hall-door with a pair of ſmart boxes on the ſide of his head, and ordered him never more to defend her ſight.

Poor Ned went weeping and wailing from the door, when who ſhould he ſee, at about fifty paces diſtant, but his beloved patron Harry, who had been cutting a ſwitch from the next hedge. To him he ran with precipitation. Harry, touched with a compaſſion not free from reſentment, to ſee his favourite in tears, demanded the cauſe of his apparent diſtreſs, which

which Ned truly related. Our hero, thereupon, became thoughtful and moody; and judging that Susy had not acted thus without authority, he conceived a general disgust at a family who had treated him so injuriously in the person of his Neddy; but comforting his dependent the best he could, Come Neddy, says he, don't cry, my man, I will bring you, that I will, to my own dear dada, and he will welcome and love you for my sake. Then making his way through a small breach in the neighbouring hedge, he ordered Ned to follow him, and flew across the field, like a bird of passage, in a direct line to his patron's.

The old gentleman saw him approaching, and gave sign to his ancient domestic, who withdrew with precipitation. He received and caressed our hero with more than usual transport, and who, my dear says he, is this pretty little boy that you have got with you? Harry then, like the Grecian Demosthenes, taking time to warm himself with the recollection of his own ideas, and setting his person forth with an action and ardour that determined to prevail, made the following oration.

Why, dada, I must tell you as how this poor little boy, for he is a very poor little boy, and his name is Neddy, Sir, and he has no friend in the wide world but you and I, Sir; and so Sir, as I was telling you, he comes to the door, crying sadly for cold and hunger, and he would

have pitied every body, for he had no clothes, no dady nor mammy at all, Sir, and I had a many of them, and that was not fair you know, Sir; and I was in the humour to give him all the dadas and mammas I had in the world except you, Sir; and mammy nurſe. And ſo I takes him up ſtairs, and I puts the clothes upon him that you gave me when I was a poor little boy, Sir; for no body had to ſay to them but you and I, Sir; and I knew that you would pity poor little Neddy, more than I pitied him myſelf, Sir. And ſo, dada, they takes my poor little Neddy to-day, and boxed him, and beat him ſadly, and turned him out of doors; and ſo I meets him crying and roaring, and ſo you know, Sir, as how I had nothing to do but to bring him to you, Sir, or to ſtay and cry with him for company, Sir.

Here orator Harry ceaſed to ſpeak, except by his tears, which he could no longer reſtrain, and which proceeded to plead moſt emphatically for him. But his patron took him in his arms, and kiſſed the drops from both eyes, and ſaid, Do not cry, my darling, for I am yours, my Harry, and all that I have is yours, and if you had brought a whole regiment of poor little Neddies with you, they ſhould be all welcome to me, for your ſake, my Harry.

Then Harry ſprung up and caught his patron about the neck, ſo that it was ſome time before the old gentleman could get looſe. But

Harry,

Harry, ſays he, I am going juſt now to leave this country, will you and your man Neddy come along with me? Over the world wide, dada, ſays Harry; but where are you going, Sir? I am going a begging, Harry. O that will be brave ſport, ſays Harry! I will tell you what you ſhall do, dada. What's that, my love? Why Sir, ſays Harry, you muſt get a great bag, like the old man and little child that was at door, t'other day; and Neddy and I will beg for you, Sir; and we will put all that we get into your great bag, as that good little child did for his daddy, without touching a bit; though he was hungry enough himſelf, poor fellow, I warrant. But don't let us go to beg to papa's door, Sir; for if you do, they will box and beat us, and drive us away, as they did to poor little Neddy to-day, Sir.

The old gentleman, thereat, had his countenance divided betwixt the riſing tear and the burſting laugh. But taking Harry by the hand, he ſaid; No, no, my heavenly creature, I am not going to beg of any man living, but to beg of God to pour down his full weight of bleſſings upon my Harry, and to endeavour to confirm them to him, both here and hereafter, by my care and inſtructions.

Having thus ſpoken, he put a large cake into the hand of each of the children, and cauſing them to drink a full glaſs of ſmall white wine, he took them into a back-yard, where a light

a light coach with ſix horſes, and three ſervants ready mounted, attended; and having placed his young companions, and ſeated himſelf between them, away the coach drove at a ſweeping gallop.

About the time that our hero and his patron ſet out, nurſe went up ſtairs with a moſt bountiful cut of home-baked bread and butter, for the amuſement of the young caitiff, whom ſhe had left in the cloſet; but not finding him there, ſhe haſtily dropped her provender on the firſt window ſhe met, and hurrying down to the kitchen, earneſtly enquired for the little beggar-boy whom maſter Harry had taken into his ſervice. At this queſtion all the ſervants ſtood in ſilent amazement, except Suſy, who bridling up, and aſſuming the whole importance of her ſtation; Why, nurſe, ſays ſhe, you muſt not oppoſe that I am come here to ſweep and to clean after louſy little flagrants; it was enough to bread an antagion, that it was, in the houſe; ſo what magnifies many words, I took the little dirty baſtard, and cuff'd him out of doors. You did, huſſey, ſays nurſe, you dare to affront and vex my child, my little man, the honour and pride of all the family! and ſo ſaying, ſhe ups with her brawny arm, and gave Suſy ſuch a douſe on the ſide of the head, as left her faſt aſleep for an hour and upward. Then running up ſtairs again, ſhe went ſearching and clamouring for her Harry, about the houſe, in

in order to comfort and condole with him for his loſs.

Dinner was now ſerved up, and the company ſeated, and all the ſervants ran ſeverally here and there, repeatedly ſummoning maſter Harry to attend; but Harry was out of hearing by many a mile. When the cloth was removed, nurſe entered with an aſpect, half in tears and half diſtracted, and exclaimed that her child was not to be found. And what, nurſe, ſays the earl, do you think is become of him? I hope, my lord, ſays ſhe, that he is either ſtrayed to his daddy, or to the dumb gentleman's. Then meſſengers were inſtantly diſpatched to both houſes, who ſpeedily returned with tidings, that maſter Harry had not been ſeen at his foſter-father's, and that no one was at home at the houſe of the dumb gentleman.

The buſineſs now became ſerious and alarming; the whole houſe was in commotion, and all the domeſtics, and our hero's loving nurſe, with lord Dicky in her hand, ran ſearching through the gardens, the fields, and the groves, that reſounded on all ſides with the name of the abſentee.

On their return from a diſquiſition, as fruitleſs as ſolicitous, nurſe declared her apprehenſions, that Harry was gone off with a little favourite boy whom he had taken into ſervice, and whom the houſe-maid that morning had beaten out of doors. Suſy, being nearly recovered

vered, and now called and queſtioned hereon, was compelled to confeſs the fact, though in terms leſs haughty and leſs elegant than uſual; when my lord, looking ſternly at her, And who, you impudent ſlut, he cried, gave you authority to turn any one out of my houſe, whom my noble and generous boy was pleaſed to bring in? Get you inſtantly away, and never let me be ſo unhappy as to ſee that face again.

By this time, the whole village and neighbourhood, as well as this noble family, were in trouble and alarms for the loſs of their little favourite; when a countryman entered in a ſweaty haſte, and deſired, without preface, to be admitted to the earl. My lord, ſays he, I think I can give you ſome news of your dear child. As I was returning home on the London road, I ſaw a coach and ſix driving towards me at a great rate, and though it paſſed me in haſte, I marked that the gentleman with the beard was in it, and that he had two children with him, one on each hand, though I had not time to obſerve their faces.

Here is ſomething for your news, ſaid the earl, it may be as you ſay.—Here, John! take a poſſe of the ſervants along with you; go in haſte to that man's houſe; if no one anſwers, break open the door; and bring me word of what you can learn concerning him.

John, who was the houſe-ſteward, hurried inſtantly

inſtantly on his commiſſion; and finding all in ſilence after loud and repeated knockings, he and his myrmidons burſt open the door, and ruſhing in ran up and down through all the apartments. They found the houſe richly furniſhed, a library of choice books above ſtairs, a beaufet full of maſſy plate, and every thing in order, as if prepared for the reception of a family of diſtinction. At this they all ſtood aſtoniſhed, till John, caſting his eye toward a table in the ſtreet-parlour, perceived a paper which he haſtily ſnatched up, and found to be a letter, duly folded and ſealed, and addreſſed to his lord. Exulting at this diſcovery, he left ſome of the ſervants to watch the goods, and hurried back with all poſſible ſpeed to his maſter.

My lord, ſays John entering, and ſtriving to recover breath, the dumb gentleman, as they call him, muſt be a main rich man, for the very furniture of his houſe cannot be worth leſs than ſome thouſands of pounds. John then preſented the letter, which the earl haſtily broke open, and found to be as follows:

"My Lord,

"I AM at length preſented with an opportu-
"nity of carrying off your little Harry, the
"greateſt treaſure that ever parents were bleſ-
"ſed with.

"The diſtreſs that I feel, in foreſeeing the
"affliction

" affliction that his abſence will cauſe to your
" whole family, has not been able to prevail
" for the ſuſpenſion of this enterpriſe, as the
" child's intereſt and happineſs outweighs,
" with me, all other conſiderations.

" Permit me, however, to aſſure your lord-
" ſhip, that our darling is in very ſafe and very
" affectionate hands; and that it ſhall be the
" whole concern and employment of my life, to
" render and to return him to you, in due
" time, the moſt accompliſhed and moſt per-
" fect of all human beings.

" In the mean while, your utmoſt ſearch
" and enquiry after us will be fruitleſs. I leave
" to your lordſhip my houſe and furniture, as
" a pledge and aſſurance of the integrity of
" my intentions,

And am, &c."

The myſtery of our hero's flight was now, in a great meaſure, unravelled; but no one could form any rational conjecture, touching the motives of the old gentleman's procedure in the caſe; and all were ſtaggered at his leaving ſuch a maſs of wealth behind him.

As the falling on of a dark night rendered all purſuit, for that time, impracticable; my lord ordered the ſervants to bed, that they might riſe before day; and then to take every horſe he had, coach-cattle and all, and to muſter and mount the young men of the village, and

and to purſue after the fugitives, by different roads, according to the beſt likelihood or intelligence they might receive.

In this hopeful proſpect, the houſe was again in ſome meaſure compoſed; all, except poor nurſe, who would not be comforted, neither could be prevailed upon to enter in at the doors; but all night on the cold ſtairs, or rambling through the raw air, continued clapping and wringing her hands, and bewailing the irreparable loſs of her Harry.

On the following day, my lord ordered a minute inventory to be taken of all the furniture in the forſaken manſion-houſe; and further appointed Harry's foſter-father, with his family, to enter into poſſeſſion, and to take care of the effects, till ſuch time as the proprietor ſhould renew his claim.

After three tedious days, and as many expecting nights, the poſſe that went in queſt of our runaways returned, all drooping and dejected, moſt of them ſlowly leading their overſpent horſes, and univerſally beſpattered or covered with mire, without any equivalent of comfortable tidings to balance the weight of their langour and fatigue.

The happineſs or wretchedneſs of human life, as it ſhould ſeem, does not ſo much depend on the loſs or acquiſition of real advantage, as on the fluctuating opinions and imaginations of men. The abſence of this infant,

who, but a few months before, had no manner of intereſt in the views, affections, or ſolicitudes of this noble family, appeared now as the loſs of all their honours and fortunes: a general face of mourning ſeemed to darken every apartment; and my lord and lady no more paid viſits, nor received public company. They were, however, inventive in many contrivances for amuſing and conſoling their darling Dicky, but even this was to little purpoſe, for he was often found ſilently languiſhing in corners; or crying, O, where's my brother Harry, my own ſweet brother Harry! ſhall I never ſee my own brother Harry any more!

My lord had already diſpatched a multitude of circular letters to all his acquaintances, with other notices, throughout the kingdom, containing offers of ample rewards for the recovery of his child. But finding all ineffectual, he cauſed advertiſements to the ſame purpoſe, to be repeatedly inſerted in all the public papers; as the ſame, no doubt, are ſtill extant, and may be found in the muſty chronicles of thoſe days.

Within a few weeks after the publiſhing of theſe advertiſements, my lord received a letter, reſpecting his ſon Harry, that afforded great conſolation to him and his lady; inſomuch, that with the help of the lenient hand of time, in leſs than the ſpace of twelve months, this noble

noble family were reſtored to their former chearfulneſs and tranquillity.

But to return to the ſituation in which we left our hero: the coach drove on, at a round rate, and the children continued in high glee, and thought this kind of conveyance the fineſt ſport imaginable.

When they had entered a ſpace, on the firſt common, the coachman looked about, to take care that no one was in ſight; and turning to the right hand, he held gently on, till he came to another great road, on which he drove at his former rate. This he did again at the next common, and coming to another road that led alſo to London, and night now approaching, he put up at the firſt great inn he came to.

Harry's patron had the precaution to keep his great coat muffled about his face, ſo that no one could obſerve his beard, till they were ſhewn to a room, and fire and candles were lighted up. Then his ancient friend and domeſtic having provided ſciſſars and implements for ſhaving, locked the door, and ſat to work in the preſence of the children.

Harry was all attention during the whole proceſs; and when the operation was quite completed, he drew near to his patron, with a cautious kind of jealouſy, and looking up to his face with the tears in his little eyes, Speak to me, Sir, ſays he, pray ſpeak to me. It is,

anſwered the old gentleman, the only comfort of my life to be with you, and to ſpeak to you, my Harry. The child, hearing the well known voice of friendſhip, immediately cleared again, and reaching up his little arms to embrace his patron, O, indeed, ſays he, I believe you are my own dada ſtill.

Though Harry was now reconciled to the identity of his friend, yet he felt a ſecret regret for the abſence of his beard; for he loved all and every part of him ſo entirely, that the loſs of a hair appeared a loſs and a want to the heart of Harry.

After an early ſupper, and two or three ſmall glaſſes of wine per man, this gentleman, whom his ſervants had now announced by the name of Mr Fenton, propoſed Hide and go Seek to his aſſociates. This invitation was accepted with tranſport; and after they were cloyed with Hide and Seek, they all played Tagg till they were well warmed.

Mr Fenton ordered a pallet into the chamber, for James his faithful domeſtic, and little Ned. Then helping to undreſs Harry, he put him firſt to bed; and haſtening after, he took his darling to his boſom, and tenderly preſſed him to a heart that loved him more than all the world, and more than that world ten times told.

In about three days more they arrived ſafe at Hampſtead, and ſtopping at the court of a large

a large houſe, that was delightfully ſituated, they were welcomed by a gentlewomanly looking matron, whom James had fixed for houſekeeper about a fortnight before.

The next day Mr Fenton and his blithe companions were attended at table by James and the two footmen.

As ſoon as the latter grace was ſaid, and the cloth taken away, Harry, ſays Mr Fenton, it is now our turn to wait on James and his fellow ſervants; for God made us all to be ſervants to each other: one man is not born a bit better than another; and he is the beſt and greateſt of all who ſerves and attends the moſt, and requires leaſt to be ſerved and attended upon. And my precious, he that is a king to-day, if ſo it ſhall pleaſe God, may become a beggar to-morrow, and it is good that people ſhould be prepared againſt all that may happen.

Having ſo ſaid, he took his aſſociates down to the hall, juſt as the ſervants had ſat down to dinner. He gave his domeſtics the wink, and beginning to ſet the example, aſked Mrs Hannah, and Mr James, and Mr Frank, and Mr Andrew, what they would pleaſe to have? The ſervants, readily falling in with their maſter's ſcheme, ordered Harry to bring ſuch a thing, and Ned to fetch ſuch a thing, and Harry to do this, and Harry to do that: while Harry, with a graceful action, and more

beautiful than Ganymede the cup bearer of the gods, flew chearfully about, from ſide to ſide, preventing the wiſhes of all at table; ſo that they poured upon him a thouſand bleſſings from the bottom of their hearts, and would not now have parted with him for the mighty rewards which his father ſome time after propoſed for his recovery.

Within a fortnight after this, Mr James, the houſe-ſteward, furniſhed a large lumber-room with thouſands of coats, cut-coats, ſhirts, waiſtcoats, breeches, ſtockings, and ſhoes, of different ſorts and ſizes, but all of warm and clean, though homely materials.

When this was done, Mr Fenton led his favourite up to the ſtores, and ſaid, My Harry, you ſee all theſe things, and I make a preſent of all theſe things to my Harry. And now tell me, my love, what will you do with them? Why, dada, ſays Harry, you know that I cannot wear them myſelf. No, my dear, ſays Mr Fenton, for you have clothes enough beſide, and ſome of them would not fit you, and others would ſmother you. What then will you do with them, will you burn them, or throw them away? O, that would be very naughty and wicked indeed, ſays Harry. No, dada, as I do not want them myſelf, I will give them to thoſe that do. That will be very honeſtly done of you, ſays Mr Fenton; for, in truth, they have a better right to them, my

Harry,

Harry, than you have, and that which you cannot uſe, cannot belong to you. So that in giving you theſe things, my darling, it ſhould ſeem, as if I made you no gift at all. O, a very ſweet gift, ſays Harry. How is that, ſays Mr Fenton? Why, the gift of doing good to poor people, Sir. Mr Fenton, then ſtepping back, and gazing on our hero, cried, Whoever attempts to inſtruct thee, my angel, muſt himſelf be inſtructed of heaven, who ſpeaks by that ſweet mouth.

But Harry, it would not be diſcreet of you to give theſe things to the common beggars who come every day to our door; give them victuals and half-pence or pence a-piece, and welcome; but if you give ſuch beggars twenty ſuits of clothes, they will caſt them all off, and put on their rags again, to move people to pity them. But when you ſpy any poor travellers going the road, and your eyes ſee that they are naked, or your heart tells you that they are hungry; then do not wait till they beg of you, but go and beg of them to favour you with their acceptance: then take them unto the fire, and warm them and feed them; and when you have ſo done, take them up to your ſtore-room, and clothe them with whatever you think they want: and, believe me, my Harry, whenever you are cold, or hungry, or wounded, or in want, or in ſickneſs, yourſelf; the very remembrance of your having clothed,

and

and fed, and cured, and comforted, the naked and the hungry, the wounded and the afflicted, will be warmth, and food, and medicine, and balm to your own mind.

While Mr Fenton ſpoke, the muſcles of Harry's expreſſive countenance, like an equally tuned inſtrument, uttered uniſons to every word he heard.

From this day forward, Harry and Ned, by turns were frequently out on the watch; and often ſingle, or in pairs, or by whole families, Harry would take in a poor father and mother, with their helpleſs infants, driven perhaps from houſe or home, by fire or other misfortune, or oppreſſive landlord, or ruthleſs creditor; and having warmed, and fed, and clothed, and treated the old-ones as his parents, and the little-ones as his brothers and ſiſters, he would give them additional money for charges on the road, and ſend them away the happieſt of all people except himſelf.

By this time Mr Fenton had enquired into the circumſtances and characters of all the poor in the town and throughout the precincts; and having refuted or confirmed the intelligence he had received, by a perſonal inſpection, and viſit from houſe to houſe, and having made entries of all ſuch as he deemed real objects and worthy of his beneficence, he invited the heads of the ſeveral families to

take

take a dinner with him, every Sunday, at his hall.

On the following Sunday, there came about thirty of theſe viſitants, which number ſoon increaſed to fifty weekly gueſts.

On entering, they found the cloth ready ſpread, and Mr James, having counted heads, laid a crown in ſilver upon every plate; which firſt courſe was a moſt reliſhing ſauce to all that followed. A plentiful dinner was then introduced, and the gueſts being ſeated, Mr Fenton, Harry, Ned, and the four domeſtics attended, and diſpoſed themſelves in a manner the moſt ready to ſupply the wants of the company. The gueſts, all abaſhed and confounded at what they ſaw, ſat ſome time with open mouth, and unſwallowed victuals, much leſs did they preſume to apply to the waiters for any article they wanted; till being encouraged and ſpirited up by the chearfulneſs, eaſe, and readineſs of their attendants, they became, by degrees, quite happy and jovial; and after a ſaturating meal and an enlivening cup, they departed, with elevated ſpirits, with humanized manners, and with hearts warmed in affection toward every member of this extraordinary houſe.

By the means of this weekly bounty, theſe reviving families were ſoon enabled to clear their little debts to the chandlers, which had compelled them to take up every thing at the deareſt

deareſt hand. They were alſo further enabled to purchaſe wheels and other implements, with the materials of flax and wool, for employing the late idle hands of their houſehold. They now appeared decently clad, and with happy countenances; their wealth increaſed with their induſtry; and the product of the employment of ſo many late uſeleſs members became a real acceſſion of wealth to the public. So true it is, that the proſperity of this world, and of every nation and ſociety therein, depends ſolely on the induſtry or manufactures of the individuals. And ſo much more nobly did this private patron act, than all ancient legiſlators, or modern patrons and landlords, whoſe ſelfiſhneſs, if they had but common cunning, or common ſenſe, might inſtruct them to increaſe their proper rents, and enrich their native country, by ſupplying the hands of all the poor, within their influence, with the implements and materials of the proſperity of each.

In the mean time, Mrs Hannah daily inſtructed the children in the reading of Engliſh: neither was Mr Fenton inattentive to any means that might preſerve and promote the health, action, and corporal excellencies of his little champion.

He had a large lawn, behind his garden; and hither he ſummoned, three times in every week, all the boys of the vicinage, who were

between

between two years advanced above the age of our hero. To theſe he appointed premiums for foot-ball, hurling, wreſtling, leaping, running, cudgelling, and buffing. But the champions were enjoined to inveſt their fiſts with little muffilers, inſomuch, that, how great ſoever their vigour might be, the bruiſes that they gave ſtopped ſhort of mortality.

Now though theſe premiums were almoſt univerſally adjudged to the party of which Harry then happened to be a member, or, individually, to himſelf for his ſingle proweſs and pre-eminence; yet he never would conſent to bear the prize from the field; but either gave it to ſome favourite among thoſe with whom he had been aſſociated, or to the particular champion whom he had worſted in conteſt; for he felt the ſhame and defeat of his mortified adverſary, and conſolingly hinted at the injuſtice of the judges, and reformed their error by the reſtoration of the reward.

One day, while Harry was watching to intercept poor travellers, as eagerly as a fowler watches for the riſing of his game; he heard a plaintive voice, behind the hedge, as he thought, in the oppoſite field. He flew acroſs the road, and paſſing through a ſmall turnſtile, ſoon found the unhappy objects he ſought for. He ſtood, for ſome time, like a ſtatue, and his compaſſion became too ſtrong for

for tears or utterance: but, ſuddenly turning, and flying back again, he ruſhed, with precipitation, into the room where Mr Fenton was writing a letter. What is the matter, ſaid Mr Fenton, ſtarting, what has frighted you, my Harry, what makes you look ſo pale? To this Harry replied not, but catching hold of his hand, and pulling with all his force, O come, ſays he, O come, dada, and ſee.

Mr Fenton then got up, and ſuffered himſelf to be led where the child pleaſed to conduct him, without another word being aſked or anſwered on either ſide.

When they were come into the field, Mr Fenton obſerved a man ſitting on the ground. His clothes ſeemed, from head to foot, as the tattered remainder of better days. Through a ſqualid wig and beard, his pale face appeared juſt tinctured with a faint and ſickly red; and his hollow eyes were fixed upon the face of a woman, whoſe head he held on his knees; and who looked to be dead, or dying, though without any apparent agony; while a male infant, about four years of age, was half ſtretched on the ground, and half acroſs the woman's lap, with its little noſe pinched by famine, and its eyes ſtaring about, wildly, though without attention to any thing. Diſtreſs ſeemed to have expended its utmoſt bitterneſs on theſe objects, and the laſt ſigh and tear to have been already exhauſted.

Unhappy

Unhappy man, cried Mr Fenton, pray, who or what are you? To which the ſtranger faintly replied, without lifting his eyes, Whoever you may be, diſturb not the laſt hour of thoſe who wiſh to be at peace.

Run, Harry, ſays Mr Fenton, deſire all the ſervants to come to me immediately; and bid Mrs Hannah bring ſome hartſhorn and a bottle of cordial.

Away flew Harry, like feathered Mercury, on his God-like errand. Forth iſſued Mr James, Frank, and Andrew; and laſt came Mrs Hannah, with the houſe-maid and cordials.

Hannah ſtooped, in haſte, and applied hartſhorn to the noſe of the woman, who appeared wholly inſenſible. After ſome time, her boſom heaved with a long-riſing and ſubſiding ſigh, and her eyes feebly opened, and immediately cloſed again. Then Mrs Hannah and the houſe-maid, raiſing her gently between them, got a little of the cordial into her mouth, and bending her backward, they obſerved that ſhe ſwallowed it. Then James, Frank, Andrew, and the houſe-maid, joining their forces, lifted her up, and bore her, as eaſy as poſſible, toward the houſe. While Harry caught up her infant, as a piſmire does its favourite embryo, in a time of diſtreſs, in order to lodge it in a place of protection and ſafety.

In the mean time, Mr Fenton and Mrs Hannah put their hartſhorn with great tenderneſs to the noſtrils of the ſtranger, and requeſted him to take a ſip of the cordial: but he, turning up his dim though expreſſive eyes, feebly cried, Are you a man or an angel? and directly fainted away.

They rubbed his temples with the ſpirits, and did their utmoſt to recover him; but a ſudden guſt of grateful paſſion had proved too ſtrong for his conſtitution. On the return of the ſervants he was alſo carried in. A phyſician was inſtantly ſent for; beds were provided and warmed in haſte; the new guests were all gently undreſt, and laid therein; and being compelled to ſwallow a little ſack-whey, they recovered to a kind of languid ſenſibility.

The phyſician gave it as his opinion, that this unhappy family were reduced to their preſent ſtate, by exceſs of grief and famine; that nouriſhment ſhould be adminiſtered in very ſmall proportions; and that they ſhould be kept as quiet as poſſible, for a fortnight at leaſt.

While all imaginable care is taking for the recovery of theſe poor people, we beg leave to return to the affairs of their protectors.

FRIEND. A plague upon your return! This is juſt like a man in whoſe company I once

once travelled; we were advanced on our journey, in a fair and happy road, when he took it into his head to ride back again, in ſearch of an old glove. Here you have raiſed my curioſity to the higheſt, and equally diſtreſſed me in favour of this unhappy family, when, in the inſtant, you fly off from the ſatisfaction expected. But here alſo I preſume, you are upon honour; you are intruſted with ſecrets, and would not for the world betray them to your readers.

AUTHOR. Sir, you never were more miſtaken. I know nothing at all of theſe people's affairs. As ſoon as they are able, they will ſpeak for themſelves. I know of no advantage that they can get by their ſilence, whatever they may derive from your compaſſion and generoſity by telling their caſe. But the doctor, for the preſent, will not permit them.——Proceed, my friend, I pray you. Your patience will have but a very ſhort trial.

CHAP. VI.

ABOUT a month before this, Mr Fenton had engaged one Mr Vindex, the ſchool-maſter of the town, to come for an hour every evening, and initiate the two boys in their Latin grammar. But he had a ſpecial caution given him, with reſpect to the generous diſpoſition of our hero, which was ſaid to be induced to do any thing, by kindneſs; but to be hardened and roufed into oppoſition by ſeverity.

In about ten days after the late adventure, Mr Fenton was called to London, where he was detained about three weeks, in ſettling his books with his Dutch correſpondents; and in calling in a very large arrear of intereſt that was due to him upon his depoſits in the funds.

During his abſence, Mr Vindex began to aſſume a more expanded authority, and gave a freer ſcope to the furly terrors of his ſtation.

Ned was, by nature, a very lively, but very pleaſant boy; and when Vindex reproved him with the imperial brow and voice of the great Mogul, Ned caſt upon him an eye of ſuch ſignificant contempt, as no ſubmiſſions

or ſufferings, on the part of the offender, could ever after compenſate.

The next day, Mr Vindex returned, doubly armed, with a monſtrous birch-rod in one hand, and a ferule in the other. The firſt he hung up, *in terrorem*, as a meteor is ſaid to hang in the heavens, threatening future caſtigation to the children of men. The ſecond he held, as determined upon preſent action; nor was he unmindful of any hook, whereon to hang a fault, ſo that, travelling from right to left and from left to right, he ſo warmed the hands of the unfortunate Edward, as ruined the funny œconomy of his countenance, and reduced him to a diſagreeable partnerſhip with the afflicted.

On the departure of Vindex, though Ned's drollery was diſmayed, his reſentment was by no means eradicated: for the principle of Ned was wholly agreeable to the motto of a very noble eſcutcheon; and *Nemo me impune laceſſit*, was a maxim of whoſe impropriety not St Anthony himſelf could perſuade him.

All night he lay ruminating, and brooding on miſchief in his imagination; and having formed the outlines of his plan towârd morning, he began to chuckle, and comfort himſelf, and exult in the execution. He then revealed his project to his bedfellow, Mr James, who was greatly tickled therewith, and promiſed to join in the plot.

Full againſt the portal that opened upon the ſchool-room, there ſtood an ancient and elevated chair, whoſe form was ſufficiently expreſſive of its importance. Mr Vindex had ſelected this majeſtic piece of furniture, as alone ſuitable to the dignity of his exalted ſtation: for he judiciouſly conſidered, that, if Thrones and Benches were taken from among men, there would be an end of all dominion and juſtice upon earth.

Through the centre of the ſeat of this chair of authority, Ned got Mr James to drill a ſmall hole, not diſcernable, except on a very minute ſcrutiny. He then provided a cylindrical ſtick of about ſix inches in length, to one end of which he faſtened a piece of lead, and in the other end he fixed the head of a large needle. This needle had been a glover's, of approved metal, keen, and poliſhed, and three ſquare toward the point, for a quick and ready penetration of tough leather. He next faſtened two ſmall cords, tranſverſly, to the leaden extremity of the ſtick; and James aſſiſting, they turned the chair with the bottom upward, and tacked the four ends of the cords, in ſuch a manner, as anſwered to the four cardinal points of the compaſs; while the ſtick remained ſuſpended in an upright direction, with the point of the needle juſt ſo far through the drill, as put it upon a level with the ſurface of the ſeat. Laſtly, they faſtened

ened a long and well waxed thread about the middle of the ſtick, and drawing this thread over the upper rung, they dropped the end of it juſt under Ned's ſtool, and replaced the ſeat of learning in its former poſition.

Greatly did Ned parade it, when, on trial, he found that his machine anſwered to a miracle; for the ſtick being reſtrained from any motion, ſave that in a direction to the zenith, on the ſlighteſt twitch of the thread, the needle inſtantly mounted four ſixths of two inches above the ſurface of the ſeat, and was as quickly recalled by the revulſion of the lead.

At the appointed hour of magiſterial approach, in comes Mr Vindex. Maſter Harry and Ned are called. Each ſeizes his book; and takes his ſeat as uſual in a line, nearly diagonal to the right and left corner of the chair of authority. Mr Vindex aſſumes the throne. But ſcarce was he down, when Ned gives the premeditated intimation to his piercer, and up bounces Vindex, and gives two or three capers, as though he had been ſuddenly ſtung by a tarantula. He ſtares wildly about; puts his hand behind him, with a touch of tender condolance; returns to the chair; peers all over it with eyes of the moſt prying inſpection; but not truſting to the teſtimony of his occular ſenſe, in a caſe that ſo very feelingly refuted its evidence, he moved

ved his fingers over and over every part of the ſurface; but found all ſmooth and fair, in ſpite of the late ſenſible demonſtration to the contrary.

Down again, with ſlow caution, ſubſided Mr Vindex, reconnoitring the premiſes, to the right hand and to the left.

As his temper was not now in the moſt dulcet diſpoſition, he firſt looked ſternly at Ned, and then turning toward Harry, with an eye that ſought occaſion for preſent quarrel, he queſtioned him, moroſely, on ſome articles of his leſſon: when Ned, not enduring ſuch an indignity to the patron of his life and fortunes, gave a ſecond twitch, with better will, and much more lively than the firſt; and up again ſprung Vindex, with redoubled vigour and action, and bounded, plunged, and pranced about the room, as bewitched. He glared, and ſearched all about with a frantic penetration, and pored into every corner for the viſible or inviſible perpetrators of theſe miſchiefs. He now began to imagine that ſome devil wanted a pincuſhion, and propoſed no other for the purpoſe than his capacious material.

In this thought he retreated to the next chamber, ſtripped off his clothes, his ſhoes, and breeches, and to know whether a lodgment had been duly made, he groped for the heads of the ſuppoſed weapons. He next

ſearched

ſearched his breeches, and every ſkirt and poſterior fold of coat and waiſtcoat. But finding the coaſts clear of any enſigns of hoſtility, he writhed and twiſted his head and eyes to this ſide and to that, to diſcern, if poſſible, the devaſtations that had been made in the field of honour; when hearing a little titter in the neighbouring ſchool-room, he began to ſmell a fox, and dreſſing himſelf again, with a malignant determination of better note for the future, he returned with a countenance of diſſembled placability, and reſuming his chair, began to examine the boys, with a voice apparently tuned by good-temper and affection.

During this ſhort ſerene, poor Ned happened to make a little trip in his rudiments; when Vindex turned, and cried to our hero, Maſter Harry, my dear, be ſo kind as to get up and reach me yon ferule.

Theſe words had not fully paſſed the lips of the luckleſs preceptor, when Ned plucked the ſtring with his utmoſt force, and Vindex thought himſelf at leaſt impaled on the ſpot. Up he ſhot, once more, like a ſudden pyramid of flame. The ground could no longer retain him, he ſoared aloft, roared, raved, curſed, and ſwore, like a thouſand infernals. While Ned, with an aſpect of the moſt condoling hypocriſy, and words broke by a tone of mourning, tenderly enquired of his ailments.

Vindex turned upon him an eye of jealous malignity,

malignity, and taking a ſudden thought, he flew to the ſcene of his repeated infliction, and turning up the bottom of the ſeat of pain, this complicated effort of extraordinary genius lay revealed, and expoſed to vulgar contemplation.

He firſt examined minutely into the parts and conſtruction of this wonderful machinery, whoſe efficacy he ſtill ſo feelingly recollected. He then drew the ſtring, and admired, with what a piercing agility the needle could be actuated by ſo diſtant a hand. And laſtly, and deliberately, he tore away, piece by piece, the whole compoſition, as his raſcally brethren, the Turks, have alſo done, in their antipathy to all the monuments of arts, genius, and learning, throughout the earth.

In the mean while, our friend Edward ſat trembling and frying in his ſkin. All his drollery had forſaken him; nor had he a ſingle caſt of contrivance, for evading the mountain of miſchiefs that he ſaw impending. How indeed could he palliate? what had he to hope or plead in mitigation of the penalty? where, in the party, ſo highly offended, he ſaw his judge and his executioner.

Mr Vindex had now the ball wholly at his own foot; and that Ned was ever to have his turn again, was a matter no way promiſed by preſent appearances.

Vindex, at length, looked ſmilingly about him

him with much fun in his face, but more vengeance at his heart. Mr Edward, ſaid he, perhaps you are not yet apprized of the juſtice of the Jewiſh laws, that claim an eye for an eye, and a breach for a breach; but I, my child, will fully inſtruct you in the fitneſs and propriety of them.

Then, reaching at the rod, he ſeized his ſhrinking prey, as a kite truſſes a robin; he laid him, like a little ſack, acroſs his own ſtool; off go the breeches; and with the left hand he holds him down, while the right is laid at him with the application of a wood-man, who reſolves to clear part of the foreſt before noon.

Harry, who was no way privy to the machination of the neddle, now approached, and interpoſed in behalf of his unhappy ſervant. He petitioned, he kneeled, he wept; but his prayers and tears were caſt to the winds and the rocks, till Vindex had reduced the poſteriors of poor Ned, to a plight little different from thoſe of St Bartholomew.

Mr Vindex juſtly deemed that he had now given a leſſon of ſuch ample inſtruction, as might diſpenſe with his preſence for ſome days at leaſt.

In the mean time, the ſcalping of Ned's bottom held him confined to his bed, where he had full time and leiſure to contrive, with one

one end, a juſt and worthy retribution for the ſufferings of the other.

Harry went often to ſit and condole with Ned, in this the ſeaſon of his calamity; and as he had now conceived a ſtrong averſion to the pedagogue, on account of his barbarity, he offered to aſſiſt his friend in any meaſures deemed adequate to the ſtripes and injuries he had received.

The houſe of Mr Vindex was a large and old-faſhioned building, with a ſteep flight of ſtone-ſtairs, and a ſpacious landing-place before the door. Ned was again on his legs, the night was exceſſive dark, and the family of the preceptor had juſt finiſhed an early ſupper.

About this time a gentle rapping was heard; and a ſervant opening the door, looked this way and that way, and called out repeatedly to know who was there; but no voice replying, he retired and ſhut all to again. Scarce was he re-entered when he hears rap, rap, rap, rap. The fellow's anger was now kindled, and opening the door ſuddenly, he bounced out at once, in order to ſeize the run-away; but ſeeing no creature, he began to feel a coming chilneſs, and his hairs to ſtir, as though each had got the life of an eel. Back he ſlunk, cloſed the door with the greateſt tenderneſs, and crept down to reveal a ſcantling of his fears to his fellows in the kitchen.

Now, though men and maids laughed heartily

ly at the apprehenſions of Hodge, they ye reſented this inſult on their houſe, as they called it; and getting all up together in a group, they ſlily crouded behind the door, with the latch in one of their hands, ready to iſſue, in an inſtant, and detect the delinquents.

They were not ſuffered to freeze. Knock, knock, knock, knock, knock. Open flies the door, and out ruſh the ſervants. Nothing appeared. They all ſtood ſilent, and aſtoniſhed beyond meaſure. Some, however, with outward bravade but inward tremblings, went ſearching along the walls and behind the poſts for ſome lurcher. Again they gathered to the landing-place, and ſtood whiſperingly debating what this might be: when, to the inexpreſſible terror and diſcomfiture of all preſent, the ſpontaneous knocker aſſumed ſudden life and motion, and gave ſuch a peal and alarm to their eyes and ears, as put every ſenſe and reſolution to the rout; and in they ruſhed again, one on the back of the other, and clapped to the door, as in the face of an hoſt of purſuing Dæmons.

Mr Vindex and his lady, for ſome time paſt, had been ſitting oppoſite, and nodding over a fire in the back parlour, where they returned each other's ſalute, with the greateſt good manners and punctuality imaginable. He now ſtarted, on hearing the ruſtling in the hall, and angrily called to know what was the matter.

Vindex, from the prejudice of education during his infancy, had conceived the utmoſt ſpight to all ſpectres and hobgoblins, inſomuch that he wiſhed to deprive them of their very exiſtence, and laboured to perſuade himſelf as well as others, of their non-entity; but faith proved too ſtrong within him, for all his verbal parade of avowed infidelity.

While the ſervants, with pale faces and ſhort breath, made their relation, the magiſterial philoſopher did ſo ſneer, and contemptuouſly toſs this way and t'other, and throw himſelf back in ſuch affected fits of laughter, as nothing could be like it; till bouncing at the ſound of another peal, he muſtered the whole family, boarders and all, to about ſeventeen in number, together with madam Vindex, who would not be left ſole: and now they appeared ſuch an army as was ſufficient to face any ſingle devil, at leaſt; and forth they iſſued, and filled the landing-place, leaving the door on the jar.

Here, Mr Vindex turned, and with his face toward the knocker, thus addreſſed the aſſembly.

My honeſt, but ſimple friends, quoth he, can any thing perſuade you, that a ſpirit, or ghoſt, as ye call it, a breath, or being of air, a ſomething or nothing, that is neither tangible nor viſible, can lay hold of that which is? Or are ye ſuch ideots as to imagine, that you knocker,

knocker, (for he did not yet venture to touch it) a ſubſtance of ſolid and molten braſs, without members or organs, or any internal ſyſtem or apparatus for the purpoſe, can yet be endued with will, deſign, or any kind of intelligence, when the leaſt locomotive faculty, in the meaneſt reptile, muſt of neceſſity, be provided with an infinitely varied mechaniſm of nerves, tubes, reſervoirs, levers, and pulleys for the nonce, I ſhould diſcredit my own ſenſes on any appearance contrary to ſuch palpable demonſtration. In all lights—Soft—break we off—look where it comes again!—For, in this inſtant of affirmation, ſo peremptory and concluſive, the knocker, as in contempt and bitter deſpight to philoſophy, ſo loudly refuted every ſyllable of the premiſes, as left neither time nor inclination to Vindex, for a reply; but, ruſhing deſperately forward, he burſt in at the portal, with ſuch as had preſence of mind to take advantage of the opening; and turning again, and ſhutting the door violently in the face of half his family, he ran and threw himſelf into his chair, in an agony of ſpirits.

The ſervants and boarders, whom Vindex had ſhut out, not abiding to ſtay in preſence of the object of their terrors, tumbled, in a heap, down the ſtairs, and gathering themſelves up again, ran diverſely to communicate to all their neighbours and acquaintance, the tidings of the inchanted knocker. Their contagious

looks and words gave the pannic throughout; but curiosity prevailing above apprehension, the town began to gather, though first in thin parties, and at a cautious distance; till the crowd, increasing, took heart and resolution from number, and venturing up a step or two of the stairs, and being still pressed and urged forward by new comers from behind, they at length filled the whole flight and the landing-place, and one of them growing bold enough to lift his hand toward the knocker, the knocker generously convinced him that no assistance was wanting. Rap, rap, rap, rap. Rap, rap, rap, rap. Rap, rap, rap, rap. Back recoil the foremost ranks, casting off and tumbling over the ranks behind. No one stayed to give help or hand to friend or brother; but, rising or scrambling off on all fours, each made the best of his way to the first asylum; and in less than ten seconds, there was not a mouse stirring throughout the street.

If I had the ill-nature of such authors as love to puzzle, I also might leave the foregoing Ænigma to be solved, or rather made more implicit, in such ways as philosophy might happen to account for it; but, in compassion to the pains of a labouring imagination, I chuse to deliver my reader, with all possible ease and dispatch.

The fact is, that these astonishing and tremendous phenomena, that discomfited a whole city,

city, alarmed the country round, and refuſcitated the ſtories and legends of the old women of all the pariſhes from Barnet to London, were the whole and ſole contrivance of our hero's petulant foundling, during a nightly lucubration.

Ned had accordingiy imparted his plan of operations to Harry, and Harry had engaged Mrs Hannah in the plot.

Now Mrs Hannah had a houſe in a narrow part of the ſtreet, juſt oppoſite to that of Mr Vindex, where her niece and an old ſervant reſided. This houſe was narrow, but of the height of four ſtories; and on the ſaid memorable night, Ned dropped the end of a bottom of ſmall twine from the garret window, which Hannah took acroſs the way, and faſtened, with a double knot, to the knocker of Vindex's door. And now it is twenty to one, that if Vindex's family and the reſt of the neighbourhood had been even thus far let into the ſecret, they would not have been altogether ſo much alarmed at the conſequences.

I have read of generals who could gain, but not maintain conqueſts; and of women who could keep all ſecrets but their own. Thus it happened to Ned. His vanity was, at leaſt, on a level with his ingenuity; he was ſo elated with the ſucceſs of his recent ſtratagem, that he boaſted of it to ſome, and half whiſpered it to others, till it came to the ears of the much

exaſperated Vindex. Vindex, in the firſt heat and very boil of his paſſions, ſnatches up a huge rod, juſt cut from that tree whoſe bare name ſtrikes terror through all our ſeminaries of learning, and taking with him one of his boarders, he marches directly down to the houſe of Mr Fenton, and thus formidably armed, he enters the fatal ſchool-room.

Ned, by great good fortune for himſelf, was then abſent: but our hero happening to be there, Vindex inſtantly ſhut the door and called him to taſk.

Maſter Harry, ſays he, did you know any thing of the ſtrange knocking at my door, laſt Tueſday night? To this queſtion, Harry, who was too valiant to be tempted to tell a lie through fear, without heſitation, anſwered in the affirmative. You did, ſirrah, replied the pedagogue! and you have the impudence alſo to confeſs it to my face? Here, Jacky, down with his breeches, and horſe him for me directly.

Jack was a luſtly lubberly boy, about ten years of age, and ſtooping to unbutton Harry, according to order, our hero gave him ſuch a ſudden fiſt in the mouth, as daſhed in two of his teeth, that then happened to be moulting, and ſet him a crying and bleeding in a piteous manner. Vindex then roſe into ten-fold fury, and took our hero in hands himſelf; and notwithſtanding that he cuffed and kicked, and fought it moſt manfully, Vindex,

at length, unbottoned his breeches, and ſet him, in due form, on the back of his boarder.

The pedagogue, at firſt, gave him the three accuſtomed ſtrokes, as hard as he could draw. So much, my friend, ſays he, is for your own ſhare of the burden; and now tell me, who were your confederates and abettors in this fine plot? That I will never tell you, deliberately and reſolutely anſwered our hero. What, ſhall I be bullied and out-braved, replied the frantick ſavage, by ſuch a one as you? You little ſtubborn villain, I will flea you alive, I will carbonade you on the ſpot. So ſaying, he laid at him, as though he had been a ſheaf of wheat; while Harry, indignantly, endured the torture, and holding in his breath, that he might not give Vindex the ſatisfaction of a groan, he determined to periſh rather than betray.

In the mean time, Ned had peeped in at the key-hole, and ſpying the ſituation and plight of his loved patron, he ran to Mrs Hannah and imparted the horrid tidings. Hannah roſe, with all the wrath of Tiſiphone in her countenance, and flying to the ſchool-room, ſhe ruſhed violently againſt the door, burſt it open in a twinkling, and ſpringing forward, faſtened every nail ſhe had in the face and eyes of Vindex, and tore away and cuffed at a fearful rate. Jack, at this period, had let his rider to the ground; when Harry, catching at a ſword that

that hung againſt a wainſcot, whipt it down, and drawing it from the ſheath as quick as lightning, he ſprung at Vindex, in order to run him through the body; but, happily, not having had the patience to put up his breeches, they trammelled him in his advance, and he fell proſtrate with the ſword in his hand, which reached the leg of the pedagogue, and gave him a ſlight wound, juſt as he was endeavouring to make his way through the door. Jack had already made his eſcape, and the mauled preceptor ſcampered after, with his ears much better warmed, and his temper better cooled, than when he entered.

Harry bore his misfortune with a ſort of ſullen though ſhame-faced philoſophy. But every other member of this honourable family almoſt adored him for the bloody proof that he had given of his virtue; and vowed unpitying vengeance on the ungenerous Vindex.

During the above tranſactions, the ſtrangers whom Mr Fenton had received into his houſe had been tended with great humanity, and were now on the recovery.

Mr James, on converſing with the head of this little family, obſerved that he was an exceeding ſenſible perſon, and had provided him with a decent, though caſt ſuit of his maſter's; and had alſo, with the aſſiſtance of Mrs Hannah,

nah, put his wife and little boy into clean and ſeemly apparel.

As James's invention was on the rack to get adequate ſatisfaction on the baſe ſpirited Vindex, he went to conſult his new friend, who dropped a tear of generoſity and admiration, on hearing the ſtory of Harry's heroiſm and nobility of ſoul.

By his advice, Mr James diſpatched a meſſenger to a druggiſt at London, and to ſeveral other ſhops for ſundry apparatus; and having all things in readineſs, and Harry being now able to bear a part in the play, James ſent a ſtrange porter to Vindex, with compliments from his maſter, as though he were juſt come home, and requeſted to ſpeak with him.

Vindex accordingly comes, and knocks. The door opens, he enters, and it inſtantly ſhuts upon him. He ſtarts back with horror, as at the ſight of Meduſa. He perceives the hall all in black, without a ſingle ray, ſave what proceeded from a ſickly lamp, that made the gloom viſible. He is ſuddenly ſeized upon by two robuſt devils covered over with painted flames. They drag him to the ſchool-room—but O terror of terrors! he knows the place of his priſtine authority no more. He beholds a hell more fearful than his fancy had yet framed. The ceiling ſeemed to be vaulted with ſerpents, harpies, and hydras, that dropt livid fire. On one ſide ran Phlegton, in waves of burning

burning ſulphur. And here, the Tiſiphone, Mægara, and Alecto, of the heathens, appeared to contend for frightfulneſs with Milton's Death and Sin. Four fiends, and two little imps, at once laid their fangs upon him, and would have dragged him to the ground: but the pedagogue was a ſturdy athletic fellow, and cuffed, and ſcratched, and roared it out moſt manfully. The devil, however, proving too ſtrong for the ſinner, he was caſt proſtrate to the earth; and being left, in retroſpection, as bare as father Time, ſome ſat upon his ſhoulders to keep him down, while others, on each ſide, alternately keeping time like the threſhers of barley, gave our flogger ſuch a ſcoring, as imprinted on his memory, to his laſt ſtate of magiſtracy, a fellow feeling for the ſufferings of petty delinquents.

Being all out-breathed in turns, they reſted from their toil; and now appeared to be a ſet of the merrieſt devils that ever aſſociated. They faſtened the clothes of the diſconſolate Vindex about his neck, with his own garters; and having manacled his hands before him, they turned him looſe to the ſtreet. While he, with a wonderful preſence of mind in the midſt of his terrors, raiſed his hands, the beſt he could, to cover his face, and hurried homeward, judiciouſly recollecting, that forty-nine in fifty would have recognized the one end, who

who would not recognize the other, eſpecially in the preſent pickle.

Within a few days after this adventure, Mr Fenton returned. At the firſt ſight of one another, he and his Harry grew together for near half an hour. He then addreſſed every member of his family, one by one; and with a familiar goodneſs, enquired after their ſeveral healths and concerns. He alſo aſked after his late gueſts, and deſired to ſee them; but on Mr James's intimation, that he had ſomewhat of conſequence to impart to him, they retired to the next room.

Here, James made him a minute recital of the preceding adventures; and ſet forth, in due contraſt, the baſeneſs and barbarity of Vindex on the one part, and the unafailable worthineſs of his Harry on the other; while the praiſe of this choſen of the old gentleman's ſoul ſunk, like the balm of Gilead, upon his wounded mind, and almoſt eradicated every memorial of former grief, and planted a new ſpring of hope and joy in their room.

The table being ſpread for dinner, Mr Fenton ſent to deſire that the ſtranger and his little family ſhould join company. They came, according to order; but entered, evidently overcome with a weight of ſhame and gratitude too grievous to be borne.

Mr Fenton ſaw their oppreſſion, and felt the whole burden upon his own ſhoulders. He accordingly

accordingly was intereſted and ſolicitous in the removal, which he affected with all that addreſs of which his humanity had made him a finiſhed maſter.

Through the enfoldings of the ſtranger's modeſty, Mr Fenton diſcerned many things preceding the vulgar rank of men. Mr Clement, ſaid he, I am aſtoniſhed, beyond meaſure, that a perſon of letters, as you are, and who has ſo much of the gentleman in his perſon and manner, ſhould yet be reduced to ſuch extremity in a Chriſtian country, and among a people diſtinguiſhed for their humanity. There muſt be ſomething very ſingular and extraordinary in your caſe: and this night, if you are at leiſure, and that the recital is not diſagreeable to you, you would oblige me by your ſtory.

Sir, anſwered Mr Clement, ſince my life is yours, you have ſurely, a right to an account of your property. Whenever you think proper, I will cheerfully obey you.

Mr Fenton now roſe, and ſtepped into town, and calling upon a neighbour whom he took to the tavern, he ſent for Mr Vindex, who came upon the ſummons.

Mr Vindex, ſays he, pray take your ſeat. I am ſorry, Mr Vindex, for the treatment you have got in my houſe, and ſtill ſorrier that you got it ſo very deſervedly.

I have long thought, Mr Vindex, that the method

method of ſchool-maſters, in the inſtruction of our children, is altogether the reverſe of what it ought to be. They generally lay hold on the human conſtitution, as a pilot lays hold on the rudder of a ſhip, by the tail, by the ſingle motive of fear alone.

Now as fear has no concern with any thing but itſelf, it is the moſt confined, moſt malignant, and the baſeſt, though the ſtrongeſt of all paſſions.

The party, who is poſſeſſed with it, will liſten to nothing but the dictates of his own terror, nor ſcruple any thing that may cover him from the evil apprehended. He will prevaricate and lie; if that lie is queſtioned, he will vouch it by perjury; and if he happens to do an injury, he will be tempted to commit murder to prevent the effects of reſentment.

Fear never was a friend to the love of God or man, to duty or conſcience, truth, probity, or honour. It therefore can never make a good ſubject, a good citizen, or a good ſoldier; and leaſt of all, a good chriſtian; except the devils, who believe and tremble, are to be accounted good Chriſtians.

How very different is the leſſon which our maſter CHRIST teacheth, who commandeth us not to fear what man can do unto us; to ſmile at ſickneſs and calamity; to riſe ſuperior to pain and death; and to regard nothing, but as it leads to the goal of that im-

mortality, which his goſpel has brought to light!

There is, Mr. Vindex, but one occaſion, wherein fear may be uſeful, in ſchools or commonwealths; and that is, when it is placed as a guard againſt evil, and appears, with its inſignia of rods, ropes, and axes to alert all, who behold, from approaching thereto.

But this, Mr Vindex, is far from being the ſole occaſion on which ſchool-maſters apply the motive of fear and caſtigation. They aſſociate the ideas of pain to thoſe leſſons and virtues which the pleaſure of encouragement ought alone to inculcate: they yet more frequently, apply the laſh, for the indulgence of their own weakneſſes, and for the gratification of the virulence of their own naughty paſſions: and I have ſeen a giant of a pedagogue, raving, raging, and foaming over a group of ſhrinking infants, like a kite over a crouching parcel of young turkeys.

There are, I admit, ſome parents and preceptors, who annex other motives to that of the rod: they promiſe money, gaudy cloaths, and ſweet meats, to children; and in their manner of expatiating on the uſe and value of ſuch articles, they often excite, in their little minds, the appetites of avarice, of vanity, and ſenſuality: they alſo ſometimes add the motive of what they call emulation, but which, in fact, is rank envy, by telling one boy

boy how much happier, or richer, or finer, another is, than himſelf.

Now, though envy and emulation are often confounded, in terms; there are not two things more different, both in reſpect to their object, and in reſpect to their operation: the object of envy is the perſon, and not the excellence, of any one; but the object of emulation is excellence alone; as when CHRIST, exciting us to be emulous of the excellence of God himſelf, bids us be perfect, as our Father which is in heaven is perfect: the operation of envy is to pull others down; but the act of emulation is to exalt ourſelves to ſome eminence or height propoſed: the eyes of envy are ſore and ſickly, and hate to look at the light; but emulation has the eye of an eagle, and ſoars, while it gazes in the face of the ſun.

Were tutors half as ſolicitous, throughout their academies, to make men of worth, as to make men of letters; there are a hundred pretty artifices, very obvious to be contrived and practiſed for the purpoſe. They might inſtitute Caps of ſhame, and Wreaths of Honour in their ſchools: they might have little medals, expreſſive of particular virtues, to be fixed on the breaſt of the atchiever, till forfeited by default: and on the report of any boy's having performed a ſignal action of good nature, friendſhip, gratitude, generoſity,

or honour; a place of eminence might be appointed for him to ſit on, while all the reſt of the ſchool ſhould bow, in deference, as they paſſed. Such arts as theſe, I ſay, with that diſtinguiſhing affection and approbation which all perſons ought to ſhew to children of merit, would ſoon make a new nation of infants, and conſequently of men.

When you, Mr Vindex, iniquitouſly took upon you to chaſtiſe my moſt noble and moſt incomparable boy, you firſt whipt him for his gallant and generous avowal of the truth; and next, you barbarouſly flead him, becauſe he refuſed to betray thoſe who had confided in his integrity.

When I behold ſo many ſcoundrels walking openly throughout the land who are ſtyled your honour, and your honour; and who impudently uſurp the moſt exalted of all characters, the character of a gentleman; I no longer wonder, when I reflect that they have been principled, or rather unprincipled, by ſuch tutors as Mr Vindex.

The merry devils, Mr Vindex, who took you in hand, were not of a ſpecies ſo alienated from humanity, as you might imagine: they have therefore appointed me their vehicle of ſome ſmart-money in recompence, but deſire no further advantage from your company or inſtructions.

So ſaying, Mr Fenton put a purſe of five

and twenty guineas into the hands of the Preceptor, and withdrew without ſpeaking another word.

FRIEND. Upon my credit, this Mr Fenton—I long to know ſomething more of him—he is a ſenſible kind of a man, and has given us ſome very valuable hints upon education. But may I be ſo free with you as to drop ſome general remarks upon the whole of what I have read?

AUTHOR. Free, Sir?—by all means—as free as you pleaſe, to be ſure!—Believe me, you cannot do me a greater favour.

FR. Why, there's the plague on't now,—you begin to kindle already.——Ah, were you authors to know the thouſandth part of the liberties that are taken behind your backs, you would learn to bear, with more humility, a gentle admonition, though uttered to your faces.——Few indeed have the generoſity, or even humanity, to intimate what they themſelves think, or what the world ſpeaks of you. We are ſeldom over forward to ſay any thing that might give diſpleaſure to others, becauſe we like that others ſhould be pleaſed with ourſelves; but in your abſence, we pay ourſelves largely for our taciturnity in your preſence; and I have often been in company, where the intimates and confidents of you authors have depreciated and ridicu-

led the very ſame paſſages, which they applauded with cries and claps in your cloſets. The world, my friend, has ſubſtituted good manners in the place of good nature; whoever conforms to the former is diſpenſed with from any obſervance of the latter. Shall I add, (for the misfortune of you authors,) that there is a ſet of men, who, at once, diſpenſe with common manners and common humanity. They go under the name of critics, and muſt be men of wealth, that the deference paid to fortune may give a ſort of ſtamp and currency to the droſs of their erudition. In the ſtricteſt ſenſe, indeed, they may be called Men of Letters, their ſtudy as well as capacity being nearly confined to a juſt or orthographical diſpoſition of the alphabet. Their buſineſs is to reconnoitre the outworks of genius, as they have no key to the gates of nature or ſentiment. They ſnuff faults from afar, as crows ſcent carrion, and delight to pick, and to prey, and to dwell upon them. They enter, like waſps, upon the gardens of literature, not to reliſh any fragrance or ſelect any ſweets, but to pamper their malevolence with every thing that ſavours of rankneſs or offence. Happily for them, their ſagacity does not tend to the diſcovery of merit; in ſuch a caſe, a work of genius would give them the ſpleen for a month, or poſſibly depreſs their ſpirits beyond recovery.

So

To these high and dreaded lords justiciaries, the critics, authors deems it incumbent to submit the products of their lucubrations; not in the prospect of any advantage from their advice or animadversions; neither in the hopes of acquiring their friendship or patronage; but merely to sooth and deprecate the effects of their malignity. Accordingly, I have been present when some of these dictators have been presented with a manuscript, as with an humble petition; they have thereupon assumed the chair, as a judge assumes the bench when a criminal is called before him, not in order to trial or hearing, but to sentence and condemnation. To what scenes of mortification have I been witness on such occasions! to what a state of abatement, of abasement, of annihilation, have these entertainers of the public been depressed?—"I am sorry, Sir, to tell you, that this will "not do,—a few attempts here and there, "but that will not compensate.—Here again, "how injudicious, absurd, unpardonable!—"Lord, Sir, you should have considered that "when a man sits down to write for the pu-"blic, the least compliment they expect from "him is, that he should think—Here, my "friend, I have seen enough; I cannot af-"front my judgment so much, as either to "recommend or patronize your performance; "all I can do for you is to be silent on the "subject,

"ſubject, and permit fools to approve who "have not ſenſe to diſcern."——Thus do theſe critics paramount with the delicacy and compaſſion of the torturers of the inquiſition, ſearch out all the ſeats of ſenſibility and ſelf complacence, in order to ſting with the more quick and killing poignancy.

Now my dear friend, as you have not applied for the favour of theſe eſtabliſhed arbitrators of genius and literature, you are not to expect the leaſt mercy from them; and I am alſo free to tell you, that I know of no writer who lies more open to their attacks. You are exceſſively incorrect; your works, on the one hand, have not the leaſt appearance of the *Limæ labor*; nor, on the other, have they that eaſe which ought to attend the haſte with which they ſeem to be written. Again, you are extremely unequal and diſproportioned; one moment you ſoar where no eye can ſee, and ſtrait deſcend with rapidity to creep in the vulgar phraſe of chambermaids and children. Then you are ſo deſultory that we know not where to have you; you no ſooner intereſt us in one ſubject, than you drag us, however reluctant, to another. In ſhort, I doubt whether you laid any kind of plan before you ſet about the building; but we ſhall ſee how your fortuitous concourſe of atoms will turn out.

Aut.

AUT. Do I want nature?

FR. No.

AUT. Do I want ſpirit?

FR. Rather too much of fire, at times.

AUT. Do I want ſentiment?

FR. Not altogether.

AUT. Then Sir, I ſhall be read, and read again, in deſpight of my own defects, and of all that you and your critics can ſay or do againſt me. The truth is, that the critics are very far from being bugbears to me; they have always proved my friends, my beſt benefactors; they were the firſt who writ me into any kind of reputation; and I am more beholden to their invectives, than I am to my own genius, for any little name I may have got in the world: all I have to fear is, that they are already tired of railing, and may not deem me worth their further notice. ——But pray, my good Sir, if you deſire that I ſhould profit by your admonitions, ought you not to give me inſtances of the faults with which you reproach me?

FR. That would be time and labour altogether thrown away, as I have not the ſmalleſt hope of bringing you to confeſſion. You are a Diſputant, a Caſuiſt, by your education; you are equally ſtudied and practiſed in turning any thing into nothing, or bringing all things thereout. But do not flatter yourſelf that I have yet given you the detail of

of half your faults; you are often paradoxical, and extremely peremptory and desperate in your assertions. In this very last page you affirm that the character of a gentleman is the most reverable, the highest of all characters.

AUT. I did Sir, I do affirm it, and will make it good.

FR. I knew it, Sir, I knew it; but do not chuse, at present, to enter into the discussion. At the next pause I shall willingly hear you on this question.

CHAP. VII.

ON his return he ordered a fire and a bottle of wine into his study, and sent for Mr Clement. Mr Clement, says he, sit down. I assure you, Mr Clement, I am inclined to think very well of you. But pray let me have the narrative of your life and manners, without disguise. An ingenuous confession and sense of past errors has something in it, to me, full as amiable, or more than if a man had never strayed.

Sir, says Mr Clement, I have indeed been faulty, very faulty, in my intentions; though God

God has hitherto preſerved me from any very capital act, and has, by your hand, wonderfully brought me to this day.

Hiſtory of the MAN of LETTERS.

BArtholomew Clement, Sir, a retailer of hard-ware, on the Strand, is my father. He was low bred, and, as I believe, of narrow capacity; but proceeding in what they call the dog-trot of life, and having a ſingle eye to the making of money, he became vaſtly rich, and has now a large income from houſes and ground-rents in the city of Weſtminſter, the fruits and acquiſition of his own application.

I remember nothing of my mother, except her fondneſs for me; nor of her character, except the tears that I have ſeen my father ſhed, when occaſional circumſtances have brought her freſh to his memory. She died when I was in my ſeventh year. I was their only ſurviving child; and my father transferred all his tenderneſs for her to me.

The love of my father was not the mere partiality or prejudice of a parent; it was not an affection; he had a paſſion for me, that could be equalled by nothing but his vanity in my behalf. He reſolved, he ſaid, that there ſhould be one gentleman in the family, and with this view, he reſiſted his deſire of having me always in his ſight, and ſent me to Weſtminſter-ſchool,

ſchool, and from thence to Cambridge, where I continued till I was twenty years of age, without any thing happening that was uncommon, or deſerving of your attention.

In the mean time, my father was as prodigal of his purſe toward me, as he was of his careſſes. He had me with him every vacation. He viſited me frequently during term, and ſeemed to loſe the better half of his exiſtence when we parted.

He had infuſed into me a ſtrong tincture of his own vanity and views. I loſt even a portion of that tenderneſs and reſpect which I had felt in his regard. He was a trader, a mechanic; I ſighed for his reptile ſtate; and I looked down upon him, as Icarus did on that very father, from whom he had derived wings for ſo exalted a flight.

My application, accordingly, was equal to my ambition. I was not merely a maſter, I was a critic in the claſſical languages. I reliſhed, and commented on the beauties of the Greek and Latin authors; was a thorough connoiſſeur in the cuſtoms and manners of the ancients; and could detect the ſlighteſt tranſgreſſion of a ſculptor or deſigner, in their folding of the Roman Toga. I alſo had the honour to be intimate with all the great of antiquity; I frequently ſat in ſynod, with the whole poſſe of heathen gods, on Olympus; and I kept them, as I imagined, in a kind of dependence, by

by my perfect knowledge of all their ſecret lapſes and miſtreadings. I had traced the ſyſtem of nature, from Ariſtotle and Pythagoras down to Epicurus and Lucretius, and from them down to Des Cartes, Gaſſendi, and Hobbes; and I was ſo thorough-paced an adept in all the ſubtleties of logic, that I could confute and change ſides, without loſing an inch of ground that I had gained upon my adverſary.

I now imagined that I was arrived at the very pinnacle of human excellence, and that fortune and honour were within my graſp on either hand. I looked on the chancellorſhip, or primacy, as things that muſt come in courſe, and I was contriving ſome ſtation more adequate to the height of my merits and ambition, when I received this letter.

SON HAMMEL,

"HAVE lately enquired into thy life and "character: am ſorry to find them too "bad to give hope of amendment. Have loſt "my money, and my child. Thou haſt cut "thyſelf from my love: I have cut thee from "my fortune. To comfort myſelf, have taken "a neighbour's widow to wife. Come not "near me, I will not ſee thee. Would pray "for thee, if I did not think it in vain.

"Bartholomew Clement."

For ſome time after the receipt of this cruel

letter, I remained in a ſtate of ſtupidity. I could not believe the teſtimony of my ſenſes. I gave a kind of diſcredit to all things. But, awaking from this lethargy into inexpreſſible anguiſh, my ſoul was rent by different and contending paſſions.

Whatever contempt I might have for the ſtation of my father, I ſtill loved his perſon better than riches and honours. But he loved me no more, he was gone, he was loſt; he was already dead and buried, at leaſt to me. I caſt myſelf on the ground, I groaned, I wept aloud, I bewailed him, as though he had been a lifeleſs corpſe before me. At length, having vented the firſt ravings of my paſſion, I roſe and wrote to my father an anſwer, of which this, in my pocket-book, is the copy:

SIR,

"IF you had not wiſhed to find thoſe faults "you ſent to ſeek after, in a life that de- "fies malice, and is wholly irreproachable, "you would not have given credit to ſcoun- "drels, who cannot judge of the conduct of a "gentleman; nor have condemned your only "child, without hearing or defence.

"In cutting me from your fortune, you "only cut me from what I deſpiſe; but in cut- "ting me from your love, you have unjuſtly "robbed me of what no fortune can reſtore. I "ſee that you are irretrievably taken away "from

"from me; I shall never more behold my "long indulgent and fond father; and I shall "not cease to lament his loss with tears of fi- "lial affection. But for this new father, whose "heart could dictate so unnatural and in- "human a letter, I equally disclaim all com- "merce and concern with him. And, could "it be possible that a person of my talents and "abilities should be reduced to indigence or "distress; you, Sir, are the very last man "upon earth to whom I would apply, or "from whom I would deign to accept relief.

"But if, on the other hand, it should please "God, hereafter to visit your hard-hearted- "ness with affliction and poverty; and that I, "like the son of the black-smith, in the days "of our eighth Harry, should stand next the "throne in dignity and honours; you will "then find me desirous of making you all "sorts of submissions; you will then find the "dutifullest, the fondest, and tenderest of "children, in,

"Sir,

"Your little known and much injured,

"Hammel Clement."

Having thus vented the gusts and feelings of my heart, I began, seriously, to think of the course I ought to take; and considered London as the sphere in which a luminary would appear with the greatest lustre.

I discharged my servant, sold my two geldings, disposed of my room, my furniture, and most of my books, and having mustered somewhat upward of three hundred and fifty pounds, I lodged the 300*l.* with a Cambridge dealer, from whom I took bills on his correspondent in London; and set out, on my expedition, in the first stage.

I took cheap lodgings near Charing Cross, I was altogether unknowing and unknown in that great city; and reflecting that a hidden treasure cannot be duly estimated, I daily frequented Markham's coffee-house, amidst a promiscuous resort of sworde-men, literati, beaux and politicians.

Here, happening to distinguish myself, on a few occasions, where some articles of ancient history, or tenet of Thales, or law of Lycurgus, chanced to be in question; I began to be regarded with better advantage.

An elderly gentleman, one day, who sat attentive in a corner, got up and whispered that he would be glad of my company to take share of a pint in the next room. I gratefully obeyed the summons; and when we had drank a glass a-piece, Mr Clement, says he, you appear to have but few acquaintance, and may, possibly, want a friend. My fortune is small, but I have some influence in this town; and as I have taken an inclination to you, I should be glad to serve you. If the question is not too

free, pray, what is your preſent dependence, and proſpect for life?

Having, with a grateful warmth acknowledged his goodneſs to me, I ingenuouſly confeſſed that my circumſtances were very ſlender, and that I ſhould be glad of any place wherein I could be uſeful for myſelf and my employer. And pray, ſays my friend, what place would beſt ſuit you? I hope, Sir, anſwered I, my education has been ſuch, that, laying aſide the manual crafts, there is not any thing for which I am not qualified. I am greatly pleaſed to hear it, replied Mr Goodville, and hope ſoon to bring you news that will not be diſagreeable.

Within a few days, Mr Goodville, again entered the coffee-houſe with a happy aſpect. He beckoned me aſide. Clement, ſays he, I have the pleaſure to tell you that I have brought you the choice of two very advantageous places. Mr Giles, the banker, wants a clerk who can write a fine hand, and has made ſome proficiency in arithmetic. And my good friend Mr Tradewell, an eminent merchant, would give large encouragement to a youth who underſtands the Italian method of book-keeping; as his buſineſs is very extenſive, and requires the ſhorteſt and cleareſt manner of entry and reference.

My friend here pauſed; and I bluſhed, hung down my head, and was wholly confounded.

At length, I anſwered, heſitatingly, Perhaps, Sir, you have happened on the only two articles, in the univerſe, (mechanics, as I ſaid, apart) of which I have no knowledge. Well, well, my boy, ſays he, dont be diſcouraged, I will try what further may be done in your behalf.

Within about a fortnight after, Mr Greville ſent me a note to attend him at his lodgings, in Red-lion Square. I went, flushed with reviving hope. My child, ſaid he, as I entered, I have now brought you the offer of three different places; and ſome one of them, I truſt, muſt ſurely fit you.

Our Eaſt-India company propoſe to make a ſettlement on the coaſt of Coromandel, and are inquiſitive after ſome youths who have made a progreſs in geometry, and are more eſpecially ſtudied in the ſcience of fortification. There is alſo the colonel of a regiment, an intimate of mine, who is going on foreign ſervice, and he, in truth, applied to me, to recommend a perſon who was ſkilled in the mechanic powers, and more particularly, who had applied himſelf to gunnery and engineering. There is, laſtly, the ſecond ſon of a nobleman to whom I have the honour to be known; he is captain of a man of war, and would give any conſideration to a young man of ſenſe and letters, who is a proficient in navigation and in the uſe of the chart and compaſs, and who

at the same time, might serve as a friend and companion.

Sir, said I, quite astonished, I have been a student, as Goliath was a man of war, from my childhood. If all my tutors did not flatter me, my genius was extensive; and my progress in learning may prove that my application has been indefatigable. I know all things from the beginning of time, that the ancient or modern world, as I was told, accounted matters of valuable erudition or recognizance; and yet I have not so much as heard of the use or estimation of any of these sciences required, as you say, by persons in high trust and commission.

Mr Goodville, hereupon, looked concerned, and shook his head. My dear Clement, says he, I do not doubt your talents or learning; but I now begin to doubt whether they have been directed or applied to any useful purpose. My cousin Goodville informs me, that the bishop of St Asaph is in distress for a young gentleman, a man of morals and a linguist, who has some knowledge in the canon and civil law, as his vicar general is lately dead. He tells me further, that a gentleman, a friend of his, who is in great circumstances, and who is now about purchasing the place of surveyor general, wants a youth who has got some little smattering in architecture, and has an elegant hand at the drawing of plans and sections.

tions. I am alſo known to one of the commiſſioners of exciſe, and if you are barely initiated in gauging, or ſurveying, I think I could get you into ſome way of bread.

Alas, Sir, I replied in a deſponding tone, I am equally a ſtranger to all theſe matters.

Perhaps, ſaid Mr Goodville, I could get you into holy orders, if you are that way inclined. Are you well read in theology?

Yes, yes, Sir, I briſkly anſwered; I am perfectly acquainted with the gods and manners of worſhip, through all nations ſince the deluge.

But are you, replied my friend, equally verſed in the Chriſtian diſpenſation? Have you ſtudied our learned commentators on the creeds? are you read in Polemic divinity? and are you a maſter of the ſenſe and emblematical reference that the Old Teſtament bears to the New?

Sir, ſaid I, I have often dipped, with pleaſure, into the Bible, as there are many paſſages in it extremely affecting; and others full of fine imagery and the true ſublime.

My poor dear child, (mournfully anſwered Mr Goodville,) by all I can find, you know not one thing of uſe to yourſelf, or any other perſon living, either with reſpect to this world or the world to come. Could you make a pin, or a waiſtcoat button, or form a pill-box, or weave a cabbage net, or ſhape a cobler's

or hew a block for a barber, or do any of thoſe things by which millions daily maintain themſelves, in ſupplying the wants and occaſions, or faſhions and vanities of others; you might not be under the neceſſity of periſhing.

The ways of life, for which your ſtudies have beſt prepared you, are phyſic and the law. But then they require great expence, and an intenſe application of many years to come, before you can propoſe to enter on a livelihood, by either of thoſe profeſſions. And, after all, your ſucceſs would be very precarious, if you were not ſupported by many friends and a ſtrong intereſt, at leaſt on your ſetting out.

I have already told you, Clement, that I am not rich; and if I were, it is not he who gives you money, but he who puts you into a way of getting it, that does you a friendſhip.

I am adviſed to go to Montpellier for the eſtabliſhment of my health, after a tedious fit of ſickneſs that I had at Bath. I ſhall ſet out, in about a month. But, before I go, my child, I earneſtly wish, and adviſe you, to fix on ſome craft, or trade, or manner of employing your time, that will enable you to earn a certain ſubſiſtence, and, at the ſame time, make you a worthy member of the community. For, believe me, my boy, that it is not ſpeculative ſcience; no, nor all the money and jewels upon earth, that make any part of the real wealth of this world. It is induſtry alone, employed

ployed on articles that are uſeful and beneficial to ſociety, that conſtitutes the true riches of all mankind.

As ſoon as you have made your election, let me ſee you again. And, in all events, let me ſee you before I ſet out.

Hereupon I bowed and retired, the moſt mortified and dejected of all beings. I was ſo low and diſpirited, that I could ſcarce get to my lodgings. I threw myſelf on the bed. The gilding of the vapours of grandeur and ambition, that like the ſky of a ſummer's evening had delighted my proſpects, now wholly diſappeared, and a night of ſucceeding darkneſs fell heavy on my ſoul.

One third of my principal fund was almoſt ſunk; and my imagination conſidered the remainder as already vaniſhed, without the poſſibility of ſupply or reſource. I now ſecretly curſed the vanity of my father: he muſt breed me a gentleman, thought I, as though I had been born to no manner of end. Had I been the ſon of a cobler, of a porter, an oſtler, of the loweſt wretch who wins his bread by the ſweat of his brow; I ſhould not yet have been reduced to the worſt ſpecies of beggary, that of begging with ſound limbs and a reaſonable ſoul, the leaſt pitied, though moſt pitiable object of the creation; for, ſurely, that is the caſe of a poor ſcholar and a poor gentleman.

For ſome following days, I went about pro-

ing and enquiring into the various and numberleſs occupations that maintained ſo many thouſands of active hands and buſy faces, throughout that wonderful city.

One evening, as I returned late, and fatigued, through Cheapſide, I obſerved a man very importunate with a woman who walked before me. Sometimes ſhe would hurry on, and again make a full ſtop, and earneſtly beſeech him to go about his buſineſs; but in ſpite of her intreaties, he ſtill ſtuck cloſe to her, till, coming to the end of a blind alley, he ſuddenly ſeized her by the arm, and pulled her in after him.

She ſhrieked out for help, with repeated vociferation; when recollecting all my force, and drawing my ſword, Villain, I cried out, quit the woman inſtantly, or you are a dead man. He perceived the glittering of the weapon, and retired a few paces; but, taking out a pocket piſtol, he diſcharged it full at me, and ran off with precipitation.

The ball entered my clothes and fleſh, and lodged on the rotula of my left arm. I felt a ſhort pang, but not attending to it, I took the woman under the arm, and returning with her to the ſtreet, I told her we had no time to loſe, and deſired to know where ſhe lived. She anſwered, at the ſign of the Fan and Ruffle, in Fleet Street, where ſhe kept a milliner's ſhop. We had not far to go; we made the beſt of our

our ſpeed, and were let in by a ſervant maid, who ſhewed us to a back parlour.

Jenny, ſaid Mrs Graves, (that was her name) bring a glaſs and a bottle of the cordial-wine. You look a little pale, Sir; I hope you are not hurt. Not much, I think, madam, but I feel a ſmall pain in my left ſhoulder. Sir, here is my beſt ſervice to you, with my beſt bleſſings and prayers for you to the laſt hour of my life. You muſt drink it off, Sir, we both ſtand in need of it; this was a frightful affair. Jenny, where's Arabella? Within a few doors, madam, at the miſs Hodgins's. Come, Sir, ſaid Mrs Graves, I muſt look at your ſhoulder; then, opening the top of my waiſtcoat, ſhe inſtantly ſcreamed out, God preſerve my deliverer! I fear he is wounded dangerouſly. Jenny, fly to Mr Weldon's, bring him with you immediately, do not come without him. Deareſt, worthieſt of men, let me preſs another glaſs upon you. It is neceſſary in ſuch a waſte of blood and ſpirits. Madam, I replied, the wound cannot be of conſequence; but I was greatly fatigued at the time I had the happineſs to reſcue you from that ruffian.

The ſurgeon ſoon came, and looking at my wound, ſaid ſomething apart to Mrs Graves, who, thereupon, ordered Jenny to get a fire, and to make and warm the bed in the beſt chamber.

Sir,

Sir, said I to Mr Weldon, do not alarm the gentlewoman. I am not of a fearful temper, and hope to bear my fortune like a man. Sir, said he, your wound has been made by a rifled ball, and it may cost you much pain to extract it. You must not think of stirring from hence, for the present. By the time your bed is ready, I will be back with the dressings.

During the surgeon's absence, Mrs Graves was all in tears; while I sat suspended between my natural fears of an approaching dissolution, and my hopes of being suddenly and lastingly provided for. The cruelty of my father, the disappointment and overthrow of all my elevated expectations, and my utter incapacity of being of the smallest use to myself or mankind, had given me a kind of loathing to life. I had not, indeed, attended to my duty as a Christian; but I was then innocent of any actual or intentional evil; and as my conscience did not condemn me, I looked to mercy with a kind of humble resignation.

Mr Weldon came with the dressings, his eldest apprentice, and a man servant. I was then conducted to my chamber, and helped to bed, where I was put to great anguish in the extraction of the ball; as the periosteum had been lacerated, and the lead, being flattened,

extended much beyond the wound it had made.

Having paſſed a very painful and reſtleſs night, I remembered nothing further, till at the expiration of one and twenty days, I ſeemed to awaken out of a long and uneaſy dream.

I turned my head and beheld, as I imagined, all arrayed, in ſhining white, and at my bedſide, an inhabitant of ſome ſuperior region; for never till then had I ſeen, nor even conceived an idea of any form ſo lovely.

Tell me, ſaid I, fair creature, on what world am I thrown? But inſtead of replying, it flew out of my apartment, and ſoon after returned, accompanied by Mrs Graves, whoſe hands and eyes were elevated, as in ſome extraordinary emotion.

Mrs Graves, ſaid I, how do you do? I hope you are well. I now begin to conjecture whereabouts I am. But neither did ſhe anſwer; but falling on her knees by my bed, and taking hold of my hand, I thank, I thank thee, O my God, ſhe cried; and burſting into tears, ſhe wept and ſobbed like an infant. Ah, Mrs Graves, ſaid I, I fear that you have had a very troubleſome gueſt of me. But then, ſays ſhe, we remember that trouble no more, now that you are, once again, born alive to the world.

During the few ſucceeding days, in which I kept

I kept my bed, Mrs Graves and her fair niece Arabella, whom I had taken for a vision, conſtantly breakfaſted and ſpent their evening in my apartment.

I gave them a ſhort narrative of my foregoing hiſtory; and underſtood, on their part, that they were the ſiſter and daughter of the late reverend Mr Graves of Putney, who had little more to bequeath than his books and furniture, amounting to about five hundred pounds, which they held in joint ſtock, and had, hitherto, rather increaſed than diminiſhed.

As I ſcarce remembered my mother, and had now, as it were, no father, relation, nor friend upon earth, I felt a vacuity in my ſoul, ſomewhat like that of an empty ſtomach, deſirous of ſeizing on the firſt food that ſhould preſent itſelf to my cravings. Delightful ſenſibilities! ſweet hungerings of nature after its kind! This good woman and her niece became all the world to me. The one had conceived, for me, all the paſſion of a parent; the other, that of the fondeſt and tendereſt of ſiſters. On the other hand, I had, for Mrs Graves, all the feelings of a child who conceives himſelf a part of the exiſtence of her who bore him; and my eyes and actions could not forbear to diſcover to Arabella, that my heart was that of the moſt affectionate of brothers, though too delicate to indulge it-

felf in thofe familiar endearments which the nearneſs of kindred might venture to claim.

When I was up and about the houſe, I requeſted Mrs Graves to make out her bill for my board, and for phyſician, ſurgeon, drugs, &c. during my long illneſs. Hereupon ſhe looked eagerly and tenderly at me. Mr Clement, ſays ſhe, I think you are too generous, deſignedly to reproach us with what we owe you. But, for what is it, my child, that you deſire us to charge you? Is it for reſcuing me from death, or a ſhame worſe than death? probably, from both? Or, is it for delivering this my darling from the bitter grief and diſtreſs that my loſs muſt have brought upon her? Or, do you, rather, deſire to pay us for the fearful pains and ſickneſs which you ſuffered on our account, and for having nearly forfeited your life in our defence? No, Mr Clement, you muſt not think of paying us the very debts that we owe you; more indeed, Mr Clement, than all our little fortune, and the product of the induſtry of our lives can ever repay.

Here I was ſilenced, for the preſent, but in no degree convinced; and I felt, in a word, the diſguſt of an injured perſon, uneaſy and ſtudious, till ſome revenge might be had.

In two days after, while Mrs Graves was at market, and Arabella gone, with a Bruſſels head and ruffles, to a young lady of diſtinction;

tion; I ſtepped into the ſhop, where Jenny waited the commands of thoſe that ſhould call. I had ſcarce entered, when a ſheriff's officer appeared at the door, and bolting in, laid an execution on the ſhop, for eighty-five pounds odd ſhillings, at the ſuit of Mr Hardgrave, the cambric and lace-merchant.

I was, at firſt, ſurprized and grieved, but pleaſure quickly ſucceeded to my concern on the occaſion. I took out my pocket-book, immediately diſcharged the debt, with coſts, and gave a crown to Jenny, on her ſolemn aſſurance that ſhe would not betray a ſyllable of what had happened to her miſtreſs or Arabella.

Soon after, this good gentlewoman and her niece returned, dinner was ordered up, and I ſat down to table with a heart and countenance more eaſy and chearful than ordinary.

Before the cloth was removed, Jenny came and delivered a note to her miſtreſs. She read it over and over with apparent ſurprize and attention, aſked if the meſſenger was waiting, and ſtepped to the door. Again ſhe returned, ſat down without ſpeaking a word, and the muſcles of her countenance being ſtrongly affected, ſhe could no longer retain her paſſion, and her tears burſt forth.

What is the matter, cried Arabella, my aunt, my dear dear mother, my only friend

and parent? and breaking alſo into tears, ſhe threw herſelf about her neck.

O, there is no bearing of this! exclaimed Mrs Graves. This young man, my Arabella, diſtreſſes us beyond expreſſion. He has, this very day, my love, for the ſecond time, ſnatched us from inſtant ruin. I would tell you, if I could ſpeak: but read that note. Which ſhe did accordingly.

The note was ſigned Freeſtone Hardgrave, and imported, how ſorry he was, that his late loſſes, by ſea, had put him under the neceſſity of laying an execution on her houſe without cuſtomary notice.

That he was glad, however, ſhe had ſo large a ſum ready as *L.*90, the receipt of which he acknowledged; and hoped that this affair would make no difference with reſpect to their future dealings.

And why, beſt and deareſt of women, ſaid I to Mrs Graves, why would you grieve that I ſhould endeavour to relieve myſelf from a part of that burden, with which your goodneſs and obligations have ſo greatly oppreſſed me? O, that it were, that it were in my power, I cried! and my hands preſſed each other with an involuntary ardour; but it never will, it never can be poſſible, for me, to prove the paſſion that my ſoul has for you, and—there I heſitated—to ſhew you, I ſay, the love that I have for you, Mrs Graves.

You

You two make my world, and all that I am concerned for or desire therein.

Since that is the case, said Mrs Graves, with a smile and a tear that glistened together, if you will admit an equal passion, from one so old as I am, it were pity we should ever part. Send, my child, this very day, and discharge your former lodgings. The time that we spend together cannot but be happy. All cares are lessened by the society of those we love; and our satisfactions will be doubled by feeling for each other.

I did not, at that time, know the whole reason of the delight with which I accepted this generous invitation. I settled at Mrs Graves's without any formal agreement; and all my little matters were directly brought home.

O, how happy were many succeeding days! how still more happy when contrasted with the misery that ensued! We spent all the time together, that business and attention to the shop would permit; and we grudged every moment that was spent asunder. I related to them a thousand entertaining stories, and passages occasionally recollected from the poets and historians of antiquity; and a secret emotion, and inward ardour for pleasing, gave me, fluently, to intersperse sentimental observations and pertinent digressions, more delightful

lightful to my auditory than all my quoted authorities.

I was, now, daily gathering health and ſtrength, to which the complacence of my mind greatly contributed; when, one evening, Mrs Graves returned, more dejected than ordinary. I enquired into the cauſe, with a ſolicitude and countenance that naturally expreſſed the intereſt I took in her concerns. Why, my dear child, ſays ſhe, perhaps I have been both impertinent and indiſcreet, but I meant all for the beſt. You muſt know then, that I have been on a viſit to your father. To my father, madam? Even ſo. I would to Heaven, that he were worthy to be called father to ſuch a ſon. But, as I was ſaying:

Your father, Mr Clement, is in great circumſtances; he keeps his coach, has taken a fine new houſe, and lives at a high rate. I ſent in my name, with notice that I came to him on buſineſs of conſequence. I was, thereupon, ſhewn to a back parlour, where he ſat, in company with Mrs Clement, and a luſty ill-looking young gentleman; but your ſtepmother has a comely and good-humoured countenance; ſhe alſo appears to be far advanced in her pregnancy. Mrs Graves, ſaid your father, take a ſeat. What are your commands with me, madam? I came, ſir, to let you know that your ſon Mr Hammel Clement, the beſt of human beings, has been at the

point

point of death. Have you nothing to ſay to me, madam, but what concerns my ſon Hammel? I have not, I confeſs, ſir, but that is more than enough; it is very intereſting and affecting, and concerns you moſt nearly. Here Mr Clement, for I will never more call him by the ſacred name of father, here, I ſay, he ſtarted up, and catching at a book, he preſſed it to his lips and cried, I ſwear by the virtue of this and all other holy books, that I will never liſten to any perſon who would ſpeak a ſingle word in behalf of Hammel Clement; and ſo, Mrs, give me leave to ſhew you the way out again. So ſaying, he caught my hand and drew me to the door, while I turned, and cried to your ſtepmother, O madam, what ſort of a heart is yours, that refuſes its interceſſion on this occaſion? But ſhe gave me an eye and ſneer, of ſuch a miſchievous meaning, as expreſſed the whole fiend under the guiſe of an angel. When Mr Clement had taken me to the outward door, I juſt turned, and ſaid, I am ſorry, ſir, that a man of your grave and ſenſible appearance, ſhould ſuffer yourſelf to be ſo duped by people whoſe intereſt it is to deceive you. But ſwelling into choler, he gave me a violent puſh from him, and clapped to the door in my face. So that, in ſhort, my dear child, I fear I have done you harm, where I meant you true ſervice.

It matters not, my mother, ſaid I, (endeavouring

ing to ſuppreſs a tear of tender reſentment) I will ſoon, I truſt, procure ſome kind of independence on that Barbarian and his fortune; and while I have you and your Arabella, I ſhall want neither father nor friend.

Being now very nearly re-eſtabliſhed in my health, I ſet out again, in ſearch after ſome employment that might ſuit me. As I was ſtrolling on Tower-Hill, I obſerved a ſhop on my left hand; it was that of Mr Wellcot, a bookſeller and printer. I ſtepped in, and after ſome introductory diſcourſe, I aſked him if he had occaſion, in the way of his buſineſs, for a friend of mine; a gentleman in diſtreſs, but of parts and learning. Alas, ſir, cried Wellcot, ſuch creatures as you mention are a drug upon earth, there is a glut of them in all markets. I would give any one a broad piece per man who ſhould deliver me from three or four of them, who lie heavy on my hands. Not, ſir, that they are greedy, or idle, in the leaſt. I can get one of theſe gentlemen, as you are pleaſed to call them, on whoſe education more money has been expended, than at the common and legal intereſt, would maintain a decent family to the end of the world; I can get one of them, I ſay, to labour like an hackney horſe, from morning to night, at leſs wages than I could hire a raſcally porter, or ſhoe-boy, for three hours. I employ them, occaſionally, in correcting the preſs, or folding, or ſtitching the

the ſheets, or running of errands. But then, ſir, they have, all of them, aſpects of ſuch a bilious deſpondence, that a man may, with leſs melancholy, behold a death's head. And really, ſir, I could not ſtand it, if cuſtom, as I may ſay, did not harden me by the perpetual viſion of theſe ſpectres.

While Wellcot was ſpeaking, I made a ſecret vow againſt having any kind of commerce or concern with bookſellers or printers, for, at leaſt, a century to come. But fearing to be ſuſpected as a party concerned, I affected an air as eaſy as poſſible, and obſerving ſome females who were buſy in ſtitching pamphlets, I aſked him if they contained any thing new or entertaining.

Sir, ſaid Wellcot, this is an elaborate performance of the moſt eminent of our patriot writers; I pay him, at the loweſt, five guineas weekly. And could any man write, with double his ſpirit and genius, I could better afford to give that author a hundred. For good writings are like diamonds, that are valued according to their carats; do but double their weight, and they immediately become of twenty times the eſtimation.

This pamphlet conſiſted of a ſheet, ſewed in blue paper. I inſtantly paid my twopence, and ſat down to peruſe it. I found that it contained ſeveral very free remonſtrances againſt his majeſty, and the miniſters, for joining with

France

France in the war againſt Holland, in oppoſition to the civil and religious intereſts of England: together with a few collateral digreſſions, in aſſertion of Magna Charta, of the freedom of man in general, and of Britons in particular. I perceived that it was written with much more judgment than genius. And what, ſaid I to Wellcot, will you give to that man who ſhall, confeſſedly, excel this your moſt eminent of patriot writers, upon his own ſubject, and in his own way? Give, Sir! cried the bookſeller, many thanks, and a proportionable increaſe of profits. Enough, ſir, I anſwered, you ſhall ſoon hear from me again; I wiſh you a good morrow.

On my return, I called at Mr Goodville's, but he had ſailed for France about a fortnight before. I then went about to a number of pamphlet ſhops, and bought up all the political papers that had any reference to the matter in hand.

I ſat down to my work like a hungry man to his victuals; and I grudged my heart thoſe ſhort indulgencies, which it enjoyed in the ſociety of the two objects of its fondeſt affections.

Having finiſhed my firſt paper in about a fortnight, I entitled it the WEEKLY MONITOR, and took it directly to Wellcot's. Here, ſir, ſaid I, is my friend's firſt venture. But has your friend, demanded Wellcot in a diſcouraging

ging accent, ſent the uſual indemnity for the firſt impreſſion of a young author? That ſhall not be wanting, I anſwered, if you require it, Mr Wellcot. Why, ſaid he, I do not take upon me to be a judge in theſe matters; and yet cuſtom has given me a ſhrewd ſort of a gueſs. Come, ſir, I have a few minutes to throw away, and they are at your ſervice.

He then ſat down, and having read about a dozen lines, Ay, ay! ſays he, they don't always do thus at Newmarket; your friend, I find, has ſet out at the top of his ſpeed. Going on, ſomething further, he cried, Well ſupported, by Jupiter! and then, proceeding to the third page, This, ſays he, muſt have been ſtolen from one of the ancients, becauſe there is no modern who could write like it. Well, ſir, you need not give yourſelf further trouble for the preſent: I will print this firſt paper at my own ſuit. Deſire your friend to be careful about the ſecond. Call on me, in a week, and I think I ſhall be able to tell you ſomething that will pleaſe you.

How diligent is expectation, how elevated is hope! I returned with the feathers of Mercury at my heels. I ſet about my ſecond paper, with double genius and application. My ideas were more expanded, my ſpirits more ſublimed. All the perſuaſives of Cicero; all the thunder of Demoſthenes; all that I had read, on the topic of liberty, in popular go-

vernments, or commonwealths, occurred to my remembrance.

I finiſhed my ſecond eſſay, within the week. I went with it to Wellcot, and he preſented me, at ſight, with twenty guineas. It is more, ſaid he, than hitherto comes to your ſhare; but, I love to encourage, and I truſt that, in the run, I ſhall not be a loſer. I ſell this pamphlet for two pence. Nearly two fourths thereof go to printing, paper, &c. another fourth I reſerve, as an equivalent for my application and knowledge in this way; and the remainder is a redundance, which, on extraordinary tides, ought to flow to the writer. The demand, for this paper, has been very uncommon; and by what I can judge, the ſale may, in time, amount to twelve thouſand. You need not, ſir, be aſhamed to acknowledge yourſelf the author. Preſerve but a moiety of the ſpirit of this Elijah, with which you have ſet out, and my own intereſts will inſtruct me to ſerve you effectually.

I now returned, as in a triumphal chariot. I never before received the prize, as I may ſay, of perſonal proweſs. The fortune of my father, the fortune of all men living, who were merely born to fortune, diminiſhed beneath me. O, how ſweet, ſaid I, to myſelf, how delicious are the fruits of a man's own plantation! Then, like the ſagacious and independent ſpider, his labours will be crowned with perſonal

nal honour and ſucceſs, while he ſpins his ſubſiſtence from his proper bowels. It is then, and then only, that a man may be ſaid to be the true proprietor of what he poſſeſſes; and the value is endeared, and the enjoyment doubled thereby.

I haſtened to impart my tranſports to the two loved objects of all my cares and ſatisfactions. Jenny told me that her miſtreſs was not at home, but that Miſs Arabella was above in her cloſet. I ran up, I tapped at the door, but no one anſwered. Again I tapped, and added the ſoft voice of affection, requeſting to be admitted. At length ſhe opened, but looked pale, and with ſwollen and downcaſt eyes. I perceived ſhe had been in tears, and a ſudden froſt fell upon all my delights. What is the matter, Miſs, I cried, my ſiſter, my ſweet friend, my deareſt Arabella? and I gently took her hand between both of mine. I wiſh you had not come, at this time, Mr Clement, ſaid ſhe, coolly. But you muſt permit me to keep my little griefs to myſelf. Yes, I replied, if it is your pleaſure to torture, to kill me outright, refuſe me my portion in your intereſts and concerns. O, Mr Clement, ſays ſhe, your ſoul is too generous, I dare not tell you. I feel what you would ſuffer, ſhould you know that you are concerned in the cauſe of my tears. But we muſt part, ſir, indeed, we muſt; we muſt part, Mr Clement, and that ſuddenly.

Here, her voice failed, and throwing herſelf into a chair, ſhe burſt out afreſh into a guſh of affliction—while I ſtood aſtoniſhed; and dropping beſide her on one knee, awaited, with unſpeakable anguiſh, the ſuſpenſion of her grief.

At length perceiving my ſituation, Riſe, ſir, ſhe cried, I entreat you to riſe and take a chair beſide me; and I will tell you as faſt as I can, of this diſtreſsful buſineſs.

You muſt know that I was, a while ago, at the Miſs Hodginſes. They are very friendly, and good young women, and told me, in confidence, though with much concern, of a whiſper in the neighbourhood, that my aunt had entertained a young gentleman, in the houſe, who was admitted to ſuch familiar and convenient intimacies, as could not, at all times, be without their conſequence, eſpecially between perſons of our age and ſex.

Now, Mr Clement, I am no way aſhamed to confeſs that I have nothing in heaven but my innocence, nor on earth but my character; and I think you wiſh me better, than to deſire that I ſhould forfeit the one, or the other. Deſire it! O heavens! I ſuddenly exclaimed, I will for ever guard them both, to the laſt drop of my blood, and laſt breath of my life. Alas, cried Arabella, you are the man, of all others, whom the world would not admit for my champion, in this caſe; they are abſolute judges;

judges; they ought to be obeyed; our parting will be painful, but it muſt be complied with.

But, my ſiſter, my Arabella, moſt lovely and moſt beloved of all the human ſpecies! tell me, ſays I, my angel, is there no other way, no expedient to ſatisfy a miſdeeming world, ſave a remedy that is worſe than death itſelf? No, ſaid ſhe, with an air ſomewhat reſolute and exalted, there is no other expedient; at leaſt, no other, to which I can conſent. O, Miſs Graves, anſwered I, with a haſty dejection, if that is the caſe, you ſhall be obeyed; I am, indeed, very unhappy, but I will not be importunate. Adieu, deareſt of creatures, adieu, for ever! I ſpoke, and ſuddenly withdrew, and gave her, as I imagined, the laſt farewel look.

Hold, Sir, ſhe cried, pray ſtay a moment. I ſhould be wretched, beyond expreſſion, if you went away in the greateſt of all errors. But, is it poſſible you ſhould think that I could mean any ſlight to you, Mr Clement? No, Sir, no, of all men living, indeed, it was not poſſible. I ſpoke through an humble ſenſe of my own demerits; my determination was juſt; I do not repent me of it. I—I—perhaps, Sir, I have not underſtood you—Indeed! ſcarce know what I ſay or mean, myſelf.—Of this however be aſſured; that I can neither do, nor ever did, nor ever can, mean any offence to Mr Clement.

While ſhe ſpoke I had kneeled before her. I took her hand and preſſed it to my lips and my boſom. My Arabella, ſaid I, I confeſs that this was no premeditated motion of mine. Nay, this very morning, the world ſhould not have prevailed with me to have accepted this hand, for which I now kneel. I was, then, poor and wretched, without reſource; and I could not think of bringing diſtreſs upon her, independent of whoſe happineſs I could have no enjoyment. I was ſenſible that I loved you, with infinite tenderneſs, with unſpeakable ardour; but my paſſion did not dare to admit of deſire. I could have ſuffered all things to have heaped bleſſings upon you; but I would not permit to my ſoul the diſtant, though dear wiſh, of being happy with you.—Ah, what poſture is this! exclaimed Arabella. Nay you ſhall not ſtir, I cried, nor will I riſe till you have heard me a few words. Since morning, I ſay, I have got room to hope, that my Arabella would not be ſo unhappy as I feared, in being united to me. I will not urge her, however. I leave her free, I leave her miſtreſs of her own will and actions. But here I vow to Heaven, that whether ſhe live or die, conſent or not conſent, I will never marry another. I am, from this moment, her wedded for eternity, the faithful and fond huſband of her image and remembrance!

So ſaying, I roſe and ſeated myſelf beſide her.

her. She looked aſtoniſhed, and affected beyond the power of utterance. But, covering her face with a handkerchief, ſhe gently leaned toward me, and ſhed a plenteous ſhower of tears upon my boſom.

When Mrs Graves returned, I told her of my extraordinary ſucceſs at the bookſellers. I had, before, made her the treaſurer of my little poſſeſſions, and I poured my twenty pieces into her lap.

Arabella, as I conjectured, did not delay to impart, to her aunt, the late adventure; for I obſerved that the eyes of that good woman dwelt upon me with a freſh acceſſion of fondneſs and delight.

Having finiſhed my third paper, I took it to Wellcot, who preſented me with twenty guineas, and, further, acknowledged himſelf my debtor. Returning homeward, I caſt up, in a pleaſing kind of mental arithmetic, how much my weekly twenty guineas would amount to at the year's end, and found it much beyond my occaſions, even in the ſtate of matrimony.

I now looked upon myſelf, as in the certain receipt of a plentiful income; and this encouraged me to preſs for the completion of my happineſs. Decency, alone, could give difficulty or delay, in an affair that was, equally, the wiſh of all parties. We were privately married, in the preſence of the Miſs Hodginſes and two or three other neighbours; and I was put

into

into poſſeſſion of the bluſhingeſt, fearfulleſt, and fondeſt of all brides.

Job very juſtly ſays, "Shall we receive good at the hands of God, and not receive evil?" And yet, I imagine, that the recollection of paſt happineſs, rather heightens than alleviates the ſenſe of preſent diſtreſs. My ſoul, in thoſe days, enjoyed a tide of delight, to the fulneſs of its wiſhes, and to the ſtretch of its capacity. I thought that, till then, no perſon had ever loved as I loved. But the love of my Arabella was a kind of paſſion, that wanted a new name whereby to expreſs it. It was an abſence, a ſort of death to all other objects. It was a pleaſure to paining, a diſtreſsful attention, the avarice of a miſer who watches over his hoard, and joins to the rapture, with which he beholds it, the terrifying ideas of robbery and loſs.

I had now, within the ſpace of five weeks, received about one hundred and twenty guineas, on the ſale of my Monitor: when, going abroad, one evening, I was ſtopped, within a few doors of my houſe, by a genteel looking perſon who aſked if my name was Clement? It is, Sir, I anſwered. Then Sir, ſays he, I arreſt you, in his majeſty's name, for ſedition and a libel againſt the government. Then, beckoning to three or four ſerjeants that attended, he had me directly ſeized and conveyed toward Newgate

As

As I was not of a timorous temper, nor conſcious of the ſmalleſt tincture of the crimes with which I was charged, I ſhould have made little more than a jeſt of this buſineſs; had I not trembled for the apprehenſions of thoſe who I knew would tremble for me.

On the way, this officer informed me, that my bookſeller had betrayed me, and had confeſſed, to the miniſters, that I was the author of a famous pamphlet, intitled the WEEKLY MONITOR. Being delivered to the keeper, I put a few pieces into his hand, and was conducted to a decent apartment, conſidering the place.

I immediately ſent for Humphrey Cypher, Eſq; ſerjeant at law, whom I had once occaſionally feed in behalf of Mrs Graves; and I ſent, at the ſame time, for a ſet of the WEEKLY MONITOR. When Mr Cypher came, I put five pieces into his hand, and having told him my caſe, I requeſted him to peruſe the papers in queſtion, and to give me his opinion thereon.

Having read them, with due attention; Mr Clement, ſays he, I perceive that you are a learned and ingenious young gentleman; but I find that you are better acquainted with the republics of Greece, than with the nature and conſtitution of our limited monarchy. Hence, alone, hath proceeded ſome lapſes, and miſapplications, that your adverſaries

faries would lay hold of. Yet, there is nothing grofsly ſcurrilous or malicious, throughout; nor what may amount to the incurring of a præmunire, by the moſt violent conſtraint or wreſting of the ſenſe. If you are inclined, ſays he, to proceed in the courſe of theſe papers, I would adviſe you to put in bail, and to ſtand the action. But, as I am perſuaded that the court have commenced this proſecution, as a matter merely *in terrorem*, to deter you from a work that gives them great diſguſt, if you have any genteel friend, who would ſolicit in your favour, and promiſe a future conduct more amenable to power, you would undoubtedly be diſcharged, without further coſt or trouble.

I returned my warm acknowledgments to the ſerjeant for his friendly counſel, and told him I would conſider of it, before I gave him further trouble. When he was gone, I diſpatched a letter to Mrs Graves, wherein I gave her an account of my preſent ſituation, in a manner as little alarming as poſſible. I requeſted her to provide bail for my appearance at bar; but inſiſted that, till this was done, neither ſhe nor Arabella ſhould come to my priſon; and that I had given expreſs orders that they ſhould not be admitted.

Alas! had they complied with my directions, how happy might we have been, all together, at this day. But the exceſs of their goodneſs

goodneſs was the cauſe of our common ruin. Their affection would not be ſatisfied with ſimple bail; and they reſolved never to reſt, till they had procured my full diſcharge.

They went about to all their cuſtomers of any diſtinction. They ſolicited, petitioned, and bribed without meaſure. They borrowed money to the utmoſt extent of their credit; and pawned, or ſold all their effects under prime coſt. They gave a purſe to one, to bring them acquainted with another; on whom they beſtowed a larger ſum, to introduce them to a third. Having, at length, made their way to lord Stivers, an agent of the miniſter, he thought he ſaw an advantage in granting their requeſt, and my diſcharge was made out, without further delay.

On the fifth evening from my impriſonment, the door of my chamber opened, and in came my dear aunt with my dearer Arabella. They flew upon me; they claſped me, on each ſide, in their arms; and my wife, inſtantly, ſwooned away upon my boſom. She ſoon revived, however, at the known voice of love; and as every door for my enlargement had been previouſly opened, we went down, ſtepped into the coach, and drove home directly.

Here, I ſaw the firſt ſubject and cauſe of alarm—the ſhop was ſhut up! I was ſhocked, and felt a ſudden chillneſs come upon me; but did

did not venture to enquire, except by my eyes.

The kettle being down, and all feated to tea, I introduced the affair, with an affected unconcern; and by queſtion after queſtion, artfully extracted, from my companions, the whole hiſtory and adventures of the five preceding days; whereby I found, that they had expended in my behalf beyond the laſt penny of their own ſubſtance; and that nothing remained, ſave one hundred and fifty pounds, to which the ſeveral depoſits amounted, which I had made with Mrs Graves.

I could now no longer contain myſelf. Cruel woman, inhuman friends! I cried: the bitterneſs of enmity, the rancour of malice, could never have brought an evil, like this upon me. Accurſed wretch that I am, ordained to be the inſtrument of perdition to thoſe whom I would feed with my blood and foſter with my vitals! Would to heaven I had not been born! or, would I had been cut off by ſome quick and horrid judgment ere this had happened!

Here Mrs Graves drew her chair cloſe to mine, and catching me about the neck, and dropping upon me a few tears, that ſhe ſtruggled to ſuppreſs: Do not grieve, my child, ſhe cried, do not afflict yourſelf for nothing. All is as it ſhould be. There is no harm done. Your Arabella, and I can always earn genteel and

and independent bread, without ſhop or other means than the work of our hands. We can never want, my Hammy. We have done nothing for you. Neither has any thing happened wherewith you ought to reproach yourſelf. What we did was for ourſelves, for the relief of the anguiſh of our own hearts; to bring you home to us again as ſoon as poſſible, my ſon, ſince we have found that we could live no longer without you.

Within a few days, I perceived that my dear aunt began to decline in her health, perhaps occaſioned by her late fatigue and anxiety of ſpirits. I brought an able phyſician to her, but he could form no judgment of the nature of her diſorder, till, ſome time after, when her complexion began to change, and the doctor declared her to be in the jaundice. He began to apply to the cuſtomary medicines, and no care nor expence was ſpared for her recovery. Arabella and I ſat up with her, alternately, every night; and, all the day, we read to her ſome book of amuſement, in order to diſſipate the melancholy of her diſeaſe. But, alas! all our cares and remedies, our attention and ſolicitude, our prayers and our tears, proved equally unſucceſsful; and at the end of five months, ſhe expired within our arms.

Arabella then quitted her hold, and croſſing her arms upon her boſom, and looking eagerly on the face, once ſo lovely, and always be-

loved; You are then at peace, ſaid ſhe, my mother. O death, hadſt thou not enough of terrors, in thy aſpect, without adding to thy agonies thoſe of tearing from us that which we prized above life. O my friend! my only parent! my deareſt deareſt mother!—She could no more, but immediately fainted away upon the body.

I took her up in my arms, and carrying her into the next room, I laid her on the bed; ordered Jenny and the two nurſekeepers to take care of her recovery, and charged them not to permit her to ſee her aunt any more.

I then returned to the chamber, wherein the precious ruins of the half of my world was laid. I locked the door within ſide. I approached the body, and hung over it, and gazed upon it, with inexpreſſible emotion. I repeatedly clapped my hands together. I ſtooped down, and kiſſed, and rekiſſed her cold lips, in an agony of affection. I gave a free ſcope to my tears, ſobs, and lamentations. Ah! I cried, my parent; my patroneſs; ah, mother to the ſon of your unhappy election! Have I loſt you, my only prop? Are you, for ever, departed from me, my ſupport and conſolation? I was abandoned by the world, by friends, father, and relations; but you became the world and all relations to me. "I was a ſtranger, and you took me in; "I was ſick, and in priſon, and you miniſtered

"unto

"unto me." But you are gone, you are gone from me afar off; and I die a thouſand deaths in the anguiſh of ſurviving you. Here you lie, my mother, the victim of your goodneſs to your unlucky gueſt. Wretch that I am! doomed to bring no portion, ſave that of calamity, to thoſe who regard me. Woe of woes! where now ſhall I eaſe my ſoul of its inſupportable burden? of the debt, with which it labours, to this kind creature? She will no more return, to take aught at my hands; and I muſt ſuffer the oppreſſion, through life, and through eternity!

Having thus vented the exceſſes of my paſſion, my ſpirits ſubſided into a kind of gloomy calm. I returned to my wife.——But I ſee, Sir, you are too much affected. I will not dwell on this melancholy ſcene any longer.

When I had diſcharged doctor's fees, apothecaries bills, and funeral expences, I found that our fortune did not amount to fifty pounds. My wife was now far advanced in her pregnancy; her labour was haſtened by her grief and late fatigues; and ſhe was delivered of that boy whom your charity a ſecond time brought into this world.

As I was now all things to my Arabella, the only conſolation ſhe had upon earth, I never left her during her illneſs. By the time ſhe was up and about, what with the charges of child-bearing, and a quarter's rent, &c. our

fund was again ſunk within the ſum of ten pounds; and I was going, one evening, to look out for ſome employment, when we heard a rapping of diſtinction at the door.

Jenny came, in a hurry, and brought us word that lord Stivers was in the parlour, and deſired to ſpeak with me. I went down, greatly ſurpriſed, and ſomething alarmed at his viſit. Mr Clement, ſays he, with a familiar air, I have long wiſhed to ſee you; but I did not think it ſeaſonable to diſturb you, during the misfortune of your family, and the illneſs of your wife. Your WEEKLY MONITORS have genius and ſpirit, but they have done ſome miſchief which we wiſh to have remedied. As how, pray, my lord? Why, Mr Clement, I never knew a writing in favour of liberty, or againſt any meaſures of government, which the populace did not wreſt in favour of licentiouſneſs and to the caſting aſide all manner of rule. Now Mr Clement, we want you to undertake our cauſe, which is, by much, the more reaſonable and orderly ſide of the argument; in ſhort, we want you to refute your own papers.

O, my lord, I anſwered, I ſhould think it an honour to ſerve your lordſhip or the miniſtry on any other occaſion. But in a matter that muſt bring public infamy upon me, indeed, my lord, you muſt excuſe me. I ſhould be pointed at, as an apoſtate and proſtitute, by all men,

men, and bring my perſon and writings into ſuch diſgrace, as would for ever diſable me from ſerving either myſelf, or your lordſhip.

Well, Sir, replied my lord, I will not then inſiſt on a formal refutation of your own writings. I only aſk, if you are willing to engage in our quarrel, as far as is conſiſtent with honour and truth? I am, my lord, I rejoined, as far as is conſiſtent with my own credit and the good of my country.

The good of your country, Mr Clement, ſays my lord! I hope you do not think that government is contrary to the good of your country. Pray, in what do you make this LIBERTY conſiſt, of which you are become ſo eminent a patron?

There are two ſorts of LIBERTY, my lord, I anſwered: the firſt conſtitutes the duty and happineſs of a man, independent of community; the ſecond conſtitutes the privilege and happineſs of a man, merely as he is a member of any ſtate or commonwealth:

Independent of community, a man is ſo far free and no further, than he acts up to the dictates of reaſon and duty, in deſpight of inward appetite and outward influence.

As a member of community, a man is ſo far, free, and no further, than as every other member of that community is legally reſtrained from injuring his perſon, or encroaching on his property.

Inimitably well defined, cried his lordſhip! I have read volumes, in folio, upon the ſubject; but never knew what LIBERTY was before. Well, Mr Clement, as this LIBERTY of yours is, in all reſpects, ſo oppoſite to the licentiouſneſs I was talking of, it cannot but make, mainly, in favour of good government. I therefore requeſt you to write a treatiſe to the purpoſe of your definition; and to take us with you, as far as you can. We ſhall not be ungrateful; we are good pay-maſters, Sir. Why do you heſitate? Did you not tell me you were diſpoſed to ſerve us?

My lord, I replied, I fear I ſhould fall greatly ſhort of your expectations. I am not ſtudied in the conſtitution of modern ſtates; and how ſhall I be able to juſtify any government, with reſpect to meaſures that, perhaps, are a ſecret to all, except the miniſters? I muſt further obſerve to your lordſhip, that my former field would be greatly contracted on this occaſion. It is very eaſy and obvious to find fault and to call in queſtion; but to vindicate truth itſelf againſt popular prejudice, *opus hic labor eſt*.

Mr Clement, ſays my lord, I am proud that we have got a gentleman of ſo much honeſty and ingenuity to befriend us. It ſhall be my care to provide you with materials, and I am confident that ſo great a maſter of his inſtrument, as you are, will make excellent muſic on a ſo

a few fundamental notes. Here are twenty guineas earneſt, and ten guineas ſhall be paid you, weekly, till we can fix you in ſome ſtation of due honour and advantage. I will take a glaſs, or a diſh of tea with you, in a few days, and I wiſh you a good evening.

On the third morning after this interview, my lord returned with a large bundle of *anti-patrin* pamphlets, in his chariot, and ſome manuſcript notes and hints for my inſtruction. He breakfaſted with us, and was eaſy, polite, and chearful.

I now entered on my new province, but not with uſual ardour. As I had, formerly, laſhed the inſolence, encroachments, and rapaciouſneſs of power, leſs ambitious of conqueſt over aliens and enemies, than over the very people it was ordained to protect: I now, on the other hand, rebuked with like acrimony, the riotous, factious, and ſeditious propenſities of a turbulent, licentious, and unſatisfied people, ever repugnant to government, and reluctant to the reign of the gentleſt ruler. I proved, from many authorities, and inſtances, derived from Greece and Rome, that power is never ſo dangerous to a populace, as when it is taken into their own hands; that the governors and governed, by the violence of colliſion, are apt to fly to extremes, on either ſide; that anarchy is the moſt direct, of all roads, to tyranny; and that a people, who have no will

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to be governed, reduce themſelves to the neceſſity of being cruſhed, inſulted, and governed, whether they will or no.

Now, Sir, though I thus, alternately, ſided with the people againſt power, and with power againſt the people; yet I ſtruck at nothing but faults, on either hand; and equally aſſerted, on both ſides of the queſtion, the cauſe of my country, of liberty, and truth.

I took five times the pains with theſe latter papers that I did with the former, and yet I confeſs, I had not equal pleaſure in the delivery. I am alſo perſuaded, that theſe had more than double the merit of the other; and in point of ſentiment, moral and general inſtruction, were of twenty times the value to mankind; but how can that inſtruct which is not attended to? It was intimated to the people that theſe had been written at the inſtance of their governors; and they would not have liſtened to an oracle, if uttered from that quarter.

Six months had now elapſed in theſe lucubrations. I had delivered to my wife two hundred and ſixty guineas, the weekly price of my labours. We had lived with great frugality. Arabella had, again, taken in as much work as her nurſing and attention to the child would admit; and we had ſome pieces left of our former remnant, when lord Stivers call-

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ed in upon me, with pleaſure and good news, as it were, prologue in his aſpect.

Mr Clement, ſays he, I want to ſpeak to you apart. I had, yeſterday, ſome talk with the miniſter about you, and he has promiſed me four hundred a year penſion for you, till ſomething better can be done; and this is to be wholly clear and over your weekly wages of ten guineas, while we keep you ſo hard at work. But tell me, Clement, ſays he, laying his hand with an affectionate familiarity upon my ſhoulder, are you of a jealous temper? The furtheſt from it, my lord, of any man breathing. O, I am glad of that; but if you were, I have nothing exceptionable to propoſe. To be ſhort; half a dozen of noblemen, all my friends, and people of ſtrict probity and virtue, have engaged to ſpend a ſhare of to-morrow, in a party of pleaſure upon the Thames; and we have, each of us, laid a bet of a hundred guineas, that, from the number of his relations, his friends, or acquaintance, he will bring the prettieſt woman to this field of contention. I had fixed on lady Fanny Standiſh, a lovely creature, and a relation of my own, but ſhe, unfortunately happened to be pre-engaged to one of my rivals. I am, therefore, quite at a loſs, and muſt infallibly loſe my wager, if you do not favour me with the company of Mrs Clement. With her I can make no queſtion of conqueſt; and I give you my

honour

honour to pour into her lap, the whole five hundred guineas, the juſt prize of her beauty.

Why, my lord, I anſwered, this is indeed a very pleaſant project, and has nothing in it exceptionable that I can perceive, if no one was to know any thing of the matter. But what will the world ſay to ſee your lordſhip ſo paired? Pſha, damn the world, Clement! I am your world man. Your lordſhip has a very good right to damn an inferior world, I rejoined; but the world has an equal right, and would certainly make uſe of it, in the damnation of my wife. What, ſaid he, warmly, you will not then conſide her to my friendſhip and honour? I will not, my lord, compromiſe her honour, unneceſſarily, to any man, from under that guardianſhip and protection which I vowed to her in marriage. It is very well, Mr Clement; you may hear from me to-morrow. And away he went.

He was equal to his word. The very next morning, I was arreſted at his ſuit for two hundred and fourſcore guineas, the amount of all that I had received from him; and I was hurried to the Fleet-priſon, without being permitted to ſpeak to any one.

As my lord knew, that, on iſſue, I muſt caſt him in his action, and further, come upon him for ſpecial damage and falſe durets, it inſtantly occurred that this was, merely, a ſtratagem, for the ſeduction of my Arabella; and her

her defenceleſs ſtate gave me inexpreſſible torture. I immediately wrote her an account of my ſituation and apprehenſions, which unhappily for all parties were too well founded. But, Sir, I will give you a detail of theſe extraordinary events, in the order of time in which they happened, as I afterwards learned them from the mouth of my wife, and from the teſtimony of others, on trial in public court.

Before my wife could have the leaſt intelligence of my confinement, my lord paid her a viſit, and entering with his accuſtomed freedom and good humour, Mrs Clement, ſays he, I am come to prevent your being alarmed, when you ſhould hear that I ſent your huſband to the Fleet-priſon this morning. But to convince you that I intend him no manner of harm, I have here brought you the money for which he was arreſted; and it is at your own choice to releaſe him, within this hour, or on the feaſt of St Simpleton, if you are not in a hurry. So ſaying, he put a large purſe into her hand. And pray, my lord, then demanded Arabella, on what account was it that you had him arreſted? to puniſh him, anſwered my lord, for being the moſt jealous pated coxcomb in Europe. Jealous, my lord! pray of whom can he be jealous? Of you and I, madam. Of us, my lord? Sure we never gave him cauſe. No, that I'll be ſworn, rejoined my lord; but more is the pity; the jealouſy came firſt, and the

the cauſe ought, now, in all conſcience, to follow.

Before the laſt words had eſcaped his mouth, he ſprung forward, and catching her in his arms, he preſſed and kiſſed her with the rudeſt ardour. But quickly diſengaging herſelf, and puſhing him violently from her; I ſee you are a villain, ſhe cried, and deſire that you will inſtantly quit my houſe; and ſo ſaying, ſhe threw the purſe out at the door. My lord, however, ſtood his ground; and looking at her with aſtoniſhing eaſe and unconcern, Mrs Clement, ſays he, the deſtiny of your huſband and yourſelf is in my hands; and I muſt tell you it does not become you to treat your beſt friend in ſo injurious a manner. I have here brought you a ſettlement of five hundred a-year, for life. It is perfected to you without condition; and how far you will be grateful, lies wholly at your own election. May heaven forſake me, ſhe cried, when I accept the ſmalleſt advantage from you or your fortune! Well, well, Arabella, replied my lord, I muſt and will have you, on your terms, or my own; but if you had really a mind to contend this buſineſs with me, what a little fool you were, ſo ſimply to caſt away the ſinews of war? I leave you, child, for the preſent, to wiſer reflections: then inſolently ſmiling in her face, he retired.

As ſoon as he was gone, my wife hurried to

the Miſs Hodginſes, and prevailed upon one of them to keep her company till ſhe ſhould be able to procure my enlargment. She then went to a perſon who dealt in houſehold furniture, and requeſted him to come, the next morning, and make a purchaſe of ſome goods that ſhe had to diſpoſe of. And, laſtly, ſhe writ me a letter with an account of all theſe matters; and a promiſe to be with me the day following.

I ſhould have appriſed you before this, that our faithful and affectionate Jenny had forſaken us. A ſmall legacy had been left her, whereupon ſhe quitted ſervice and went to live with her parents; and we were obliged to hire a ſtrange maid in her room.

The next day, Arabella ſold as much of her furniture to the forementioned dealer and ſome neighbours, as amounted to upward of forty guineas. She had put theſe, with her former depoſit of two hundred and ſixty, into her pocket; it was now afternoon; and ſhe was joyfully preparing to come and give me freedom; when our new maid entered and told Miſs Hodgins that a lady waited for her, at home, on earneſt buſineſs, but promiſed not to detain her above five minutes. Alas! Miſs Hodgins was ſcarce gone, when lord Stivers entered, and my wife giving a violent ſhriek, dropped backward in a chair.

Lord Stivers, thereupon, drew another

chair, and with an impudent appearance of tenderneſs, ſeated himſelf beſide her. My dear Arabella, ſaid he, don't be alarmed. By heaven, I am not come to do you the ſmalleſt injury. I tell you, however, that you are wholly in my power. Your ſtreet door is bolted. I have two able footmen below in your kitchen; and the maid, who contrived to get your friend out of the way, is much more my ſervant than yours, I aſſure you. I have loved you long, my Arabella, and the frequent viſits I paid, are to be placed to your credit, and not to that of the ſtupid politics with which I amuſed your huſband. And now, my angel, if you will make any conceſſion, but the ſlighteſt return to the exceſs of my paſſion and fondneſs for you, I here vow to you perpetual faith and conſtancy for life, and both my fortune and perſon ſhall be wholly devoted to you. But don't attempt to impoſe; don't hope to deceive me.

No, no, my lord, ſhe cried, I will not deceive you, by pretending to ſacrifice the leaſt article of duty to your perſon or fortune. I ſee that I am in danger; on the brink of perdition. I ſee that hell is ſtrong, and ſubtle at devices. Heaven ſave me, any how! ſtrike, ſtrike me dead this inſtant! you thunders and earthquakes, that once were my terrors, be now my deliverers!

Why, my Arabella, ſays lord Stivers, this is,

is all very fine. It is the ſweeteſt rant I ever heard. And you are the ſweeteſt girl, upon my ſoul, that ever I ſaw. I perceive that you are really alarmed, my love; but what is it that frights you? you ſhall never receive any treatment from me, ſave proofs of the fondneſs and violence of my affection. Recall your ſpirits, child; and prepare yourſelf, with patience, for what muſt be. For I ſwear, Arabella, that no power, in the univerſe, ſhall ſnatch you, this hour, from the ardour of my careſſes.

The wretched object of the luſt of this barbarous man, then, dropped upon her knees in a frantic agony. O God! ſhe cried out, if you are in heaven, if you hear and ſee theſe things; if virtue and purity are not an offence unto you; ſend, ſend, and deliver me by ſome ſudden ſalvation! O, my lord, once our generous patron and protector, the friend and ſupport of our declining houſe! would you now tumble into deep and irreparable ruins, the work of your own hands? Alas, you know not what you do; you cannot gueſs at the horrors you are about to perperrate. If ever you had a touch of pity. If ever—but, what ſhall I ſay? If you do not, like devils, delight in the miſeries of wretches damned for eternity; ſhield, ſhield me, my dear lord; be you yourſelf my ſaviour, from this my hour of terrors, from this hell that is come

upon me. I have already ſuffered the pangs of death, in the bare apprehenſion. I will never live to bear in me, and about me, a deteſtable being. Hope it not; dream not of it. By heaven! I will not a moment ſurvive my pollution. O mercy! mercy! mercy! And ſo ſaying, her voice was ſtopped by an agony of ſobs and tears.

Charming girl! enchanting creature! exclaimed the deliberate villain; every action, every word, intended to diſſuade, are freſh feuel and incitement to my paſſion for you, my Arabella. But I ſee that you will not conſent to my happineſs; and that I muſt give you an apology, for your acceptance of any favour or fortune at my hands.

So ſaying, he aroſe: and up ſhe ſprung at the inſtant; and running to the furtheſt corner of the room, recollected all her ſpirits and force for her defence. She ſtruggled, and ſhrieked, and called out upon heaven, and earth, to ſave her. But no help appearing nigh, ſhe ſuddenly recollected a pair of long and ſharped pointed ſciſſars that ſhe had in her pocket; and in the moment that lord Strivers threw her prone upon the floor, ſhe drew them forth, and aiming at him with all her ſtrength, ſhe almoſt buried the weapon in his left ſide; whereat he gave a loud curſe, and over he tumbled, gaſping and grovelling, beſide her.

Up ſhe got, with all haſte, and running to the

the cradle, where her infant lay crying, ſhe caught him in her arms; and opening the chamber-door ſoftly, and ſhutting it after her, ſhe ſtepped down ſtairs as upon feathers, and ſtealing to the ſtreet-door, ſhe opened it ſuddenly, ruſhed into the ſtreet, and hurried on till ſhe came to a ſtand of coaches; where ſhe hired the firſt ſhe met, threw herſelf haſtily into it, and deſired the man to drive with all ſpeed to the Fleet-priſon.

On her arrival, ſhe diſcharged the action and fees of arreſt, with all poſſible diſpatch, and then hurried up to my apartment. On the firſt glimpſe, I ſprung to her, and caught her in my arms with unſpeakable tranſport; but finding the child with her, and obſerving that her breath was quick and uneven, I withdrew a ſtep or two, and looked eagerly at her; and perceiving that ſhe was pale, and had a kind of wildneſs in her eyes and motions, What is the matter, my love, I cried, what has happened to you? I have not been well, ſhe anſwered, with an affected unconcern before the keeper. But pray come down, my dear, you are much wanted, and the coach is in waiting.

Nothing further paſſed between us, till we got into the coach, and that my wife deſired the man to drive to ſome neighbouring ſtreet, and to ſtop at the firſt door where he ſaw a bill for lodgings. For lodgings, again I demanded;

manded; for whom does my Arabella desire to take lodgings? For you and I Mr Clement, for you and I she cried, wringing her hands together: lord Stivers lies weltering in his blood at our house, deprived of life within this half hour by my unhappy hand.

I was suddenly struck dumb with surprise and horror. All the occasions and consequences of this direful event whirled through my imagination in a fearful succession. What must now become of my soul's sole enjoyment! what indignities must have been offered! what violation might she not, or rather, must she not have suffered, before she could be brought to perpetrate so terrible a deed! I grew instantly sick, and putting my head through the window, desired the coachman to stop at the first tavern. I ordered the drawer to hasten, with a pint of Spanish white wine, to the door, and I prefsed and compelled my wife to swallow a part. Our spirits being in some degree settled thereby, we drove to a private street, on the right-hand of Cheapside, where I took a back-room and closet, up two pair of stairs, at one Mrs Jennett's, an old maid and a mantua-maker. I immediately ordered a fire to be kindled, and the tea things to be laid, and giving the servant a crown, desired her to bring the value in proper ingredients.

The evening was now shut in; and while

the maid was abroad, not a ſyllable paſſed between my wife and me. I dreaded to enquire of what I ſtill more dreaded to underſtand; and Arabella ſeemed to labour under ſome mighty oppreſſion; when retiring to the cloſet, where our bed ſtood, ſhe covered her child up warm, and kneeling down by his ſide, broke forth into a violent torrent of tears, intermingled with heavings and half-ſtrangled ſobs.

I ſat ſtill without ſeeming to obſerve her emotion. I was ſenſible that nature wanted this kindly relief. The teas and ſugars were brought, the kettle was put on the fire, and the maid had again retired; when I gently called to my Arabella, to come forth, with a voice of the trueſt love, and ſofteſt endearment, that ever yet breathed from a human boſom.

Her eyes were already wiped, her countenance compoſed, and her motions and demeanour much more ſettled than before. She ſat down with a riſing ſigh, which ſhe checked with a half ſmile. My Arabella, ſaid I, my only joy, my unmeaſured bleſſing! what is it that thus diſtracts my dearer part of exiſtence? Your mind, your ſpirit, my angel, is ſtill pure and unpolluted; and bodies are, merely as bodies, incapable of defilement, being doomed from our birth to diſſolution and corruption. Ah, my Hammy, ſhe exclaimed, you are quite

quite beſide the mark; I ſigh not, I weep not, I grieve not for myſelf. I fear not, nor regard the conſequences, however fatal, of what has happened——Suppoſe a ſudden and ſhameful death——I thank my God for it, death will offer me a victim ſtill pure and unpolluted. But O the wretched Stivers, what is now become of him? ſent, ſo ſuddenly and unprovided, to his eternal audit. Unhappy that I am! perhaps an inſtrument of perdition to an immortal being. Ah, rather that that I had not been born! would I had periſhed in his ſtead! A death in the cauſe of virtue, had been my advocate for mercy.

How is this? my Arabella, I cried. Is condemnation then to be brought upon the good, becauſe they oppoſe themſelves to evil? Would you have cenſured any one living, except yourſelf, for having given you this deliverence, by the death of the raviſher? No, ſurely, in the daily and nightly robberies, maſſacres, and aſſaſſinations, that the violent machinate againſt the peaceful; is it the fault of thoſe who ſtand in the defence of righteouſneſs, that villains often periſh in the act of tranſgreſſion!. Tell me, my ſweet mourner; in the ſacking of a city, when the luſtful and bloody ſoldiery are looſed to their whole delight in burnings, rapes, rapines, ſlaughters, howlings, and violations; is it the perpetrators of all theſe horrors that you compaſſion-

ate,

ate, when they happen to be cruſhed in the ruins they have wrought? Meritorious, my Arabella, moſt meritorious were that hand who ſhould cut a whole hoſt of ſuch infernals from the earth; remaining innocence and virtue would be his debtors for ever. Commiſeration to the flagitious is cruelty to the juſt; and he who ſpares them becomes the accomplice of all their future crimes.

During tea, my wife gave me an ample narrative of all that happened at our houſe, while I was in confinement. As ſhe ſpoke, I was firſt ſpeechleſs with fearful and panting expectation; I was then kindled into fury and a vehement thirſt of vengeance, and laſtly, I was elevated into an awful rapture. I looked at my wife with eyes ſwimming with love and veneration; I roſe from my ſeat; I threw myſelf on my knees before her. Adorable creature, I cried, divine Arabella! ſupreme excellence of woman, thus let me worſhip through the pureſt of all mediums, that GODHEAD who inſpires and delights in ſuch perfections!

Our fortune was now reduced to very little more than fifteen guineas. We had no clothes but what we wore; and we did not dare to go or ſend to our houſe for others, neither to make ourſelves known to any acquaintance.

We went by the name of Stapleton; and on the following night I ventured abroad, and bought for myſelf a few ſecond-hand ſhirts, with

with a common gown, and ſome changes of linen for my wife.

On the fifth day, at breakfaſt, while Arabella was caſting her eye over a newſpaper that ſhe had borrowed from Mrs Jennett, ſhe turned ſuddenly pale. What, ſhe cried, before I could queſtion her, accuſed of robbery, as well as murder! that is hard indeed. But I truſt that my lot ſhall not exceed my reſignation. And ſo ſaying, ſhe handed me over the paper with a ſmile, in which heaven appeared to open.

The advertiſement ran thus——————

"WHEREAS Arabella Clement, alias Graves, "did, on the 15th day of September inſtant, "moſt barbarouſly ſtab and murder the right "hon. James ****, late lord Stivers, at a "houſe of ill report, where ſhe formerly had "kept a milliner's ſhop, in Fleet-ſtreet: and "whereas ſhe did further rob the ſaid right "hon. &c. of a large purſe of money, his gold "repeater, ſnuff-box, diamond-ring, &c. and "did, laſtly, flee for the ſame, as may be pro"ved, and is evident, from the examination "and teſtimony of three concurring witneſſes: "Now his majeſty, in his gracious abhorrence "of ſuch crimes, doth hereby promiſe a re"ward of three hundred guineas to any perſon "who ſhall ſtop, diſcover, or arreſt the ſaid "Arabella, ſo as that ſhe may be brought to

"condign

"condign and adequate punishment, if any "such may be found, for such unequalled of-"fences."

O, said my wife, I perceive that my enemies will swear home, indeed. Their plunder of lord Stivers can no way be assured save by my condemnation. But, be it as it may; that Providence, who over-rules the wickedness of this world, may yet give submission a clue to escape its perplexities: and my innocence, I trust, will be an equivalent to all that the world can inflict, and much more than an equivalent to all that it can bestow.

I now had every thing to fear for my Arabella, as well from the interested villainy of the witnesses, as from the power of the ministry, and the resentment of the relations of so great a man; and I looked upon her death to be as certain as her caption. Had I been the first in remainder to the greatest estate in England, I would have exchanged my whole interest, for as much ready cash as would have served to convey us to some region of safety. But this was not practicable, with the very small remainder of the wreck of our fortune; and we had taken our lodging certain at fifty shillings per quarter.

We appeared, as little as possible, even to the lodgers of the house; and I intimated to my landlady, that it was the fate of many a gentleman to be obliged to abscond, till his affairs

fairs could be compounded with hard-hearted creditors.

During the ſpace of nine months, our principal diet was weak tea and bread; and if we ventured, at odd times, on a ſmall joint of meat, it ſerved us cold, haſhed and minced, from one week to the other.

As my wife did not dare to take in work, nor I to ſtir abroad to look for employment, our chief entertainment was the reading ſome old folio books of hiſtory and divinity, which I borrowed from Mrs Jennett, and which had belonged to her father.

How ſmall muſt be the cravings of ſimple nature, when a family, like ours, accuſtomed to affluence, could ſubſiſt, in London, without murmuring, for upward of nine months, on leſs than eight guineas! But our fund was now exhauſted to a few ſhillings; and my ſword, watch, and buckles, were alſo gone, in diſcharge of our three quarters rent to the landlady. Ruin ſtared us in the face. I beheld as it were a gulph, unfathomable and impaſſable opening beneath our feet, and heaven and earth joining to puſh us down the precipice.

We, yet, lived a month longer, on coarſe bread and cold water, with a little milk which we got, now and then, for the child; but I concealed from my wife, that we had not a ſingle ſixpence now left upon earth.

I looked

I looked up to Heaven, but without love or confidence. Dreadful Power, I cried out, who thus breakeſt to powder the poor veſſels of thy creation! Thou art ſaid to be a bounteous and benevolent caterer to the ſpawn of the ocean, and to the worms of the earth. Thou clotheſt the birds of the air, and the beaſts of the foreſt; they hunger, and find a banquet at hand. Thou ſheddeſt the dew of thy comforts, even on the unrighteous; thou openeſt thy hand, and all things living are ſaid to be filled with plenteouſneſs. Are we, alone, excepted from the immenſity of thy works? ſhall the piety of my wife, ſhall the innocence of my infant, thus famiſh, unregarded and unpitied, before thee!

Ah! it is I who am the accurſed thing; who bring plagues upon all with whom I am connected. Even the labours of my life, the iſſues of my honeſt induſtry, have been changed, by thy ordinances, into nothing but damage; to the impriſonment of my perſon; to the ruin of thoſe who had the misfortune to befriend me; and to the death, danger, and deſolation of all whom I held dear. I ſtrive, in vain, with thy omnipotence; it is too mighty for me, and cruſhes me below the centre. Pour out then the veſſels of thy wrath upon my head, but, on my head alone, O juſt Creator! and take theſe little ones to thy mercy, for they

cannot have participated of the guilt thou art pleaſed to impute to me.

The night was now advanced; but that which fell upon my ſoul, was a night which would admit no ray of comfort, nor looked ever to behold another morning. I wiſhed for diſſolution to myſelf, to the univerſe. I wiſhed to ſee the two proprietors of my ſoul's late affections, now lying pale and breathleſs before my eyes. I would not have endured my hell another moment. I would have given myſelf inſtant death; but I dreaded to leave my deſolate widow, and helpleſs orphan, without a friend, as I then conceived either in heaven or earth.

My wife had lain down, with her infant on the bed. A ſudden reflection ſtarted. My death, thought I, may yet be uſeful to thoſe for whom only I could wiſh to live. I roſe, frantically determined. My brain was on fire. I took down an old piſtol, which hung in a corner; I put it into my breaſt; down ſtairs I went, and iſſued to the ſtreet.

I was bent on ſomething deſperate, but knew not what. I had not gone far, when I ſaw a large tavern open beſide me. I paſſed through the entry, and running up ſtairs, boldly entered the dining-room, where a numerous company of gentlemen ſat round their bottle. I clapt-to the door; and taking out the piſtol, Gentlemen, I cried, I ſtarve, I die for want; reſolve,

reſolve, inſtantly, to relieve, or to periſh along with me.

They all fixed their eyes upon me; but the meagre frenzy, as I ſuppoſe, which they ſaw in my countenance, held them ſilent. The perſon, who was neareſt, directly took out his purſe and preſented it to me. I again returned it to him, and putting up my piſtol, No, no, Sir, I cried, I will not take your gold, I am no robber. But give me ſome ſilver, among ye, to keep a while, from the grave, three creatures who famiſh amidſt a plentiful world.

They all, as by one conſent, put their hands to their pockets, and inſtantly made a heap of upwards of three pounds. I devoured it with my eyes; I beheld it as a mint of money; and panting, and grappling at it like a vulture, I ſtuffed it into a ſide-pocket; and being too full of acknowledgments to thank thy benefactors, by word or token, I burſt forth into tears, and turning from them, I got once more into the ſtreet, without any interruption.

I made directly home, and ſtepping ſoftly up ſtairs, I firſt reſtored the piſtol to its old ſtation. I then went to the cloſet, where my wife lay, ſtill aſleep. I gently waked her, by the fondneſs of my careſſes. My Arabella, I cried, I have ventured out, for the firſt time; and heaven has ſent us ſome ſmall relief by a friend that I happened to meet. Here my love, I ſaid, putting a crown into her hand, call the maid,

and ſend out for ſome comfortable ſuſtenance; our faſt has been long indeed.

Within a few days our ſtrength and our ſpirits began to recruit, though we ſtill continued to live much within the bounds of temperance. My ſoul, again, ſettled into a kind of ſullen calm, and looked forth, though at a diſtance, to ſome future dawning.

One day, as my landlady's Bible lay ſhut before me, a ſudden thought occurred. I breathed up to God a ſhort and ſilent ejaculation, beſeeching him to inſtruct me in what I ought to do, by the paſſage, upon which my thumb ſhould happen to reſt, on opening the book. I inſtantly made the venture, and found the following words: "I will ariſe and go to my "father, and will ſay unto him, Father, I have "ſinned againſt thee, and before heaven, and "am no more worthy to be called thy ſon."

Alas, I was far from imagining at that time, that it was no other than my Father in heaven, who called me; and who would thereby have directed and conducted me to himſelf.

I puzzled and racked my memory, to diſcover in what I had given juſt offence to my earthly progenitor, but reſolved, all events, to obſerve the admonition.

In the duſk of the evening, I tied my handkerchief, ſailor-like, about my neck, I pulled my wig forward, and ſlouching my hat, I ſlid out of doors; and ſtooping half double, I limped

limped with a counterfeited gait toward my father's. I was duly appriſed, that, if I knocked at the door, or directly enquired for him, I ſhould not be admitted. I therefore walked to and again, now near, now aloof, for near an hour, before his door, in patient expectation of his appearance.

I had repeated this exerciſe for five ſucceſſive evenings, when the door at length opened, and a ſervant in livery came up and accoſted me. Is your name Clement, Sir? Suppoſe it were, ſays I. Suppoſing ſo, replied he, I am ordered to tell you, that my maſter is well informed of all your wicked deſigns; and that if ever you appear again in ſight of his windows, he will ſend you to Newgate, without bail or mainprize, and proſecute you to the laſt of the laws of the land.

We parted without another word, and I croſſed over the way to a chandler's ſhop. The goodwoman of the houſe alſo happened to ſell ſome ſmall ale in her back apartments. I called for a mug, and requeſted her company for a few minutes. After ſome introductory chat, I addreſſed her in a manner that I judged moſt engaging for one in her ſphere. She very freely told me the hiſtory of my father and his preſent family; and further, that it was his cuſtom on every Monday and Friday to repair to the Tradeſman's Club, at the Golden-anchor

in Temple-lane, about eight of the clock at night, and not to return till about eleven.

I went home ſomething ſatisfied with this intelligence, as I now knew where to find my unnatural parent, though his laſt barbarous and inſulting meſſage had rendered me hopeleſs, and quite averſe to any kind of application to him.

We had now lived three months longer on the laſt booty, or charity, I know not which to call it. We were again reduced to the laſt ſhilling, and what was ſtill worſe, our landlady became importunate for her quarter's rent. My wife had lately requeſted her to look out for ſome ſempſtry-work among the neighbours. This ſhe promiſed to do, but purpoſely declined, as ſhe and her family got the benefit of her labour gratis.

I began again to return to my former evil thoughts. I reſolved to make war upon the whole race of man, rather than my wife and infant ſhould periſh in my ſight: but I reflected that it was more equitable to begin with a father, on whom nature had given me a right of dependence, than to prey upon ſtrangers on whom neceſſity alone could give me any claim.

It was Monday night. The clock ſtruck ten. I took down the old piſtol, and marched toward the Anchor. I patroled near the place of expectation above an hour. The night was exceſſive

ceſſive dark, and no lamps in that part. At length I liſtened to the ſound of diſtant ſteps, and ſoon after heard a voice cry Murder, murder, robbery! watch, watch!

I ran to the cry, and perceived one man on the ground, and another ſtooping, in act to rifle his pockets. I inſtantly drew my piſtol, and ſtriking at the robber's head with my full force, I laid him ſenſeleſs on the pavement. I then gently raiſed the other, who was bleeding and ſtunned by the ſtroke he had received. I ſupported him ſtep by ſtep toward a diſtant lamp, where at length we arrived, and found a tavern open. I entered, and ordered a room with fire and lights; and deſired that a ſurgeon ſhould be immediately called. The gentleman, whoſe face was nearly covered with blood and dirt, began now to recover his ſtrength and ſenſes. I got him to ſwallow a ſmall dram of ſpirits, and he ſtepped with me up ſtairs, ſcarcely leaning on my ſhoulder.

While we ſat by the fire, and a napkin and warm water were getting ready, the ſtranger grew paſſionate in his acknowledgments for the life which he ſaid he owed me, and which ſervice he promiſed to recompenſe to the ſtretch of his power and fortunes. But when he had waſhed and wiped away the blood and dirt from his face; heaven! what was my emotion at the ſight of an aſpect once ſo loved and ſo revered! All my injuries and reſent-

ments

ments vaniſhed inſtantly from my memory. I fell at his knees with a great cry, Is it you then, my father? my once dear, my ever dear and lamented father! Is it the face of a father that I at laſt behold? I burſt into tears: I wept aloud. I interruptedly demanded, Will you not know me? will you not own me? will not nature ſpeak in you? will you not acknowledge your ſon, your once beloved Hammel, ſo long the comfort of your age, and the pride of your expectations?

While I ſpoke, my father looked wild and eager upon me. He, at length, recollected me through all my leanneſs and poor apparel; and, heſitating, replied, I, I, I believe indeed you are my child Hammel, and ſtrait fainted away.

END OF THE FIRST VOLUME.